

GLANCES AT MY LIFE

By

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WASHINGTON ACADEMY

On a Monday morning in September, 1886, I did the hardest thing I ever have done in all my life - the thing that took the most grit, determination, downright courage.

I left the farm and went to Washington Academy.

The farm was located in Dutch Creek Township in Washington County in southeastern Iowa. It was eight miles west and two miles north of the town of Washington, which was the county seat. The academy was located in Washington. Thus it was only ten miles from the farm. Also, it was understood that I was to go home over the week-ends and help with the farm work. And the folks had only agreed to send me to the academy for one school year.

So, lest the reader should be puzzled, perhaps I had better explain why it was the hardest thing I ever did.

I was a green and gawky country boy. Nearing eighteen years of age, I never once had been away from home over night. I don't think it is possible that anyone^{ever} could have been any more bashful than I was. Except a very few times when helping neighbors to thrash, I never had eaten at any table away from home. To carry on a conversation with anyone but a rustic like myself was impossible, and even with the rustics, other than the school children I had been associated with, and the home folks, I was tongue-tied. I knew that in going to the academy I was going from one world into another world of which I knew nothing. For these reasons the break from the farm to Washington Academy took more downright courage than anything else I have done in my life - and I've done quite a few things which called for courage and determination. I simply could not have made that break at all if I had not been impelled by an insatiable mental curiosity and a boundless thirst for knowledge.

My brother Marion drove me and an old satchel to Washington that

morning and left us at the home of a family by the name of Acheson, where my father had arranged that I was to room and board. It was in the east part of town, only four or five blocks directly east of the centrally-located academy, and yet on the outskirts. Fortunately for me, the Achesons had once been farmers. The family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Acheson and a daughter who taught in the Washington public schools. Retired farmers, Mrs. Acheson boarded some students, and Mr. Acheson did much of the shopping, tended a garden in the back yard, and helped about the house. I found that the story-and-a-half house was rather small. There was a room in the front of the second floor which I was to occupy along with another student. I left my satchel there and walked to the academy, where I soon became immersed in the new life and made the acquaintance of a few of the other students who had arrived upon the scene.

There were two courses taught in the academy - the classical course and the scientific course. The classical was a four-year course. The scientific was a three-year course. The classical course included practically everything there was in the scientific course and Latin and Greek in addition. As I was supposed to stay only one year, I was assigned to the scientific course, and, because I had covered some of the freshman studies in the country school, I was given some first-year and some second-year subjects. There were but few electives, as each course had definite subjects for each term. There were three terms - fall, winter and spring. The word "semester" was unknown.

We had recitations on Tuesday and Wednesday of that first week. I became slightly initiated at Acheson's and the academy. Of course I was desperately homesick. On Wednesday it was announced in chapel that, on account of the county fair, there would be no school on Thursday and Friday. One of the folks was to have driven in for me on Friday afternoon, but here was a chance to get back to the old home two days earlier. After studying the lessons for the following Monday, I walked home

late Wednesday afternoon - the whole ten miles - arriving there after dark. The folks had gone to bed. I knocked at the door of the dining room - the first time I had ever knocked at the door of that house. Father got up and let me in, and I was the object of many eager questions on the part of father and mother. I got a "piece" out of the "but'ry", as the pantry was called in our rural dialect, and went upstairs to sleep in the old bed in one of the two west rooms where, along with my two older brothers, Marion and Harry, I had slept for years. Three days of hard work on the farm followed.

I was back at the academy the next Monday. Talking with other students I became more familiar with the two courses. Then came what appears to have been an inspiration. I never had been in the habit of lying awake nights, but on one night in that week I lay awake for hours and I seemed to receive an illumination to the effect that my future life made it desirable that my plans should be changed and that I should enter immediately upon the classical course, taking it in full. At the next week-end I broached the subject to father, assuring him that I could compress the classical course into three years, thereby saving one year's expense. He agreed. At the beginning of the third week I entered upon the classical course and began studying Latin along with the non-classical studies. I have always been grateful for that illumination. I obviously needed it, for there was no one - that is, no educated person who understood - with whom I could talk it over and from whom I could obtain guidance.

Washington Academy had been founded in the early seventies on account of the scarcity of high schools and other secondary educational institutions. Many citizens of the town and county, inspired by Professor S. E. McKee, a very estimable educator who became the first principal, had helped financially in its establishment.

The quarter block in the center of which the academy once stood is no longer graced with the square, two-story brick building, topped by a

Washington Academy.
big clock, which answered to that name. Neither the building nor the academy now exist save in memory, for the institution was not moved to another site but was allowed to die because multiplying high schools and colleges made it superfluous.

The academy building was located one block east of the northeast corner of the square, and it was on the southwest corner of the corner. During a little over half of the latter half of the nineteenth century, and a little way into the twentieth century, its hospitable doors were open to all comers. There was no bother about entrance examinations, at least not when I was there. If the principal of the academy thought, from preliminary conversation with the prospective student, that he had better go into the freshman class, into that class he went. A few could show, or orally report, credentials which enabled them to go into a higher class. I entered as a mongrel freshmen and sophomore, and, as I had assured my father that I could, compressed the four-year classical course into three years. They were utterly happy years. As I close my eyes and think, I can, for a split second, recapture the exquisite flavor of those idyllic days.

There was a fence all the way around the quarter block. At the wide entrance on the north there was no gate but there were round posts with oval tops, set on the bias, so that humans could get through but horses and cows could not. The basement was high and roomy but practically unused. Wide wooden steps, a dozen or so in number led up to the front door on the first floor. On that floor there were four classrooms, of almost equal size, with space for halls and stairway. As there were but three teachers most of the time, the northeast room was used for odds and ends. Upstairs the south ~~end~~ half was the chapel. The north half was divided into two rooms which were used by the two literary societies, Magnet and Aurora. Magnet Society was on the west side of the hall; Aurora Society on the east. I was a member of Magnet Society, of course -

that's why I named it first. But I visited Aurora Society occasionally. The rivalry between the two was friendly. As I was fresh from the farm, the window curtains in Magnet Society hall seemed wonderful to me. They had some sort of fine wire in them which glinted in the light of the kerosene lamps. Electricity had not yet arrived in Washington.

There were chapel services each forenoon, consisting of Bible reading, announcements, prayer, and a declamation or other performance by a student, if prepared. In their order the students were expected to "speak in chapel," but they often answered "Not prepared" when their names were called. The principal presided and the other teachers sat on the platform. I knew the principal's prayer by heart, or nearly so. He varied it a little sometimes. Every now and then he reminded the assembled students that the word "creator" should be pronounced so that the last syllable would have the sound of "or" in "orb." One day when I was a senior sitting in the front row he repeated this caution and I was so mean as to tell him before the whole student body that I had looked it up in the dictionary and found that the final syllable had the sound of "er" in "maker." He looked quite shocked and said he always thought it was pronounced the other way. I hope to be forgiven for that outrage - also for laughing about it while writing this.

I recited algebra, geometry, trigonometry, physiology, and natural philosophy, at different periods of my academy career, to the principal in his classroom in the southeast corner of the first floor. There was no scientific laboratory, but there were a few gewgaws in a sort of cupboard at the north end of the classroom. One of them was a contrivance which, if properly coaxed, would generate a few sparks of electricity. In explanation of its crudeness the principal said he thought someone "made it himself." Behind his back, some of us unreasonable students afforded ourselves a bit of amusement by speculating as to how the contraption ever could have come into existence if someone had not made it himself. The

principal was above such quibbles. Or was he? Maybe he had a better sense of humor than I gave him credit for.

I recited Latin, and, later, Greek, to Margaret Doolittle, whose classes met in the northwest room. She was a rather ample young woman and a fine teacher. As always I studied the lessons instead of just trying to scrape through. Besides, I liked Latin. I worked hard on the translations and I learned the declensions and conjugations by repeating them to myself in my room and elsewhere. One day Miss Doolittle called on me to recite and as I arose in my place she asked me to decline the Latin adjective "bonus." We used the English pronunciation, and in declining adjectives we were free to begin with the whole word and then follow with the endings only. ^{I began with the whole word but, impatient with that slow method,} I rattled off the endings, both singular and plural, as fast as one can say the English alphabet. Miss Doolittle laughed aloud - and she never again asked me to decline "bonus." She knew it was in my memory for keeps.

For a couple of terms after I entered, and doubtless for some time before that, Evelyn Carothers presided over the classes in the southwest room. Then Sarah L. Getty had it for a year or more. She married, whereupon John T. Matthews, who, after my academy time, became the principal, took it over. In that room I recited rhetoric, English literature, composition, botany, astronomy - also one term of German, which was not on the regular list.

All of these teachers were excellent.

I do not remember having any examinations. Apparently

~~happily, there were no examinations in the academy, and there were no~~

~~grades~~ The principal, with the aid of the other teachers, decided upon all promotions into higher classes, ^{grading} ~~judging~~ the students by their daily recitations. I can see why there should be examinations ~~and~~ for the civil service, but I cannot see why there should be examinations ~~and~~ in school. The daily recitation is a far better gauge of the students' progress, ^{as they may be flustered in taking examinations and not do} ~~as they may be flustered in taking examinations and not do~~ their best.

and reading habits. Later on, when I entered the academy, I found that the graduates and undergraduates accepted by other schools did not know but a few of the grades which the best and that they might become unknown. The academy, of course, was not a precedent breaker in this matter of grades; it merely followed the then custom of the rural schools and probably

In my pre-academy experience I never had an examination of any kind in the country school, nor a grade of any kind, unless the head-marks in the spelling class might be called grades.

There were a few town boys and girls in Washington Academy, but most of the students were from the farm. And most of them, like myself, worked on the farm during the summer vacations, likewise the fall and spring vacations, and oftentimes at week-ends during the school terms. However, I for the week-ends did not go home nearly so often during my second and third years as I did in the first year. This gave me more time for study, and for the necessary preparations for activity in Magnet Society.

The society had a Latin motto: Vita Sine Litteris est Mors. According to our translation this meant: Life without learning is death.

In the society, as it would be trite to say, we solved all the momentous problems of the time. That's what everybody says when commenting upon youthful efforts in the way of discussions, essays and so forth. We met one evening each week. Each member was expected, in different weeks, to give a declamation, an essay, an oration, to take part in the debate, and to write the "paper." On any meeting night he was liable to be called upon for an extemporaneous talk. As I had had an excessively slight amount of preparation for this kind of thing before I went to the academy, it was very hard for me at first, but I liked it immensely. Indeed, merely to say that the society meetings were interesting to me would be like saying that sunshine is gloomy. They were not merely interesting and attractive - they were absorbing, entrancing, enchanting. I reveled in them - in both the literary and the business meetings. As I gradually

grew less tongue-tied, the proceedings became more delightful and enrapturing. After I learned to shout and to abandon my arms to whirlwind action, the other members imagined that I was a good speaker.

When a member had gone through that round of declamation, essay, oration, debate, and "paper," he commenced at the beginning and went through it again. The "paper" was a more or less funny production, somewhat modeled after the local items of a local newspaper, except that the items were mainly phony. In the paper we made fun of each other and sometimes of the teachers and other students and anyone else. We tried to think of queer ideas to use as mottoes for the "paper." I turned a well-known motto - Never put off till tomorrow that which you can do today - topsyturvy and used it for the "paper" when my turn came. My version of the motto was "Never do today that which you can put off till tomorrow." As this was precisely the opposite of my own habit and inclination, it struck me as being humorous.

In business session we elected the officers of the society. I took my turn in serving as president of it.

One evening during my first year at the academy Miss Carothers attended a session of Magnet Society. It happened that I was called upon for an extemporaneous speech. I don't remember what the assigned subject was - we never knew what we were to talk about until we were called upon - but in the very brief talk I told of some of us students having had a group picture taken. ~~But~~ In accord with the rural dialect I had spoken all my life and had not yet fully recovered from, I said, "We had our picture took." I recognized the error as soon as it escaped my lips, but I did not have the presence of mind to halt long enough to correct it. The next day, in the classroom, between classes, Miss Carothers kindly advised me to give up my plan of compressing the classical course into three years.

She advised me to put in the full four years. I was morally certain that it was my grammatical error of the night before which caused her to give

me this advice, but I did not mention the fact that I had known better. Neither of us mentioned the error. Undoubtedly we would have understood one another better on that occasion if we had said plainly what we meant.

One of my bizarre acts as a member of Magnet Society was to make a motion to drop the son of the principal from membership for neglect of duty in fulfilling the platform assignments. I fought the motion through successfully. Then, more fantastic still, I made a motion to extend to him a vote of thanks for what little he had done while a member. There was much objection to this, on the ground of inconsistency, but it seems that in that instance consistency was nothing more to me than it was to Ralph Waldo Emerson, although I had not heard of his version at the time, and I fought that motion through successfully too. It made the young victim more angry than his expulsion.

Inasmuch as I was the greenest country jake of them all when I entered the academy, and the most bashful, it was not until the middle of my second year that I got up courage enough to ask a girl for her company - and I didn't then, for I was allotted to her by another boy. The night was stormy. The winds were piling the fast-falling snow into drifts. Only two girls and one other boy besides myself arrived at Magnet Society for the regular session. We decided not to hold a meeting but to go home. The other boy, as we passed out of the building into the storm, took charge of one of the girls and told me to take the other. In the excitement I found myself arm in arm with her - and the ice was broken. God bless that boy - and the storm - and the girl! They started me on the way toward recovery from the worst case of bashfulness on record.

At the churches, on Sunday evenings, the academy boys, and other boys as well, had a habit of going out first when the service was over, and then asking girls for their company homeward as they came out. One Sunday evening another boy and I, seeing two academy girls coming out of a church, assigned ourselves each to one of them and asked them if we could see them

home. The one I asked gave her consent but the other one gave my boy friend a tart negative. Thereupon I abandoned my girl and stuck loyally to my boy friend in his hour of trouble. The girls gave unwelcome publicity to this episode and it was some time before I heard the last of it.

There was no furnace in the high and roomy basement of the academy building. Each classroom and society hall, and the chapel, contained a stove, and soft coal was cheap. An occasional student earned his tuition by starting fires, carrying coal and sweeping floors and stairways. I took a turn at it myself during the spring term of my junior year, along with another boy, the same one who catapulted me into the mysteries of girls. As nearly all the students had known hard work almost from childhood, there was no loss of caste in this janitoring except perhaps in the eyes of a very few students who had not been raised on farms. One of these - a student from another state - accosted me on the subject out in front of the academy one day. He was one of the scant few students, probably the only one, who smoked - he was smoking a cigar at the time. He said I was disgracing the family by doing janitor work. I never was a fighter - that is, not physically - and he was about twice as big as I was - yet in my feeling of outrage I swung my arm, with open hand, and knocked his cigar out of his mouth. He flushed with anger and looked as if he might mop up the earth with me, but he went home instead.

Washington was not^{yet} the proud possessor of a water works - hence there were no water pipes or other plumbing to worry about in cold weather. Besides, as I was co-janitor only during the spring term I would not have had to look after them anyhow.

Another way in which a few of the students helped themselves a bit financially, picking ~~up~~ up an occasional quarter, was by turning the hand press on the afternoon when one of the weekly papers - the Washington Gazette - was printed. It was a lot harder than turning a grindstone, which had been one of my most grievous tasks on the farm.

I made five dollars in another way which may not have been very ethical. In his capacity as a member of Aurora Society, the youth who had criticised me for acting as janitor was on the program for an oration to be given at an open session of the society. Having evidently decided to forget about the cigar-knocking incident, and being of a well-to-do family, and not being overly industrious, he offered me five dollars to write his oration for him. I accepted the offer and ~~My recollection is that, at the student's request, the oration was about wrote it, but I have forgotten what it was about.~~ Judas Iscariot and that it tried to explain rather than condemn.

During the winter term of my first year at the Academy my brother Harry attended it, and he and I bached in a second-story room on the south side of the square. I was glad to get back to Acheson's at the opening of the spring term. I roomed and boarded there all the rest of my time in the academy - but of course I worked on the farm in the summer and the other vacation periods. While there was very little spare time in the summer vacations, and the farm work was hard, there was time to think while working in the field. I thought out essays and orations, and found time to write them out, ^{on Sundays and rainy days.} I also studied my lessons in advance to some extent. It has always been my custom to drive my work ahead of me instead of letting it drag me. This has been a great help.

One can get all sorts of knocks and boosts, and I got both while at the academy. However, when I gave an oration at an open session of Magnet Society, held one evening in a crowded chapel - an oration with the rather pompous title of "Earth's Giant Agitator," an inflated synonym for the word "War" - and Miss Doolittle, as I passed out of the door after the meeting, told me that I had done myself proud, her candid compliment was of real benefit to me.

At one time in ^{my} ~~the~~ academy career I somehow acquired a dose of the itch. Considering the lack of bathing facilities, it seems a wonder to me that everybody did not have the itch and other skin ailments all the time. I went to Uncle Doc - my mother's brother, Dr. William McClelland, who practiced medicine in Washington. He gave me a sulphur mixture which

I spread on the affected places on my hands, arms and chest. It was powerful enough to dry them up. Some of them broke out again but the disease was gradually conquered. It took a few months to eradicate it entirely.

Around the middle of the second year I acquired a dose of scarlet fever. To go home at the week-end I took a train to the village of West Chester, three miles from the farm, and walked the rest of the way through a howling blizzard. Walking one mile westward was tough, then the one mile southward wasn't quite so bad, as I had the wind on my side rather than in my face. But the last mile, and a little over, was westward, against the wind. Sick and faint, at one point I crawled under the protecting hedge and rested a little in order to gain strength. I knew I mustn't stay there long, lest I should freeze to death, so I got up and struggled on. Although sick, I was a happy youth when I reached home and warmth. Evidently I had the fever in a light form, however, for I do not remember losing any time in school.

Shortly before I graduated I thought my voice was not as clear as usual, as it had seemed husky while making a speech in Magnet Society. As I did not want it to be that way when giving ^{my} ~~the~~ commencement oration, I again went to Uncle Doc. He sent me to a newly-arrived doctor who had up-to-date instruments and methods along that line. The latter gave me some nasal and throat spray treatments and put an electric instrument up in my nostrils and burnt out a slight superfluous growth on either side. My voice cleared up. The doctor said I ought to have my tonsils out sometime, but we postponed that.

With these exceptions, and an occasional cold - everyone had that - my health was good throughout my academy course.

There were no regular sports events at the academy, and there was no gymnasium. In fall and spring there were a few baseball games. I did not ask to be allowed to play, and was not selected to do so, doubtless because

I was light of weight and did not look very rugged. For a number of years I had done a man's work on the farm, hence I obviously was strong enough to play baseball - but, as the fella says, "that's the way it goes." A skinny guy couldn't expect to be selected unless he promoted himself, which I did not do. I looked on instead. We never had played baseball at the rural school, for lack of sufficient numbers, ^{- we played townball and other games -} and I did not know the rules of baseball by experience but could quickly have learned them.

In the spring of my first year at the academy, I learned another game - marbles. This may seem strange, as I was beyond the marbles age. Two of the boys who boarded at Acheson's were old marble players, and they wanted to play, although they too were "too old," but neither they nor I cared for the tradition. We boys in the country had possessed a few marbles with which we played in a sort of a way, but none of us knew how to play a real game with them. The two academy boys showed me how to play the game, and I liked it. We played in the street, out in front of the Acheson house. To have had that experience belatedly was better than never having it at all.

The slang word "chestnut" is one of the host of things connoted to me by the academy, as it became current about the time of my attendance there. Did you ever hear of a chestnut bell? For a short time the chestnut bell was one of those idiotic crazes which now and then pass over this country. It came and went while I was at the academy. To the best of my recollection only one student invested in a chestnut bell. It was a very small bell, fastened in some hidden place about the clothing. When anyone told an old joke, or made any remark which the owner of the bell considered stale, he rang the bell. It made a slight tinkling sound which never failed to provoke smiles from the students when rung in ^{the classroom.} ~~class~~ The perpetrator of the stale remark did not always see the joke, and the teachers became right weary of hearing the chestnut bell rung in class. The fellow student who owned the bell was quite generous with his ringings until one

day when Miss Doolittle interrupted a recitation to tell him, in tones that carried conviction, that she had had enough of it.

Occasionally a social party was held at some private house. After it became possible for me to ask a girl for her company, I was, once in a while, invited to such a party. Boys were invited, orally of course, and each boy was expected to bring a girl. At the parties we played all sorts of games and had a good time. Upon arrival, it was customary for all comers to be directed to lay their wraps in a bedroom. On one occasion when the designated bedroom was the one used by the father and mother of the girl who was giving the party, a girl, but not the one I had taken to the party, joined me in playing a mean trick on that father and mother. There had been a lively game played by throwing bean bags. After the game was over, the girl and I took all of the bean bags and stuffed them under the sheet of the bed on which the wraps had been laid. We distributed them around so that when the couple went to bed and discovered the nuisance, they would be put to as much trouble as possible in finding all of them. The girl, as might be surmised, was fun-loving and vivacious. On another occasion she told me that she had written a poem. Of course I wanted to see or hear it. She recited it to me, as follows:

Oh moony, moony, look down on me
And make me as spoony as I can be.

I suppose you will want to know what happened after that. I'll tell you. Exactly nothing happened. I think she already had a solid fellow, and in any event I would not have had the nerve to follow it up. I was still much too bashful for that. The other girls, while they laughed and joked, had been taught to be demure. They would have been shocked at the very idea of writing such a couplet, and much more shocked at the idea of telling a boy about it. The girl in question was just as nice as they were, but she was less inhibited and self-conscious.

The academy students, or some of them, published a monthly organ. Its name was the Acamedian. No, that is not a misprint. The natural name,

doubtless, would have been the Academian. It had been named before I arrived on the scene, and it probably was called the Acamedian because that word is more euphonious. In later years it was changed to the Academician. During my senior year I was one of the three editors and managers of the Acamedian. The other two were also seniors. Of course we three gave our services free of charge, but the printing expense was supposed to be paid through advertising. Some of the mercant^h of the town gave us ads, and there was a little national advertising, but the total amount of advertising was not enough to pay the entire bill. We came out a little over forty dollars in debt. I guess we all three thought the debt would be forgotten, as we were inexperienced and did not realize that others did not have the same spirit of freely giving time and energy which we had because it was an academy matter. To them it was a business matter instead. We all three graduated, and the other two were not in Washington the following year. I was dunned for the money and I got it from my father and paid the bill.

Upon graduation I had the highest grades, but the academy did not follow the custom of conferring honors, hence none were conferred.

There were eight of us in the graduating class in June, 1889: Nellie Anderson, George E. Blair, John Ferguson, Ella Glaze, Leta Glenn, George W. Hay, Ella Montgomery, and myself. The commencement exercises were held in the opera house. Each of the eight graduates gave an oration or an essay. My oration was entitled "The Rising Torrent." The diplomas were awar^ded by Professor McKee, the principal. The occasion was one of the highlights of my life, even though I afterward was disgusted with the oration I had given.

When commencement was over and I had to leave the academy, knowing I was to abandon forever the regular attendance upon those sacred halls and classrooms, my heart ached and my appetite vanished - so deeply did I love Washington Academy and my associations there. Back on the farm for

another toilsome vacation, I gradually recovered from the dull despair of separation.

The successive principals and teachers at the academy were good, conscientious men and women who did their level best to endow us raw country youth with some measure of culture. I believe all of us benefited by the experience throughout the academy's career, The total number of graduates, was not large - therefore I cannot point to a string of celebrated names. Some acquired prominence. Others lived less conspicuous but useful lives. Several went into the ministry. While the academy was non-denominational, it was looked upon as more or less of a feeder for Monmouth College, Monmouth, Illinois, a United Presbyterian school which often led to the theological seminary. The academy prepared students for the junior year in Monmouth College if they were headed in that direction. I was voluntarily fed into Monmouth College myself, entering as a senior after having made up the junior year by studying privately under John T. Matthews while I was taking a year of law in the office of J. F. Henderson of Washington - and upon graduating from the college I only escaped the theological seminary by a hair's breadth. This is not a knock for the college - I was idyllically happy there too.

Washington Academy was needed at the time when it existed. Unlike some other institutions, which persist long after the need for them has expired, the academy ceased to exist when the need passed. Its last commencement was held in June, 1910. I suppose it made its quota of mistakes, but it accomplished much good.

So long as the academy building stood I looked at it lovingly whenever I was in Washington. Later it was torn down and replaced by another building - and the big clock was moved to the court house.

In the year 1913 I was asked to write an article for the Western Comrade, which was being published at Los Angeles, California. By that time I had been a socialist for at least sixteen years and had realized

how completely mistaken I had been in some of the statements in my commencement oration in 1889. I will here quote the article just as it appeared. The occasion when the junior quartette sang the song referred to in the article was ^{a joint} ~~an~~ open session of Magnet Society and Aurora Society, held in the chapel shortly before commencement. The article appeared in the October, 1913, issue of the Western Comrade, ^{under the title of "My Confession."} It follows:

Once upon a time, I graduated from a little academy down in South-eastern Iowa. And the ache comes to my heart again as I call to mind the junior quartette singing, "Farewell! Farewell!" while we were in the midst of one of the most heart-rending tragedies of human life - the severing of school ties. How I wanted to go to that school forever! I wonder if the acorn has the heartache when it bursts its shell. It can never be an oak without bursting. The bursting of the school shell is just as necessary to intellectual and moral growth.

In those days, incredible as it may seem, I was a fire eater. I had been the most timid boy in school. The first time I faced an audience in the literary society hall, my lip trembled and the corners of my mouth drew themselves away down and for the life of me I couldn't get them straightened up again until I left the platform and sat down.

But I was ambitious. To acquire courage and determination I read about all sorts of heroes, or alleged heroes, and attempted to imbibe their spirit. I read about Demosthenes and his pebble. I read about General Custer, with his flowing locks, flourishing his saber and hurling defiance at the whole Confederate army. And I said to myself, "If these fellows had nerve, why can't I?"

So I waded in. I began to howl and saw the air every time I found myself before an audience. I soon discovered that when a person shrieks and fans the air, people think he is a sublime orator, no matter whether he says anything worth while or not. So I always did it. I got so I took great pleasure in it. It delighted me beyond measure to get out in front of the place where the carpet left off and yell, and churn the air with my arms, and stamp the bare floor with my feet by way of emphasis until the dust rolled up and curled around my ears.

That's the way I did with my commencement oration. My subject was "The Rising Torrent." I pictured a lot of terrible, horrid, grisly 'osophies, 'archies and 'isms, which were gaining ground, and, unless the tide was stemmed, they would sweep our civilization over the precipice of revolution into the bottomless pit of - something or other - I don't remember just what. All I remember is that I rolled civilization over the precipice and chucked her down into the black hole and then gave her a kick.

Now, one of the dread 'isms, which I pictured as being about to sweep our civilization over the precipice of revolution into the bottomless pit of what-you-may-call-it, was socialism.

Yes, sir; socialism!

Honest Injun - hope to die!

What did I know about socialism?

Nothing.

Absolutely nothing.

A few years later I investigated socialism for the purpose of preparing a lecture against it.

I wound up by preparing one for it.

Since that time ~~for that ignorant, blundering, idiotic crime.~~

I have been atoning

I do not know who arranged that song which was rendered by the junior quartette, but it was well written and well rendered. The words "Farewell, eighty-nine" were repeated and were deeply poignant for us eighty-niners who were about to depart.

On commencement night, referred to in the article, the footlights were turned on in the opera house. If I remember correctly the other graduates stayed back where they were supposed to stand, namely, on the which left off a few feet from the footlights, carpet, but I went out on the bare floor between the carpet and the footlights to speak my piece, and I went at it with hammer and tongs. I afterward became a rather calm speaker, appealing mainly to reason instead of emotion.

In 1943 a book entitled "The Washington Academy" was published giving a great number of interesting facts. It was edited by Floyd A. Shaw, of the class of 1909, with the assistance of many others, and many of us contributed to the financing of it. I also wrote an article for it. The article ^{is} ~~was~~ much shorter than this chapter but ^{contains} ~~contained~~ some of the same matter. As printed in the book, there are some distressing typographical errors in the article. The book is of historical value and has been placed in some of the historical libraries where it will be preserved for future use. And of course it is of deep interest to all who once attended Washington Academy.

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FURTHER PURSUIT OF KNOWLEDGE

I always pursued knowledge, whether in school or elsewhere.

After graduating from Washington Academy I spent the summer of 1889 working on the farm.

In the fall of that year I began studying law in the office of J. F. Henderson, an elderly practicing lawyer in Washington, Iowa. My father knew him. I think he had been the attorney for the estate of Harve Anderson, of which father and Dan McLaughlin, who lived a couple of miles north of us in the country, had been the administrators.

For nine or ten months I pursued this dull occupation of reading law in a law office, with an occasional suggestion from Mr. Henderson. For him I did a few errands and a little copying, by hand, of pleadings. I worked for my room and board at the home of my uncle, Dr. William McClelland, who had been a pioneer doctor in the community, was still practicing, and was somewhere around eighty years of age. I looked after his horse, milked the cow, brought in the fuel, and so forth.

It was a very prosaic year compared with my three years at Washington Academy. There were a few bright spots, however. I attended an occasional party given at the home of some old Academy acquaintance. Having arranged with J. B. McMichael, president of Monmouth College, that I might make up the junior year in that institution, I recited the junior college studies to Professor John T. Matthews of the Academy, at his room across the street from the Academy, of an evening now and then. He asked me enough questions to find out if I had really studied the subjects. I substituted for him in teaching at the Academy for a few days when he was ill. I taught the public school at Winfield, a little town some twenty-five miles southeast of Washington, for about a week, when the teacher, Cora Smiley, who had been a student at the Academy, was absent. I also made a brief trip to Monmouth College. A dentist, Dr. Rork, marshaled a few of us young men

to meet in the evening occasionally, in the southwest recitation room of the Academy, and practice the acting of Shakespeare's play, Julius Caesar. We never put the play on anywhere, but it introduced me to the bard of Avon and I fell in love with his liquid writing. Not that I excuse his anti-semitic play, The Merchant of Venice, or his unconvincing situations in King Lear.

In the spring I had the mumps, which wasn't so enjoyable.

In June of 1890 I went back to the farm and worked there during the summer.

College

In September, 1890, I went to Monmouth, and entered the senior class. I got a room without any roommate so that I could study without being disturbed. I joined Eccritean Society - one of the male literary societies - and gave the customary declamations, essays, orations and extemporaneous talks and took part in the customary debates. I also served as president of the society for one term of a few weeks.

During the school year there was some Indian trouble in Dakota, and we heard a good deal about Indian war dances. Some student conceived the idea of the male students staging a war dance across the porch of the house in which the president of the college lived. The house was located on the corner of the campus and it had a large porch across the front and around a part of the side, with steps going down at both ends. We went there one evening, quietly, in the darkness, and formed a line, or, rather, an oblong. Then, at a signal, we began mounting the side steps, marching noisily around to the front steps, and down and around again. As soon as we started the line we also started a hideous imitation of the Indian war whoop. As we had hold of hands, we kept on circling around, each of us going across the porch more than once. We made as loud a stamping on the porch as we could. That was our crude version of the Indian war dance. Dr. and Mrs. McMichael had company in the house. One can only imagine the startled exclamations which our big racket must have caused. President

McMichael, a portly man, dignified, but a good scout at that, let us go on with our fun for a little. Then he suddenly flung the front door open and came forth and caught one of the marchers in his arms. He held the youth's ~~boy's~~ face up to the light to see who he was, gave him a scolding, ordered him to appear at the college office the next day, and then let him go. It happened that I was rather close to the door when it opened, but I was warily looking for just that, and when it opened I went over the banister with more agility than I had ever shown in husking corn or pumping water for the cattle.

I do not think the captured student was punished with anything more than a few stern words. The president had the last laugh on us. The next day, in class, with a bit of humor in his voice, he told us there had been a far more important place where we might have demonstrated, and he kidded us a bit. He did not go into detail, but we soon learned that two students had been married the night before and had left town after the wedding. Gossip had it that it was a case of needing to get married, a very astonishing thing in the kind of an atmosphere that prevailed at the college. We serenaders and Indian war dancers and whoopers had indeed missed our chance.

I went home for the winter holidays; then back to the college again.

The philosophy class, taught by Dr. McMichael, lasted through the fall and winter terms. His duties were such that he heard only one class per day, while other professors heard several. In the spring term he had the class in logic. One day, Alex Miller, who had attended Washington Academy and afterward became editor of the Washington Democrat, a country weekly at Washington, Iowa, happened to be in Monmouth, and he went to the class in logic with me. During the period a student recited on that part of the textbook which said, "Whatever is, is; whatever is not, is not." Alex leaned over to me and whispered, "Any damn fool knows that without going to college;" an assertion which I couldn't well deny.

In one of these classes, philosophy or logic, one day, President McMichael looked over the list of names of students which lay on his desk, in accordance with his wont, and called, "Mr. Jamieson!" Rollie Jamieson - Samuel Ralston Jamieson - arose from his seat. The president said, "Mr. Jamieson, if you were to set out to go from the house to the barn, and you were to go half the distance, and then go half the remaining distance, and then go half the remaining distance, and keep on going half the remaining distance, would you ever reach the barn?" It was a catch question and there was a twinkle in the president's eye. But Rollie Jamieson was equal to the occasion. He replied, "Well, doctor, I would get near enough to the barn for all practical purposes," There was a general laugh, and the president accepted the answer.

A phrenologist came to Monmouth. One or two other students and I called on him at his hotel and paid for readings. He told me that I was *sui generis*, that the only thing that could safely be expected of me was to expect the unexpected, that I would always be interested in public affairs, and so forth. If there is nothing in phrenology, he must have used physiognomy and ~~phn~~ psychology, for his forecasts turned out to be, for the most part, rather correct.

I loved Monmouth College, just as I had loved Washington Academy, and I wanted to go to school there forever, but the school year drew to a close. In an open literary society meeting, held in the chapel and attended by most of the faculty and many others, I facetiously told them that we students, after graduation, were going to be too busy to keep chasing back to commencement - a prediction which turned out to be very accurate in so far as I was concerned - but I was only trying to shock them and to cover up my feelings, for my heart was breaking on account of having to leave the college, as it had broken when I left Washington Academy.

Unlike the Academy, the college was in the habit of conferring honors. Only those students who had entered not later than the beginning of the

junior year were eligible for honors, however. As I had made up the junior year under Professor Matthews of the Academy, and had entered the senior class when I went to the college in person, I was evidently held by those in charge to be ineligible for honors, but my grades for the senior year were higher than those of the senior who took the first honors. This - having the highest grades and yet not taking the honors - was ^{one} ~~an~~ of the ways in which I have been an exception. If such a thing has ever happened to anyone else I never have heard of it.

In meetings of the senior class I was lined up with the minority. We the minority did not do anything very awful, but I must have been expected to do so, judging by what a classmate said to me one day, after commencement, as I met her on the street. She said it had been rumored that there was to be a bogus program issued, as there had been in some previous years. I replied that there had been some talk, among the minority, of issuing a bogus program but that I had discouraged it because we were all about to part and I did not like the idea at such a time. She looked at me in surprise and, with the emphasis on the word "something," she said, "I'm so glad to hear something good about you!" Apparently she hadn't heard anything ~~good~~ about me except what I said about myself.

After commencement, in June, 1891, at which I received the degree of bachelor of arts, I did not go back to the farm. I took a job on The Advance, a weekly published in Monmouth. I was supposed to gather the local news and solicit advertising. It was easy to gather the news, for there was a daily that published it and I only had to ~~to~~ rewrite some of the items and get a few others besides. I was a punk advertising solicitor, but even if I had been a good one, I guess it would have been almost impossible to get ads, in addition to the regular ones, for such a paper. Since I was unable to get new ads I was let out after about six weeks.

Before that came about, I had made up my mind to go to the United Presbyterian Theological Seminary at Allegheny, Pennsylvania, in the coming

autumn. The year's work in college had exhausted me and I was discouraged and depressed. If I had gone back to the farm immediately after commencement I do not think that such an idea as studying for the ministry would have entered my mind, even though Monmouth College was to a large extent a recruiting station for the seminary. The idea was the fruit of the combination of circumstances.

I remained in Monmouth until September, posting up somewhat on the Greek language and on religious history. Early in September, although it was not yet time for the seminary term to begin, I went to Allegheny, which was not at that time a part of Pittsburgh. Arriving there early one morning, after an almost sleepless night in a day coach, I left my trunk at the depot, and, taking my grip along, climbed the sloping hill to the place where the seminary was located. It was a foggy, gloomy morning. Reaching the seminary I met one or two of the professors and two or three of the students who had been there previously. I was much in need of a bit of welcoming cordiality. It was not forthcoming. I did not like them. The building itself seemed cheerless and uninviting. I was thoroughly disheartened. An idea struck me. In my former intention to study law I had sent for many catalogs of law schools and had about made up my mind that Columbian Law School at Washington, D. C., was the most desirable on account of its location at the national capital and the high position of some of the members of the faculty. The idea that struck me as I looked about, on that disconsolate morning at the theological seminary, was that maybe I had better go on to Washington, D. C., and study law. Without a word of explanation to anyone I picked up my grip and walked back to the depot. There I paced the floor for perhaps a quarter of an hour or more, thinking very hard. During that time I definitely decided this, to me, momentous question. I bought a ticket for Washington, D. C. I took the first train over to Pittsburgh, where I did my waiting for the train for Washington, D. C., as I did not want the unpleasantness of explaining to any of the

seminary folks if they had happened to have occasion to enter the Allegheny depot.

I have always been glad I made that decision. Perhaps an invisible helper aided me. There have been other occasions when I felt that I had been aided, as well as some occasions when such aid, if offered, did not reach me.

Arriving at Washington, D. C., the next forenoon, after another night in a day coach, I rented a room three or four blocks northwest of the White House and went around and made arrangements to enter the law school. Columbian University, which afterward changed its name to George Washington University, was then located at Fifteenth and H Streets Northwest, which was three or four blocks northeast of the White House. As it was not yet time for the term to begin, I had an opportunity to see the city. After the term began, I also had a good deal of spare time. The classes were held in the evenings and were of the lecture type. Studying my lessons in the forenoons, I often spent the afternoons in visiting congress, the supreme court, and other places. On at least two of the public reception days at the White House I fell in line, shook hands with the president, Benjamin Harrison, and thus got into the east end of the building where I gawked at the imposing chandeliers, the paintings, and so forth.

The lecturers at the law school were a local judge, an assistant attorney general, and Justices John M. Harlan and David J. Brewer of the United States Supreme Court.

I was also a member of Justice Brewer's Sunday School class at the First Congregational Church. I was not a member of the church but attended the class because he taught it.

Justice Brewer was a conservative on the bench but he was liberal in religion. The class was for young men. It had a room by itself at the front of the church where it was not disturbed by the babel of voices in classes in the main hall. The justice was easy on us pupils. He did not

ask us any questions nor assign any lessons for us to study. He just sat in his chair and talked. My recollection is that he did not say anything about salvation nor about hell and damnation. He usually started by reading something from the Bible but used it more as a point of departure than as a text. He told all sorts of interesting anecdotes and jokes, many of them about well-known persons. Now and then he waxed emotional, as when he told about ^{how} Justice Stephen J. Field, a distinguished loyalist appointed to the bench by Abraham Lincoln, lamenting the death of Justice Bradley, said the men of his day were all gone and he was left alone, while Justice Lucius Quintus Cincinnatus Lamar, an ex-confederate appointed to the bench by Grover Cleveland, kissed him on the top of his bald head and said, "No, Brother Field, not alone, not alone!"

But Brewer seldom lapsed into sadness, other than when he recited poetry of the sentimental type. I suppose I was expected to look back upon his Sunday school class as a time of character building, and of 'course he inculcated the ordinary virtues, but I remember it more as a time when I listened to interesting anecdotes and episodes about famous people and to jokes and stories which one was wont to hear on the stump rather than in a Sunday school. The justice was rather large and had an oval face somewhat like that of Victor L. Berger, whom I had not then met, but he was not as well proportioned as Berger - he had less shoulders and more paunch. He had a twinkling eye and a frequent curl of the lip which indicated that he was something of a kidder in private life. He told how he kidded his wife, who, I believe, was a daughter of Stephen J. Field, and how she got the last word. While on the bench in Kansas he rummaged through the books at the state library one day and found an old English epitaph which tickled his funny bone. He copied it and took it home and told his wife he had found the epitaph which he was going to put on her monument. Naturally she wanted to know what it was. He took the slip of paper out of his pocket and read it to her: "She is at rest and so am I." His wife retorted,

"Well, it'll be the first time I've been at rest since I married you."

Thus she got the last word, and the justice told it with a relish.

Justice Harlan was a still larger man, tall, broad-shouldered and big-boned. At the evening law class we students occasionally went up to the platform after the lecture to ask him questions. On close observation I was astonished at the immensity of the man. He had a neck like a bull. Mentally he struck me as being of presidential size. He was square-faced, an entirely different type from Brewer. He was more or less liberal on public questions. Some years later, in the income tax case, in which the income tax law was nullified, he wrote a strong dissenting opinion in which he said that such social legislation should be upheld so as to head off the onrushing hosts of socialism. Evidently he was not liberal enough to realize that it would be a good thing if socialism - ~~some~~ genuine socialism - would come and bring about real industrial democracy. He saw that the concentration of wealth in the hands of a few was an evil and he deplored the strangle-hold of the trusts, but that was about as far as he went. In short, like many others, ~~and this was the case with~~ he had not thought things through, and when I say that he struck me as being of presidential size I mean that he was of higher mental stature than most of the presidents of the period.

In the evening law school, Justice Harlan lectured on the constitution, and his lectures were instructive.

The local justice and the assistant attorney general sometimes called upon us to recite, but there were so many of us - practically the entire assembly hall full of students - that each one of us was very seldom called upon to recite.

I took my meals in restaurants. One morning as I was eating my light breakfast and was the only customer in the place, a Negro, apparently on his way to work, came in and asked for a cup of coffee and something else. The man in charge, who, I guess, owned the restaurant, haltingly stalled

I knew
saying that the coffee was not yet ready, although it was. The Negro said he would wait. The white gave him what he wanted and he sat down on a side seat and partook of his breakfast. Afterward the white man rather sheepishly explained to me that he was not supposed to serve colored people. Of course I noticed, in other restaurants and elsewhere, that the Negroes were discriminated against. This appeared to me to be a travesty upon all that I had been taught about the virtues of America.

That school year was, for me, both enjoyable and desolate. Neither the professors nor the persons connected with the business end of the University took any interest in individual students. Most of the students themselves, many of whom were working for the government in the daytime, did not know me by name. There was one student, who was also in Justice Brewer's Sunday school class, with whom I went places a scant few times, and he and I were casual acquaintances. But as a rule I was alone. On account of the school being located in the capital city I learned more about our governmental institutions than in any other year. For this reason the year was a very valuable one to me. But I was lonesome and homesick for the unstilted middle west, and I was overjoyed when the school year drew to a close. In June, 1892, I graduated and received the degree of bachelor of laws.

After commencement I went back to the farm in Washington County, Iowa, for most of the summer.

DES MOINES

Having spent most of the summer of 1892 on the farm, I left there about August 22 and went to Des Moines. On my way home from Washington, D. C., I had made a side trip to Keokuk, Iowa, and decided that it was not the place where I wanted to practice law. During the summer I had made a brief trip to Des Moines and decided that it was the right place. Upon going there, late in August, I entered the Capital City Commercial College and studied shorthand and typewriting, with their concomitants. I learned typewriting readily but I was not there long enough to become a shorthand writer. I also entered the law department of Drake University, which was called the Iowa College of Law, and studied Iowa law, preparatory to taking the examination for the bar. I took the bar examination, under the direction of the supreme court of Iowa, along with a number of other applicants, October 5, 1892, and was admitted to practice in all of the courts in the state of Iowa.

Having already subrented an office from W. H. Harwood, a real estate agent, in the Youngerman Block, conditioned on my passing the examination, I at once entered upon the practice of law. Later I was in partnership with Marsh W. Bailey, who had been a junior at Washington Academy when I was a senior, and we had our office in the Equitable Building, which had a law library for the use of its legal tenants. A little later Bailey concluded that he wanted to practice in Washington, Iowa, so we dissolved the partnership, and he bought my share of most of the law books we had accumulated.

Soon after going to Des Moines I joined the Young Men's Republican Club. In May, 1893, I was a delegate from it to a national convention of Republican clubs - not just those of young men - in Louisville, Kentucky. On the way, I visited the world's fair in Chicago. In Louisville the convention held a session and adjourned to a beer garden. I did not drink.

The next day the convention held another session and adjourned to the horse races. I went to them on top of a horse-drawn tallyho. Just before we Iowa delegates departed for our home state we were in a saloon where a number of Kentucky delegates were visiting with us. Again I did not drink. Iowa was a prohibition state. I had a notion that a person from a prohibition state should not drink when outside the state, or inside. But then I would not have taken liquor anyhow, as the very idea was repulsive to me. Among the Iowa delegates were Congressman Jonathan P. Dolliver, who was later a United States senator, and Albert B. Cummins who was later the governor of the state and then United States senator. They indulged rather freely. Neither of them got drunk in the sense of becoming unsteady, but Dolliver pumped the hand of a Kentucky politician and said, "If you ever want anything, just wire me."

There was so much selfishness and such a complete lack of idealism in the Young Men's Republican Club that in two or three years I quit attending it. One thing that sickened me was a remark made by the county chairman of the party just before an election was to take place. He told the party's representatives at the polling places to try to close the polls a bit early in the strongly Democratic precincts and to try ^{to} hold them open a bit overtime in the strongly Republican precincts.

June 24, 1896, at her boarding place, Mrs. Christie's, in Monmouth, Illinois, I was married to Lucy Josephine Hoisington. She had been reared on a farm near Youngstown, south of Monmouth, and she and I had been classmates at Monmouth College. We were married by Dr. Amos H. Dean, pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Monmouth. I had already purchased a home at 1313 Harrison Avenue in Des Moines. There we lived. On April 8, 1897, a daughter was born to us. We named her Josephine, after Mrs. Work's grandmother. Lucy's mother having died when Lucy was an infant, the grandmother had raised her.

During the period when I was officing in the Equitable Building there

were several janitors, one of whom was a Swedish widow, Lena by name, with a little girl depending upon her for support. A woman doctor had two or three ~~rooms~~ rooms on one of the floors to which Lena attended. One day when Lena was at work in the hallway, this woman doctor suddenly rushed to her exclaiming, "What did you do with that money?"

Lena asked, "What money?"

"Why, that money you stole out of my room!"

Lena indignantly denied having stolen any money. The doctor insisted that she had, and threatened to have her arrested.

Very much troubled, Lena came to me for advice. After questioning her I was convinced that she was innocent. I went to the doctor's office and talked with her, remonstrating against the idea of having Lena arrested and also against telling the tenants and others that she had stolen the money when there was no evidence of it except the mere fact that, in her capacity as janitress, she had access to the rooms. The doctor was unwavering in her conviction that Lena was guilty, saying that she probably would have her arrested and in any event would try to get her discharged from her job and would endeavor to see that she did not get another. I pointed out the fact that Lena had a child depending upon her, that the evidence was purely circumstantial, and that it was a serious matter to blast one and perhaps two human lives upon such flimsy evidence. My remarks only made the doctor more bitter. Finding that I could accomplish nothing by reasoning with her, I took another tack. I told her that if she had Lena arrested or tried to get her discharged or continued to ~~her~~ tell others that Lena stole the money, we would sue her for damages. This put an end to her threats, but she was more bitter than ever. As I was about to leave her office I asked, "You are a Sunday school teacher, are you not?"

She said she was. "Well then," I inquired, "where does your Christianity come in on this matter?"

Then she fairly exploded with wrath, and I left.

My counter-threats helped. No arrest was made. Lena was not discharged. But, feeling suspected all the time, she resigned as soon as she could get another job.

I met the doctor now and then, and she nodded to me somewhat frostily. The matter largely passed out of my mind as other things took my attention.

Then, one day a few weeks later, I met the doctor on the street. She halted me. I saw that she had a very self-reproachful look on her countenance. With downcast eyes she said, "Mr. Work, I found that money!"

She explained that she had put it in the wardrobe and it had got pushed away out of sight - the very place which I had urged her to search, on that day when I had gone to see her in her office. She had been so sure that she left it on the stand that she would not even look in the wardrobe. Yet I did not reproach her but expressed my pleasure that she had found it.

On finding it, she had written ^{to} Lena a letter of apology and tried to undo the injury as far as possible. And, in her ~~later~~ talk with me she added, "Mr. Work, I was very angry when you asked where my Christianity came in but I see now that you were right - I did not let it come in at all."

I had done a good deal of soul-searching, of which I write in the chapter on Religion. These inner workings, together with the fact that the industrial unrest in the country had reached a high pitch led me to the conclusion that in attempting to better the condition of humanity in general and give it a greater chance for higher development by change in political and social conditions lay the life work for which I was best fitted and in which I would be enthusiastic. Meanwhile my motives had become purified. I had originally been a Republican in party politics. I guess that was an inherited preference, natural enough, for the Republicanism of Lincoln had been different and there was a hangover from it after I came upon the scene. While in college I was a Prohibitionist. I changed back to Republicanism when I was in Washington, D. C. and remained a Republican until late in 1896. Directly after going to Des Moines I stump-speeched a little for

two or three years, in and close to the city. I remained an active member of the Young Men's Republican Club until the summer of 1894, by which time I had become so disgusted with the selfishness, the bickerings, the trades and the doubtful methods of so-called practical politics that I ceased to take an active part. My idea in entering politics in the first place was to be elected to office and serve well, but, in my ignorance of the old party methods, I intended to be nominated and elected on my merits. In my boyhood I had been disgusted with the selfishness of candidates for county offices who rode out into the country on horseback and sought my father's support for their nomination. I had read that George Washington said the office should seek the man instead of the man seeking the office, and I thoroughly believed that he was right and I intended to live up to that theory. In Des Moines, however, I was speedily disillusioned with the idea that anyone could live up to it in the Republican Party. I was consequently disheartened, which accounted for my ceasing to be active in the Young Men's Republican Club and ceasing to do any stumping.

I was also disheartened upon finding how grasping and selfish the competitive system of industry led people to be, but at that time I knew nothing of any other system. I was a believer in the multiple standard for deferred payments and in a protective tariff. I ignorantly believed that it was the lack of a sufficiently protective tariff that had caused the depression which came on in 1893 and lasted several years. Hence I supported McKinley and Hobart in 1896 although I recognized that the opposing Democratic Party had some just complaints. I was secretary of our precinct McKinley and Hobart club in 1896 but did not have enough enthusiasm to go on the stump.

During the fall of 1896, the very time when I was serving as the precinct secretary of the McKinley and Hobart Club, I began studying all sorts of proposed remedies and reforms. My immediate reason for doing so was that I wanted to get on the lecture platform. I decided to prepare a

lecture against socialism, of which I knew nothing. Fortunately I had acquired enough sense to understand that I would have to study the question in order to write a lecture against it. At the Des Moines Public Library I made out a list of the books the library had on the subject. There were not very many of them. It happened that the first one I placed on the list was The Co-operative Commonwealth by Laurence Gronlund. I drew the book from the library and read it. As I read, my ambition to prepare a lecture against socialism dissolved into nothingness. The book opened my eyes. I owe a great debt to it. And that does not mean that I endorse everything there is in it. I suppose no thoughtful person ever accepts absolutely everything in any book which he admires.

I proceeded to read books about, and otherwise investigate, the single tax, the initiative and referendum, bimetallism, proportional representation, free trade, postal savings banks, public ownership of public service corporations, extension of the civil service to states, counties and municipalities, election of judges and United States senators by the people, the imperative mandate, the limitation of the powers of the judiciary, the limitation of the powers of the executives. I also investigated the concentration of wealth and the encroachments of monopoly. I unearthed a veritable mine of information in these various investigations, and I wondered how I could have remained so ignorant so long. These investigations covered a number of months. By the autumn of 1897 I was a confirmed socialist, although I really was a socialist from the time when I read Laurence Gronlund's The Co-operative Commonwealth in the fall of 1896.

In the spring of 1897 I wrote a lecture on Spring and Autumn, a discussion of the rise and fall of nations, and delivered it once, in the Christian Church at Jefferson, Iowa, on the evening of April 29, paying my own expenses, thinking that this would enable me to get other lecture engagements. But my opinions soon progressed to such a stage that it was necessary for me to be more out and out and I discarded the lecture. I

determined to do what I could to further the cause of socialism and at the same time assist in obtaining intermediate reforms. I still had personal ambitions and was still intent upon resting upon my merits, but it was not the guarded ambition I had once had, for I determined to do and to say what I thought was right regardless of the consequences to myself. If honor or fame should come to me, it would have to come because of or in spite of the fact that I was doing my duty without fear or favor. Meanwhile I was hampered by lack of funds. I desired to give my whole time to the work of helping to advance the cause of humanity, but I had to earn a living for the family and myself.

In August, 1897, I wrote an article advocating the multiple standard for the issuance of money, entitled it A Non-partisan View of the Money Question, and intended sending it to the Arena magazine for publication if available. On looking up the exact address of the Arena I noticed that an article on The Multiple Standard for Money, by Eltweed Pomeroy of Newark, New Jersey, president of the Direct Legislation League of the United States, was to appear in the September number. I waited until the September number arrived, read the article, concluded that I had suggested a better system of details, and sent my article in. I received a letter from John Clark Ridpath, the editor of the Arena, accepting it, criticising it in some minor respects, but on the whole extolling it highly as an able, admirable and patriotic article. This pleased me very much, coming from such a high source. He kept the article for several months but did not find space for it and finally sent it back to me with regrets.

Being a believer in the initiative and referendum, and thinking perhaps I could do the cause some good by lecturing in its behalf, I wrote to Eltweed Pomeroy mentioning the multiple standard articles and asking about the league. He replied that the league did not maintain a corps of lecturers but that they would appoint me a lecturer and let me get my own appointments. He also said that he would be in Des Moines in October. On

October 16th he arrived, called on me, and we agreed that I should invite a few men to meet him at his room in the Kirkwood Hotel on Sunday afternoon the 17th in order to talk about organizing a Direct Legislation League of Iowa. Besides Pomeroy and myself the following were present at the Sunday afternoon meeting: Harvey P. Moyer, Owen Bromley, Judge W. A. Spurrier, Colonel Dorus M. Fox, Captain J. W. Muffly, Professor J. W. King, H. G. Gue, M. M. Pratt, and "Cyclone" Davis of Texas who was temporarily in the city. We talked over the idea of organizing a Direct Legislation League of Iowa and decided that it would be a good thing to do so. Harvey P. Moyer, Owen Bromley and I were appointed as a committee to call a mass meeting after the November election. As nearly all of the men present were either Democrats, Silver Republicans or Populists, and it was desired that the league should be strictly non-partisan in order to accomplish the best results, the committee was instructed to proceed without mentioning the meeting at the Kirkwood and without giving any news concerning it to the papers. Pomeroy was chairman and myself secretary of the Kirkwood Hotel meeting.

On the evening of December 20, 1897, the Non-partisan Direct Legislation League of Iowa was accordingly organized. The organization meeting was held in the parlors of the Roadside Settlement House in Des Moines. We adopted a short and concise constitution. I was elected president and George S. Hughs secretary. Hughs afterward resigned, and, in January, 1898, L. E. Stamm was elected secretary. W. E. O'Brien was elected vice president and A. F. Sharpnack treasurer. A legislative committee was appointed consisting of S. B. Keffer, A. F. Sharpnack and H. G. Gue.

During October, 1897, a co-operative association was organized in Des Moines, called the National Co-operative Society. It afterward altered its name and became the National Co-operative Association. It was organized by a few socialists at first and gathered other folks in later. R. R. Clarke was the main pusher. It operated under a contract with Miles Knapp, at Seventh and Center Streets, for three months, and on February 1, 1898, it branched

out on a completely co-operative basis, changed its location to Sixth and ~~Grand~~ Grand Avenue, and began running a grocery store, with Edson Hornaday as manager. The stock was five dollars a share. I bought a share in early January, 1898, and , being much interested in the subject, attended the meetings and did all I could to help it along. On the evening of February 7, 1898, I was elected treasurer of the association, becoming thereby an ex-officio member of the board of directors, the former treasurer, W. S. Swanegan, having resigned. At that time, F. B. Hill was president, J. C. Hedges vice president, and R. R. Clarke secretary. In addition to these, P. H. O'Brien, H. W. Garrett, J. E. McGovern, W. R. Casselbury and Andy Swanson were members of the board of directors.

In February, 1898, the National Co-operative Association published a small advertising sheet called The Co-operative Era, R. R. Clarke, the secretary, having prepared it. Subsequently it was decided to continue its publication as a monthly co-operative journal and Clarke and I were elected as its editors and managers. The first number under our joint editorship came out in March, 1898, and was highly complimented. I had an editorial in it entitled Lions in the Path, which was afterward reprinted in the Rural Northwest.

In the fall of 1898 I withdrew from the National Co-operative Association because I was not satisfied with the way it was being managed. I made the association a present of my share of stock.

With the advice and assistance of our Direct Legislation League, in which I was the only active figure, Representative George H. Smith, of Harrison County, prepared a direct legislation bill for municipal subdivisions and a joint resolution for a constitutional amendment, and introduced them in the lower house of the 1898 general assembly - legislature - of Iowa. I lobbied some for them. The bill was adversely reported by the committee, and the committee's recommendation was adopted by the house, by a vote of 52 to 23, with 24 members absent or not voting. Of the 52 who

voted against the bill, 51 were Republicans and one was a Fusionist. Of the 23 who voted for the bill, 18 were Fusionists and 5 were Republicans. Of the 24 who were absent or not voting, 14 were Fusionists and 10 were Republicans. Smith himself was a Fusionist* - a Fusionist being one elected by fusion of Democrats and Populists. The joint resolution for a constitutional amendment was favorably reported by the committee, but, the close of the session being at hand, a sifting committee was appointed and it left the resolution by the wayside so that it never came to a vote.

While working on the direct legislation bill and constitutional amendment, Representative Smith and I, one Sunday afternoon, consulted with General James B. Weaver in his room at a Des Moines hotel. He wanted us to concede nearly everything beforehand, advising us to strike out the most valuable portions of the bill instead of leaving them in and having something to compromise on if there had been any chance of getting it adopted in that way. Up to that time, judging by the denunciations of him in some of the newspapers, I had supposed General Weaver to be somewhat radical. After that time I was unable to see why the conservatives and their press should find fault with him. I haven't any doubt that he was sincere.

My political, social and economic opinions had kept me from being a financial success as a lawyer, because those who had paying business for an attorney were the very ones who were interested in having the capitalist competitive system maintained and were therefore against socialism and socialists. I had very good success with the legal business intrusted to me, but, on account of the reason above stated, I could not see much future in it. So, almost in despair, in the summer of 1898, I attended the Summer Latin School at Drake University and also pursued the study somewhat during the following fall and winter, thinking that I might change my vocation, get a position as a teacher, and retire from the scenes where the disgusting features of the competitive social order were thrust upon me daily. But I did not do so.

matter over earnestly during the remainder of the forenoon after our arrival in Oskaloosa. As I remember it, we were sitting in a sort of a lawn swing in front of the hotel where we were stopping. We did not reach any conclusion during the forenoon. We agreed that it would not be good for our digestion to continue the discussion at dinner, so we laid off the subject while eating. After dinner we went at it again, and we got together in a remarkably short time. We agreed that we three would recommend to the convention that all of the branches there represented should withdraw from the national boards with which they were affiliated and pay dues only to our state organization, which was yet to be formed. We agreed also that we would favor the calling of a national convention of all the socialists in America, sometime after the November election, for the purpose of achieving unity. We agreed that the best way to lead or drive the rival executive boards to get together would be to cut off the revenue of both of them.

Next day, the convention accepted this recommendation and carried it out to the letter. About fifty delegates were present, a goodly number considering that there were organizations in only eleven of the ninety-nine counties of the state and that the Social Democratic Party had only had a state organization in existence for a few weeks.

I was made temporary secretary of the convention, also permanent secretary, also a member of the committee on resolutions, which included the preparation of the state platform. I was nominated for the first place on the state ticket, namely, first elector at large.

The convention was very harmonious, as becomes a socialist convention, since genuine socialism stands for the brotherhood of man. It was composed of good, honest, earnest men. The tobacco-smoking, liquor-guzzling, wire-pulling politicians who composed the conventions of the Republican and Democratic Parties, were conspicuous by their absence. After the state organization was formed, the ticket nominated, and the other business transacted, Harriman gave us a good speech, and we adjourned with three cheers

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for Debs and Harriman. In the evening, Harriman addressed a good-sized public meeting in the public square.

I had been selected by my branch as its member of the state committee, before going to the state convention.

I wrote an article entitled One of the Patriarchs, in May, 1900, and sent it to the Chicago Tribune. The ^{patriarch}~~patriarch~~ in question was Colonel Dorus M. Fox. The article was published on page 54 of the Tribune for Sunday, June 10, 1900, occupying exactly a column of space. I afterward received five dollars from the Tribune in payment for the same.

Colonel Fox had gone home from the front, during the Civil war, before he was a colonel, and organized a new regiment and became the colonel of it. I think the regiment was organized in Michigan. This happened just about the time when the Battle of the Wilderness began. He took the new regiment to the front, and, on the way, went through Washington, D. C. There he and the other officers of the regiment were invited to attend what was then called a levee - that is, a president's reception - at the White House. The reception was held in the evening. Unknown to him and the other officers of the regiment, the regimental drummer boy tagged along after them and found his way into the east room of the White House and tried to hide himself in a corner. The colonel introduced the officers one by one to the president. Then Lincoln said, "Colonel, here's a soldier you haven't introduced to me," and he strode over to the corner and held out his hand and said, "My name's Abraham Lincoln - what's your name?" And he talked with the lad a few moments and made him feel at home.

On the same evening the colonel talked a while with Mrs. Lincoln. Among other things, she told him that one evening, at the time when General George B. McClellan was at the head of the army of the Potomac, Lincoln paced the floor until about eleven o'clock and then sat down and began to pull off his boots preparatory to going to bed. But he stopped pulling them off and began to pull them on again. In reply to a question from her

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he told her he was going to see General McClellan. He left the White House, and in about half an hour he came back. She asked him if he saw the general. In substance he replied, "No, he sent word that he was busy and couldn't see me."

The colonel got the impression, from his conversation with Mrs. Lincoln, that she was thoroughly loyal, despite adverse criticism.

In January, 1900, an article ~~xxxxxx~~ of mine entitled Credentials of Socialism was published in the Iowa Unionist, organ of organized labor in Des Moines. In February it also published an article of mine entitled Royal Remedy for Trusts.

On the evening of October 16, 1900, I addressed a street meeting at the corner of East Fifth and Locust Streets in Des Moines, in behalf of the Social Democratic Party, speaking about half an hour. It was the first open air meeting I ever addressed, and at first I was squeamish about a street speech but was all right as soon as I got into it. On the evening of October 20 I presided at a Social Democratic meeting at the Y. M. C. A. Auditorium and made a half-hour address preliminary to the chief address which was made by Charles L. Breckon of Muscatine, president of the Allied Printing Trades of Iowa. On the evening of October 29 I presided at a similar meeting at the same place at which J. Stitt Wilson, then of Chicago, and George D. Herron, then of Grinnell, Iowa, spoke. The state organizer, A. W. Ricker, had said he was going to have me stump the state in the campaign if he secured sufficient campaign funds, which did not happen.

I had, before my marriage, once roomed at the home of Mrs. Coggeshall, a prominent local suffragist, and had, at her invitation, spoken for woman suffrage before the local suffrage society. On the evening of October 18, 1900, I attended a meeting, at the Methodist Church, held during the state convention of the Iowa Equal Suffrage Society. Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt gave a lecture, most of which I liked and approved of. At one point, however, she named the different political parties and told why, in her

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opinion, they were against woman suffrage. She said the socialists were against equal suffrage because they thought it would delay socialism a thousand years. At the close of her lecture I arose in the gallery and stated that in the Social Democratic platform woman suffrage was endorsed. It so happened that a Prohibitionist, seated down below, also arose and said that the Prohibition national convention passed a resolution endorsing woman suffrage, although it did not appear in the platform. Afterward Mrs. Coggeshall told me that the woman next to her remarked, "There's a crank on the floor and a crank in the gallery!"

On ^{election} ~~the ninth~~ day ⁱⁿ of November, 1900, I voted the straight Social Democratic ticket - the first time I had had a chance to vote socialist.

It will be seen from the foregoing that I called to order the first meeting of the Social Democratic Party ever held in Des Moines and organized the first branch of the party there, that I was secretary of the first state convention ever held in Iowa, that my name stood at the head of the first state ticket, and that I was a member of the first state committee.

A piece of doggerel which amused me in 1900 was about Thomas G. Platt, the then rather notorious New York politician. At the time of the Republican national convention at Philadelphia he had a fall which broke one of his ribs. Thereupon, a newspaper came out with this:

Platt and Quay set out one day
To attend a convention.
Platt fell flat and broke a slat,
Which was not his intention.

After watching the count of ballots in my precinct on election night, ⁱⁿ November 8, 1900, and learning the number of socialist votes, I went down town to the Auditorium where the Daily News was giving the election returns with a stereopticon, together with slides on other subjects and entertainment in music, etc. The crowd was boisterous and good-natured. A boy in the gallery, with a megaphone, thundered forth sallies. I remember only this one:

W. J. Bryan sat on the fence
Tryin' to make a dollar out o' fifty cents.

After the November election of 1900 I gave up my law office and intended to go to California or Colorado for the winter on account of a bad case of catarrh. But the Social Democratic Party headquarters in Chicago issued a call for a national convention of its affiliated branches, to be held in Chicago, January 15, 1901. I decided to go to Minnesota, where the atmosphere is drier than in Iowa, and then from there to the convention in order to work for the unity of all the socialist organizations. Accordingly I went to Minneapolis, December 7, 1900, rented a room at 1111 Hennepin Avenue, and stayed a month, during which time I spoke twice before the Minneapolis branch of the Social Democratic Party, meeting with a hearty reception, saw all the sights in and about Minneapolis and St. Paul, and spent a great deal of time reading in the Minneapolis Public Library. The climate did my catarrh much good, but the restaurant fare somewhat disagreed with me, as I was used to a preponderance of health foods, and, becoming rather unwell, I went back home January 4, 1901.

I expected to go from Des Moines to Chicago and attend the convention, but Mrs. Work was not well and Josephine came down with pneumonia, so I stayed at home. Finding that it would be necessary for me to stay there the remainder of the winter in order to manage the furnace and keep things more favorable for Josephine's health, I entered into an agreement, February 2, 1901, with L. B. Patterson, a member of our branch and a printer, who was just starting the Des Moines Printers Exchange, for the sale of newspaper and job printing plants, printing ink, second-hand type, presses, etc., whereby I agreed to work in the office for fifteen dollars a week, to be paid out of fifty per cent of the net profits, if any, and I was to be at liberty to transact any law or other business if I so desired, and, if it took time from the Exchange work, to reduce accordingly the fifteen dollars per week. The Exchange was located at 522 Good Block, and I began working there at once. In those days the prices of the necessities of life were low and it did not take much money to live on. Part of the time we rented the

lower floor of our house to another family and lived in the upper part.

At the first regular meeting of the Des Moines branch of the Social Democratic Party in April, 1901, I was elected chairman of the branch for the coming year. In February of the same year I gave an address on Obsolete Capitalism at one of the branch meetings. The branch secured a room from the Trades and Labor Assembly, over Livingston's Seed Store at 708-10 Locust Street and held public meetings there on the first and third Sundays of each month.

April 15, 1901, I became a member of the Retail Clerk's Union, No. 30, in Des Moines. It was the first time in my life when I was eligible to join a labor union, having become eligible by virtue of my connection with the Des Moines Printers Exchange.

In June, 1901, through some advertising, I secured a scholarship in the summer school of the Drake School of Oratory and attended it for six weeks in June and July.

July 29, 1901, and the three days following, I, as a delegate from the Des Moines branch of the Social Democratic Party, attended what became known as the Unity Convention, at Indianapolis. The object was to secure unity of the socialists of America. The remnant of the Socialist Labor Party, after the Springfield element had left it, was not represented. There were delegates from the Chicago faction, the Springfield faction, and three independent states, namely, Iowa, Kentucky and Texas - about 130 delegates in all. After many stormy debates, the convention succeeded in organizing the Socialist Party. I was very glad of this, but I went home rather blue on account of the lack of brotherliness displayed by many of the delegates, which was in striking contrast with the comradely way in which we had conducted the Iowa state convention in 1900.

Perhaps this was one of the reasons why I kept in the background for a few weeks, discouraged by that lack of comradeliness in Indianapolis. Another reason was that I was making some slight effort to arrange to give some

lectures before lyceum and church audiences, thinking this might be a good way to promote the cause and that the publicity of running for office might prevent me from getting such appointments. I looked after things at the office while Comrade Patterson served as our delegate to the state convention, September 5, 1901, in the Trades Assembly Hall at Des Moines. However, I wrote the state constitution, which was adopted by the convention with minor changes. The convention changed the name of the organization from Social Democratic Party to Socialist Party and affiliated with the Socialist Party national organization. I was placed in nomination for governor by W. M. Shaw of Monroe, at the suggestion of Comrade Baumgardner of Des Moines, who was not a delegate; but I had told Patterson, our delegate, that I would not accept any nomination, hence the nomination was withdrawn. Probably I was foolish not to accept. I didn't get those lecture appointments anyhow.

In October, 1901, by referendum vote of the state membership, I was elected by the Socialist Party of Iowa as its member of the national committee.

January 24, 25 and 26, 1902, I attended the first meeting of the national committee of the Socialist Party, held in one of the committee rooms of the Lindell Hotel at St. Louis. About twenty committee members were in attendance, aside from the local quorum and the national secretary, nearly all of the organized states being represented. It was a very successful and harmonious meeting.

Saturday evening, March 1, 1902, we held the municipal convention of the Socialist Party in Marks' Hall, Des Moines, and nominated a full general ticket and a candidate for alderman at large. The candidates for alderman from the various wards, except the fourth, were added later by the campaign committee. I was nominated for the office of mayor. James M. Brenton was the Republican nominee. J. J. Hartenbower, the incumbent mayor, was the nominee of what was called the Citizens ticket.

Monday,
On the evening of March 17, at Skandia Hall, on the east side, we

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opened the campaign, with an audience of from 75 to 100, about half of them being socialists. A. D. Pugh and I spoke - also two visiting delegates to the United Mine Workers district convention, one by the name of Street, the other Frank L. Rice. I spoke three quarters of an hour or thereabouts, making probably the best speech I had made, up to that time.

We held a dozen or more other meetings during the campaign, all of them rather small. Our speeches were quite liberally reported in the local papers, although none of the papers were supporting us. Aside from candidates for alderman in some of the wards, the Citizens ticket was blank except as to the offices of mayor and auditor. This caused some of our candidates to get a high vote at the election, which was held March 31. George F. Usry, for auditor, received 353. I received 200, the hard fight for the head of the ticket weeding out all but the dyed-in-the-wool socialists. This was a gain of something like 75 per cent over the vote cast for our ticket in November, 1901.

Under a statute permitting cities to levy a tax in order to provide a fund for the purpose of purchasing or constructing a municipal water works plant, the city of Des Moines had levied such a tax and, by the spring of 1902, had accumulated a fund of nearly a hundred thousand dollars. Meanwhile, the business interests of the city, placing business above morals as usual, were making strenuous efforts to get a United States army post located in the vicinity of the city. They had apparently succeeded, with the exception that the war department demanded that water privileges be furnished for the post. The privately-owned Des Moines Water Works Company refused to lay the mains to the post unless the money was advanced to it for so doing. It finally agreed to do so if the city would loan to it \$50,000 out of the municipal water works fund. This was an obvious effort to divert the fund so as to prevent public ownership of the water works. The statute had made it a crime to divert the fund. Nevertheless, the city council voted to make the loan. Mayor Hartenbower vetoed the resolution

and the council passed it over his veto. The state legislature was then prevailed upon to pass an act attempting to legalize the proceeding.

The socialist branch decided to test the matter in the courts, for the double purpose of trying to maintain the water works fund intact and trying to keep the army post from locating there. Naturally it did not want the fund dissipated. It knew that army posts had to be located somewhere but it did not like the idea of having one located there, for two reasons. Its members had been informed that, because the soldiers were unmarried or away from home, they often yielded to the temptation to patronize houses of prostitution or to lead girls astray. That was one reason; the other was that regular army troops had been used against labor in some places, and it did not want them to be so close at hand. The Des Moines Trades and Labor Assembly had announced its opposition to the army post.

We brought an injunction suit. In my capacity as a taxpayer I was made the plaintiff. A. D. Pugh was the attorney. The suit sought to restrain the making of the loan. The interests in favor of the army post, not wanting us, I presume, to get any more campaign publicity out of the matter than was inevitable, did nothing until after the city election. Immediately after the election the Commercial Exchange appointed a committee, consisting of E. H. McVey, F. C. Hubbell and C. L. Gilcrest, to confer with me in order to persuade me to drop the suit or at least to have it tried at an early date, out of its regular order. The first two ^{members of} the above-named committee met with Pugh and me. I informed them that the matter of calling off the suit was one on which we disagreed fundamentally and it was not worth while to discuss it. As to trying the case sooner than reached in the regular order, they said a majority of the people of the city wanted the army post, and, as we believed in majority rule, we ought not to defeat it by delay. We disputed the assertion that the majority favored the army post, saying that the workingmen were against it. They said nine-tenths of the workingmen favored it. We told them we would consider the matter

and let them know.

In the meeting of the Socialist branch, Sunday, April 6, we brought up the subject, and, on motion of J. J. Jacobsen, we were instructed to inform the committee that if the Commercial Exchange secured the co-operation of the Des Moines Trades and Labor Assembly in its effort to get us to bring the case up for trial before the regular time, we would acquiesce.

The Commercial Exchange appointed a committee to confer with the Trades and Labor Assembly. The members of the committee attended a meeting of the Trades and Labor Assembly and spoke in favor of the loan and the army post. Pugh and I stayed away and gave them every advantage. The Trades and Labor Assembly voted unanimously to renew its opposition to the army post and not to take any stand on the matter of the loan. So we did not agree to advance the case.

Then the opposition brought a suit just like ours and agreed to an immediate trial. I intervened in the suit and sought to have it dismissed on the ground of collusion and that our case was pending. By putting the plaintiff's attorneys on the witness stand we proved that it was a put up job, that the defendants had agreed to pay the plaintiff's attorney fees, etc. Nevertheless, the court, submissive to the business men, denied our right to intervene. The bogus case - called the Phillips case because a man by the name of Phillips was plaintiff - went to trial and the court denied the plaintiff's application for an injunction. The enemy was jubilant, but we gave notice that we would appeal the denial of our application for intervention, and we also let the people know, through the press, that our own case was still pending, that the other one was a dummy case, and that it would not be safe for the city officials to make the loan under that decision. We stated that if the opposition persisted in trying to get the money we would bring our own case to trial, and, if we lost in the lower court, we would appeal. Under these circumstances the city auditor and treasurer said they would not turn over the money unless the water

company gave them a bond to indemnify them against possible loss in case the loan was declared illegal by a higher court. We protested that a bond to indemnify against an illegal act could not be collected. The water company applied for a bond. We sent briefs to the bonding companies. They denied the water company's application for bonds to indemnify the two city officials. After some weeks had passed, the company secured a private bond to indemnify them, but by that time the auditor and treasurer had decided that it would not be safe for them to turn the money over at all. The city council ordered them to do so, but they refused. Several prominent citizens, who were not connected with us socialists, gave it as their opinion that the object of the company and its partisans was to dissipate the city's water works fund in order to prevent municipal ownership of the water works in the future - which was just what we had contended. Thus the people seemed to be coming our way in the affair. Then, later, it came out that the company had, all along, had a contract with the government to lay the mains to the army post, and that this contract had been kept secret in order to give the company a chance to try to grab the fifty thousand dollars from the city.

Saturday evening, August 30, 1902, I gave a socialist lecture to a good-sized audience at Oelwein, Iowa, under the auspices of the Socialist Party branch at that place.

Monday afternoon, September 1, 1902, I delivered the Labor Day address at Dubuque, Iowa, having been invited to do so by the Dubuque Trades and Labor Congress. I made a straight socialist speech.

Tuesday, September 2, 1902, as a delegate from the Des Moines branch, I attended the state convention of the Socialist Party of Iowa, at Davenport. We had a successful convention and nominated a full ticket. I was re-elected as the state's member of the national committee.

In the evening Eugene V. Debs gave a lecture in one of the opera houses of the city, and we delegates of course attended. One of our number,

A. K. Gifford of Davenport, was chairman of the meeting. As Gene was introduced and was stepping forward from his seat back of the chairman, an usher started up the middle aisle leading a little boy of five or six who held a bunch of flowers in his hands. Gene smilingly waited for them to come up to the platform. As the little fellow could not reach up far enough to hand the flowers to the object of his admiration, the usher lifted him up. Gene, instead of taking the flowers only, took the boy, kissed him, laid the flowers on the stand, and carried the little man back to the seat which he himself had just vacated. There the boy sat throughout the address, once or twice falling asleep. At one juncture he fell asleep while Gene was in the process of flaying a man who had arisen in the audience and charged the speaker with having thrown him out of a job in the great Pullman or American Railway Union strike of 1894. When the boy awoke, the episode was over, and the boy leaned over and asked Comrade Gifford, "Did Debs knock him out?"

Along with others I visited Gene in his room at the hotel after the meeting. My impression of him was that he was at that time what is sometimes called a diamond in the rough. He chewed tobacco and swore freely and unconsciously. The Social Crusader, at about that time, defined him quite accurately when it said he was "a great cosmic soul."

Going from Davenport to Washington County, I visited the folks. My father and mother and my brother Harry lived in Washington by that time, and my brother Marion still lived on the farm.

Friday evening, September 12, I spoke on socialism under the auspices of the Socialist branch at Sigourney, Iowa, in the court house, to an audience of from fifty to seventy-five listeners. From there I returned to Des Moines.

When Josephine was a baby I trundled her, in her baby carriage, all over our section of the city of Des Moines many times. Throughout the period before moving away from that city we were great pals. There were

many actions and expressions of her childhood which have been forgotten, but I preserved some, and here they are.

When very small, only a few months old, she frequently said, "Ookway." We thought maybe she meant her mother when she said that, and for a while I accordingly called her mother Ookway. Josephine sometimes called her that also, after she was old enough to learn the correct appellation.

When just learning to talk she called me Wyshee, and she called her mother Bow. A little later she called us Munner and Fader, and, still later, she called us Mother and Father.

Once she had a mosquito bite on the back of ^{each} ~~her~~ hand. Turning the palms up, she would say, "W'e d' kee-by?" (Where are the mosquito bites?) Then, turning the backs up, she would say, "Hi' come!" (Here they come!)

She had a doll about an inch long which her mother called the wee-wee dear dollie. Josephine would hide it in my buttonhole or pocket or somewhere else and then look about in mock bewilderment and say, "W'e d' wee-wee di' do'e?" (Where's the wee-wee dear dollie?)

On seeing a picture of children blowing bubbles, she thought the bubbles were good to eat, and could not be convinced to the contrary but repeated, "Shumtime I ha' bubbm for' shuppm." (Sometime I'll have bubbles for supper.)

She pumped ^{imaginary} water into a bottle by wriggling a door knob.

She called the moon "moo'" and the stars "tajee." Sitting on the front porch, on a summer evening, she would often put her hands before her eyes and then, peeping out from behind them, say, "Peekaboo, moo!" or "Peekaboo, tajee!"

One morning she awoke with an imaginary watch in each hand. She dropped one of them on the floor and had to interrupt dressing in order to pick it up. She held the imaginary watches to our ears to let us hear them tick.

She was seldom punished, but one day her mother had her stand in the corner as a punishment for something or other. She cried a while and then said, "I foo now." (I'm through now.) No reply from mother. Then she said,

"I foo 'ta' i' cor' now." (I'm through standing in the corner now.)

While taking a walk with me on her third birthday she held up her skirt. Those were the days when women wore long skirts which they often had to hold up. Her skirt was short and her holding it up elicited smiles from the persons we met on the street.

One evening Mrs. Henry H. Griffiths, who, with her husband, called at our house and were about to leave, said to Mrs. Work, "If you don't come and see me soon I'll cut you dead." Josephine evidently took the remark seriously and literally, for, after a few days, she came to her mother with trembling lips and said, "I don't want Mis' Giffus to cut you."

After she had been vaccinated she said, "Dotter hurt baby." (The doctor hurt baby.)

At that age she always called her finger nailstoe nails.

She turned the tables on us frequently. Her mother sometimes said, "You little monkey!" as a comment when the youngster was doing something particularly playful. Josephine took it up and said to her mother, "Oo 'little Muntney!" The "monkey business" then ceased, as her mother didn't care for the comeback. Sometimes when I wanted to busy myself otherwise than in playing with her I said, "Baby run away now." She retaliated by sometimes saying, "Fader wun away now."

She sometimes called me Mack - the awful nickname I got in childhood - having heard her mother call me that; only she called it Mattn. For example, "I be baggie shoon, Mattn." (I'll be back soon, Mack.)

When the clock stopped she said it was "upa side down."

When the joke was on her she would say, "Da no funny taw." (That isn't funny at all.)

She played that she had pockets in her clothes, in the same places as my trousers pockets, with a handkershief in the hip pocket, a purse in the left front pocket, and a bunch of keys in the right front pocket.

When I had a corn on my toe she said, "Fader ha' popcorn on he toe."

Wanting to go barefoot, she said, "I want wear my barefoots."

She thought we couldn't see her if she shut her eyes.

She and her mother, rummaging in the attic, saw an old parasol. Mother said it had been hers when she was a little girl. They found another, and Josephine asked, "Zat fader's parsaw when he a 'i' ge?" (Was that father's parasol when he was a little girl?)

Sometimes mother and I disguised our meaning by spelling words. One day mother said to me at table, "There are some ~~orange~~ c-r-a-c-k-e-r-s down cellar - d'you want some?" Josephine said, "I want some a-b-c."

She often asked us the meaning of pictures. Often we had to guess and would say, "I guess that must be so-and-so." One day she brought a picture to her mother and said, "Wha' zat mus' be, 'Kway?" (What must that be, Ookay?)

For a time, when the clock struck a whole or half hour, she would say, "Zat ha' pas' one?" (Is that half past one?)

One summer day she asked, "You like wear your barefoots, munner?" Her mother replied, "No, I don't care to go barefoot." Josephine then said, "You can wear your barefoots when you get to be a little girl."

In August, after she was three years old, I asked if she remembered the snow last winter. She said she did. I asked, "What color was it - was it red?" She replied, "No," and, after a pause, added, "It was purple."

She said they had lights in the street cars to keep the dark off the people.

When she meant all three of us she said "all both."

She heard a cat mew, and she said, "That sound looks like a kitty."

She put hairpins on a strap, played they were clothespins on a line, and said, "These are clothespins but they look like hairpins."

One day when her legs were stiff she said, "I can't wun as fats I can." (I can't run as fast as I can.)

Describing some object, she held her hands apart and said, "It was 'bout 'at big wider deep."

One day she said, "Munner's a woman." I replied, "Yes, mother's a woman." And she said, "No, munner's munner, but she looks like a woman."

When she got down from her highchair with her back to it, she said, "I guess I'm wrong side out."

When the stove lid began to rattle she said, "The fire's wunnin' too fats." (The fire's running too fast.)

Having heard various vendors calling their wares on the street, she said, "I can buy faders and munnners fo' fi' cents a peck."

She put Gretchen, her doll, to bed once after saying her "'i' p'e'" (little prayer.) The prayer was prattle ending with "Yankee Doodle Dandy."

I asked her if she had paws. She replied, "Oh, no, I don't have paws, but fader has paws; an' munner an' Gretchen an' Nellie an' Adam an' Eve have feet. Mabel has feet too, but her fader has paws." Gretchen, Nellie, Adam and Eve were dolls. Mabel was Mabel Page, who lived nearby.

She said "cruts" for "crust." I asked, "Can't you say crust?" She replied, "No, fader, but I can say gingerbread."

When she meant to say "not big enough" she said "too 'litle enough."

The "little frosty Eskimo," in a favorite poem, she called "'litle fotsy Ekimo."

Seeing a man running home through the rain, she said, "He's just fatsin' home." (He's just fasting home.)

I asked mother, "Are those currants in the Christmas cake?" She replied, "No, guess again." And Josephine exclaimed, "Why, mother, did you put guess again in the cake?"

I told her about the prairie chickens which I often heard booming when I was a boy. She asked, "Do they call them prairie chickens because they say their prayers?"

When she wanted something we could not get for her, sometimes we would console her by saying, "Perhaps we can get it sometime." One day she wanted something which was not available, and she said resignedly, "I'll have

to wait till sometime."

At five and a half years she sat in her high chair after a rain and , looking up at the ~~sky~~ zenith, said, "You must not rain any more - I'll kill you if you rain any more."

One morning she said, "I had a dream last night - I dreamed that we had a whole basketful of chocolate pudding and we put it in bowls and I ate faster'n anybody."

When a cat scratched a little neighbor boy she said, "He cut himself with the cat."

After mother had been telling about her half brothers, she asked, "Are there any half babies?"

Out walking with me, I spoke to several persons whom I knew by sight but not by name. In each instance she asked, "Who was that?" I replied, "I don't know." Finally she remarked, "Why, father, you don't seem to know any of your friends."

When a little over six she said, "My clothes are gettin' so tight I guess I must be biggin'."

At this age she generally used "knowed" for "knew" and "known." Also "threwed" for "threw." "Falled" for "fell." "Hurted" for "hurt." And "growed" for "grew." Neither her mother nor I used these expressions.

Neither of us used profanity either, but Josephine heard it somewhere. When she was about nine she and I had been chasing one another about the house. I opened the cellar door and ran down. Exasperated because I had been poking fun at her she stood in the doorway and called down, "You're a damn fool!" I was tickled at this but I hid my laughter and said, "You better not let mother hear you use language like that." She replied, "Well, that's what you are anyhow."

I think she was about six when she helped to beat carpets and got a blister. She said, "See, father, I have a bubble on my finger."

I often regaled her with amateur pantomime and with alleged speeches,

recitations and acting. She was an exceedingly appreciative audience, begging me to continue. Once she offered me some fudge as an inducement.

When my thirty-seventh birthday came in 1906 I told her that I intended to grow younger instead of older from then on. She hotly contested the idea that this was possible. On the arrival of my thirty-eighth birthday, January 3, 1907, I claimed that I was thirty-six. We had stormy discussions over it. In January, 1908, when I was thirty-nine, I asserted that I was thirty-five, and we had the argument all over again. I guess we both enjoyed it, but most of our fun was not of that type.

We got her a sled. One evening she left it on the front porch and someone stole it. We got her another sled, so she was not minus this plaything, but it was an unfortunate introduction to human nature to have the first one stolen.

That's the end of this list of things I kept a record of.

On October 4, 1902, the first number of the Iowa Socialist, published at Dubuque, came out. I was invited to write an article for this initial number, and did so, contributing a two-column article entitled The Tide at the Flood. Perhaps this might be called the beginning of my long service as a writer for the socialist press, all of which was a labor of love, and all of which was without pecuniary compensation until I became the editor of the editorial page of the Milwaukee Leader on May 21, 1917, when I was placed on the payroll as a wage earner.

On the evening of October 9, 1902, I made a socialist speech at Carbondale, a coal camp two or three miles southeast of Des Moines.

From October 14 to 20, 1902, I made socialist campaign speeches in the sixth congressional district of Iowa, speaking at Hocking, Avery, Ottumwa, Eldon, Hynes, and Hiteman. Frank L. Rice, the Socialist Party candidate for congress in the district, spoke with me at all of these places except Eldon. The situation was complicated by the fact that John P. Reese, ex-district president of the United Mine Workers of America, was running for congress

in the district on the Democratic ticket and was making a strong bid for the trade union vote. We put his followers on the defensive, inasmuch as he was running on a capitalist ticket which pledged annihilation of the trusts, whereas we favored the public ownership and democratic management of them. Rice was also a prominent member of the United Mine Workers.

While speaking at Avery and Hines I stopped at the home of Frank West, a coal miner living in Avery. His wife, Maggie West, was the daughter of a rugged coal miner by the name of Henry Bilterman who lived in the same coal camp. She was a vehement socialist and she was also greatly attached to her father. "Mother" Jones had recently visited the place, speaking in the interest of Reese, the Democratic candidate. At the close of her address, Henry Bilterman walked up to the platform and handed her several written questions calculated to bring out a statement from her as to how she could be a consistent socialist and still support a Democrat for congress. He asked her if she would please answer the questions. As they told it to me, she testily replied, "You go 'way back and sit down - if John P. Reese goes into congress he'll give you more socialism than you ever heard of." In telling about the incident, Maggie concluded, "I don't like 'Mother' Jones because she insulted Pa."

In the course of our speeches, Rice and I took occasion to point out the dangers besetting a workingman who ran for office on the ticket of a capitalistic political party. We made some predictions regarding Reese. Early in 1903 our predictions were verified. He, a former district president of the United Mine Workers, accepted a position as the representative of the coal operators in adjusting differences with the coal miners.

On the evening of November 3, 1902, the night before election, I spoke at Monroe, Iowa, about thirty miles east and a trifle south of Des Moines.

In America as a whole, the election of 1902 resulted in an enormous increase in the Socialist vote, the Socialist Party polling something like 229,000 votes as compared with about 97,000 for the combination ticket in

1900. This success aroused the socialist movement of the entire country to a high pitch of enthusiasm.

In December, 1902, I became a regular contributor to the Chicago Socialist and the Iowa Socialist, and an occasional contributor to the Coming Nation, of Rich Hill, Missouri, writing a series of paragraphs each week, a dozen or so in number, under the standing title of X Rays. These X Rays quickly brought me a national reputation within the movement.

January 29 to February 1, 1903, inclusive, I was in attendance at the meeting of the national committee of the Socialist Party, at the Lindell Hotel in St. Louis, Missouri. We passed anti-fusion resolutions unanimously and attended to other business. One important item of business was the election of a national secretary, as Leon Greenbaum, the first national secretary of the party, did not want to serve longer. William Mailly of New York and W. G. Critchlow of Ohio were nominated. Without having consulted me about it, Victor L. Berger of Milwaukee placed me in nomination. He then assured me that he had talked with the eastern and western members of the committee and that they were willing to compromise between the two other candidates by electing me if I would stand. Of course I appreciated this, but, not having as yet had much experience, in the national sense of the term, I felt that I was not ready to undertake the duties required of the national secretary. I therefore declined, and, in doing so, I declined in favor of Critchlow. I think I was wise in declining at that time, but it does not necessarily follow that I was wise in declining in favor of the Ohio candidate. Mailly was elected.

We then selected Omaha, Nebraska, as the headquarters and proceeded to elect what we called a local quorum but which was really a national executive committee. It was to consist of five members, one from each of the states nearest the headquarters. Those elected were Roe of Omaha, Nebraska; Untermann of Girard, Kansas; Turner of Kansas City, Missouri; Lovett of South Dakota, and myself from Iowa. The last three mentioned were members

of the national committee.

In the session of Sunday morning, February 1, when the minutes of the previous meeting were under consideration, J. Mahlon Barnes of Pennsylvania endeavored to have incorporated in the minutes a statement regarding the previous meeting which Walter Thomas Mills, then of Kansas, deemed to reflect upon his honor. After much wrangling, Mills flew into a furious rage, shook his fist in Barnes' face and roared, "God damn you, you shall not ruin me in this manner!" Someone in the rear piped, "He can't ruin you - you've ruined yourself." After further discussion, Mills and Barnes went out in the hall and agreed upon a version of the minutes which, when they brought it in, was adopted. Later in the day, when we were about to adjourn sine die, Mills, having fully recovered his equanimity, made a short speech during which he said, "I don't want God to damn Comrade Barnes nor anybody else." That evening, just before I left the hotel to take the train for Des Moines, I had a little talk with Mills in the course of which he said, concerning the moment when he flew into a rage, "It was awful hard to keep from putting something on Mahlon's face just then."

In my X Rays in the Iowa Socialist for February 7, 1903, I took pains to refute the charge that socialists were given to the use of abusive language about individuals of the capitalist class. Some circumstance which I can only assign to the irony of fate caused an article in the adjoining column to begin with these words, "Mr. Schwab, that great steel trust lobster, has a daily salary of \$3,205. If an average man's wage would even be \$2.00 a day (but it is not that) it would take 1,602 men to earn what this one shirker receives." So far as I know, the figures were correct, and needed to be published, but the word "lobster" was not in my line and did not look well beside my X Rays.

I remained with the Des Moines Printers Exchange under the original arrangement until the fall of 1901. At that time the original arrangement was canceled and I began working for the Exchange for wages of about fifteen

or sixteen dollars a week. In January, 1903, the concern was incorporated and new men were taken into it as officers and stockholders. March 7, 1903, I was let out, to make way, I suppose, for some friend of a new officer.

On the evening of May 1, 1903, I gave a lecture on Labor and Capital at Klondike, a coal mining camp a few miles northeast of Des Moines.

On Sunday, June 21, 1903, I attended a meeting of the local quorum at the new national headquarters of the Socialist Party in Omaha. The main business before the quorum was the canvassing of the votes in the referendum which had just been taken on the location of the headquarters and the personnel of the quorum. As to the location of the headquarters the result was in favor of Omaha as against Chicago and St. Louis. But as to the ~~branch~~ quorum the result was in favor of a new proposal that it should consist of the regular national committee members from Illinois, Indiana, Kentucky, Wisconsin, and Iowa. As I was the national committeeman from Iowa, I remained on the quorum, which was thereafter called the national quorum.

On July 4, 1903, we held a state convention of the Socialist Party of Iowa in Yeoman Hall, Des Moines. About sixty delegates were present, which was more than had attended any previous state convention. It was a successful and enthusiastic meeting. I was re-elected national committeeman. Also, over my protest, I was nominated for governor of Iowa.

July 5 and 6, 1903, I attended a meeting of the national quorum at Omaha. It consisted of Barney Berlyn of Illinois, Stephen M. Reynolds of Indiana, Charles Dobbs of Kentucky, Victor L. Berger of Wisconsin, and myself from Iowa. We laid extensive plans for organization and agitation throughout the United States.

Sunday afternoon, August 9, 1903, I gave a lecture on The Philosophy of Socialism under the Des Moines Socialist campaign tent. On that date the tent was located at East Thirteenth and Walker Streets. As I soon after decided that socialism is not a philosophy I changed the title of the lecture to The Socialist Position. I gave it many times in many states from

1904 to 1910 and at a number of places in Iowa during the campaign of 1903 and at other times.

By 1903 my X Rays were being published in the Erie People and the Alliance of the Rockies, as well as the Iowa Socialist, the Chicago Socialist, and part time in the Coming Nation. But after I was nominated for governor, in July, 1903, I did not have time to write them. I continued, however, to send occasional articles to the socialist papers.

On Labor Day, September 7, 1903, I made the Labor Day address at Keb, Iowa, a coal camp five miles northeast of Ottumwa. I made a straight socialist speech. From September 14 to 18 inclusive, I spoke at Bloomfield, Mystic, Hocking, Lost Creek, and Delta, having good meetings and good audiences at all of them. While walking along the street in Bloomfield I heard a bystander remark, "He looks ~~looks~~ like a damned anarchist!" with the emphasis on the word "looks." At lost creek the manager of the coal mining company had told the local socialists that he would contribute ten dollars to the campaign fund if they would let him have a half-hour talk with me. We promptly appeared at his office, but he said he was not ready yet. In a short time one of the comrades asked if he was ready, and he said, "No, we'll call that off."

September 3 to October 8, 1903, I spoke at Lake City, Dow City, Denison, Rock Rapids, Cresco, Ryan, Clinton, Vinton, and Van Horne. I had good audiences at most of these places. I organized a local at Ryan, and between trains I reorganized Local Sheldon. At Denison I was standing on the depot steps Sunday afternoon waiting for a train when a man in a sulky and carrying a gun drove along the street. An acquaintance of his, on the depot platform, hailed him and asked what he was going to do with that gun. He replied, "I'm lookin' for that Socialist candidate for governor."

Saturday, October 10, 1903, I spoke at Winterset and organized a local.

October 13 and 14 I spoke at Woodward and Boone and also addressed the upper class in the public schools at Woodward in the forenoon of the

14th, at the invitation of the principal.

Thursday, October 15, I spoke at Carbondale, a coal camp three or four miles southeast of Des Moines.

Friday, October 16, I spoke to a fine audience in Socialist Hall at Sioux City.

October 19 to 26, I spoke at Newton, Grinnell, North English, Sigourney, Ottumwa, twice at Burlington, and once each at Muscatine, Wilton and Dubuque, having good audiences, from fifty to a thousand, in all of them.

Monday, November 2, the evening before election, I spoke at Monroe.

Early in November, 1903, I was invited to write an article for the Academician, published at Washington Academy and successor to the Academician, of which I had once been associate editor. I wrote a sort of a kindergarten socialist article.

November 14, 1903, and the two following days, I attended a meeting of the national quorum at Omaha.

During the month of December, 1903, I worked in the office of the Des Moines Printers Exchange, as it needed extra help for a short time.

My election as national committeeman by the state convention had not been in accord with a provision of the national constitution of the party which required national committeemen to be elected by referendum. Therefore a referendum was taken in Iowa in November and December, 1903, to elect a national committeeman for 1904. John F. Sargent of Correctionville and I were placed in nomination, and I was elected.

January 15, 1904, I assisted in auditing the books of National Secretary William Mailly, at Omaha, and during the succeeding three days I attended a meeting of the national quorum.

I was invited to make a few speeches in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, in February, 1904, and did so. This was the beginning of my career as a nation-wide organizer and lecturer. Most of the activities of that part of my career, from then onward, are related in the chapter on Touring for Socialism.

Sunday afternoon, February 28, 1904, I gave a lecture on Social Contrasts before Local Des Moines of the Socialist Party, at Yeomen Hall.

Sunday, March 6, 1904, the national quorum held a meeting in Chicago, near which National Secretary Mailly was taking a vacation. As the meeting was not of special importance, I refrained from going, in order that the national office might save the expense.

Sunday afternoon, April 10, 1904, I made a short address on organization at the meeting of Local Des Moines in Yeomen Hall, especially advocating the systematic distribution of socialist literature, which the local soon after inaugurated.

In March and April, 1904, a referendum was held in Iowa to select four delegates to the national convention of the Socialist Party, the one receiving the highest vote to be the delegate at large. I was elected to fill the latter position. J. J. Jacobsen, who was the state secretary, John W. Bennett of Sioux City, and Carrie L. Johnson of the Iowa Socialist, were the other three elected. There were twenty candidates on the ballot.

The national headquarters of the Socialist Party were moved to Chicago. April 29 and 30, 1904, I attended a meeting of the national quorum at the new headquarters. May 1 to 6 inclusive I attended the national convention. It was held in Brand's Hall in Chicago. It was the largest and best convention the party had yet held in this country. Eugene V. Debs was nominated for president and Ben Hanford for vice president. Much work was done looking toward increased efficiency of the organization; but the work was hampered somewhat by the activities of what were called the impossibleists, who considered themselves revolutionists.

By the terms of the referendum in which it ~~had~~ been elected, the national quorum expired at the time of the convention. The new constitution, adopted by the convention, provided for a national committeeman from each state and an addition^{al} one for each thousand members or major fraction thereof in any state. It also provided for an executive committee of seven members,

to be elected by the national committee, and to be chosen from the party membership, not necessarily from the members of the national committee itself. Inasmuch as we knew it would take three or four months to send the new constitution to a referendum of the membership and have a national executive committee elected in accordance with its terms, National Secretary Mailly proposed that the national quorum be reappointed to serve until the new national executive committee was elected. This proposal was adopted by the national ~~convention~~ committee. So, Comrades Berger, Berlyn, Reynolds, Towner and I became the national quorum. Towner had been elected as national committee member from Kentucky, hence he took the place of Dobbs on the quorum. The latter had resigned as national committeeman.

In the convention I served on the committee on rules and also on the committee on state and municipal program.

^{1904,}
Saturday, June 11, I attended a meeting of the national quorum in Chicago.

Saturday, July 2, 1904, I gave my lecture, The Socialist Position, at Cambridge, Iowa.

Monday, July 4, 1904, I attended the state convention of the Socialist Party of Iowa at Marshalltown. It was very successful. I served on a committee to consider and report upon an agreement presented by the Iowa Socialist. I was also nominated for first elector at large.

July 9 and 10, 1904, the national quorum met in Chicago, but, as the meeting did not seem to me to be of sufficient importance to justify the party going to the expense of my attending, I did not do so.

Early in July, 1904, National Secretary William Mailly offered me the position of special assistant to him during the campaign, to take charge of the correspondence. I declined because I wanted to do field work, lecturing and organizing, and I did a good deal of it during the campaign.

Mrs. Work became a socialist a year or two after I did. She gradually became a devoted reader of the socialist papers and periodicals. In May, 1904,

she became a member of Local Des Moines. She also took charge of a district in the distribution of literature and enthusiastically distributed socialist literature periodically and systematically during the campaign of 1904.

On the evening of August 10, 1904, the Polk County convention of the party was held at the Court House in Des Moines, and, immediately afterward, on the same evening, the seventh congressional district convention was held. In the county convention I introduced a resolution regarding the packing house workers, supporting them in their strike, and it was adopted. I also introduced county and district by-laws in the two conventions. They were also adopted. Comrade G. R. Jones was nominated for congress.

August 19 and 20, 1904, a meeting of the national quorum was held in Chicago, but as I thought it best that the money which would have been required for me to attend should go into the campaign fund, I did not go. I was unable to attend a meeting of the quorum in September, also in October, because I was touring.

November 7, 1904, the night before election, I spoke at the Y. M. C. A. Auditorium in Des Moines.

The election of November 8, 1904, resulted in nearly doubling the socialist vote of 1902. The socialists were ablaze with enthusiasm.

Sunday, November 27, 1904, Local Des Moines held a public meeting which was largely attended and very successful. Among others both Mrs. Work and I were on the program, she with a paper on Why Women Should Join the Party, I with a talk on What of the Future?

December 14, 1904, I attended a meeting of the national quorum in Chicago.

January 1, 1905, having ceased to be a clerk, I took an honorable withdrawal card from the Clerk's Union.

January 25, 1905, I made an address at a socialist meeting at Miners' Hall in the first precinct of the sixth ward in Des Moines, where I. S. McGrillis, the newly elected business agent of Local Des Moines, got together the nucleus for a precinct branch.

During January, 1905, I wrote a socialist work of somewhere from twenty-five to thirty thousand words, consisting of answers to questions and objections concerning socialism. We were living in the upper part of our house on Harrison Avenue, and only one room was heated - the northwest room - with a stove. I had my old typewriter perched on a box which, sometime or other, I had carried home from a grocery store. Josephine - who recited her lessons to her mother because her mother thought she was not well enough to attend the public school - often wanted me to play with her, and sometimes I did; but I worked rather steadily, and it took me about three weeks to write the book, or booklet, whichever is the right word. Probably about one-third of it was new matter. The balance was re-written from various portions of my lectures. I racked my brain for a title. One day, as I was walking eastward from Thirteenth Street on Forest Avenue, a title popped into my head. I have always believed that it was an inspiration. The title thus given to me was What's So and What Isn't. I accepted it instantly and was satisfied - and later experience abundantly proved that I had good reason to be satisfied with it. Upon completion of the manuscript I sent it to the Appeal to Reason, Girard, Kansas, of which J. A. Wayland was then the publisher. It was accepted at once.

Under the revised national constitution of the Socialist Party, the state of Iowa, having paid dues on more than five hundred members during the year 1904, became entitled to two members of the national committee. These were elected by referendum vote, closing March 15, 1905. There were several candidates nominated. W. A. Jacobs of Davenport and I were elected. Twenty-three locals participated.

March 24, 1905, I attended a meeting of the new national executive committee in Chicago, to which I had been elected.

In April, 1905, my book or booklet, What's So and What Isn't, came from the press. Ten thousand copies of it were printed as the March number of Wayland's Monthly. It contained ninety-six pages. The Appeal to Reason

placed it on the market as a propaganda pamphlet at fifteen cents a copy, a dollar and a quarter a dozen, seven and a half dollars a hundred. The book was an immediate success. It was widely heralded by the socialist papers. In fact, it was a godsend to them, for they reprinted whole chapters from it now and then. From then onward I received so many assurances regarding the number of new socialists it made, and the way in which it helped those already socialists, that I became rather egotistical about it.

July 21 and 22, 1905, I attended a meeting of the national executive committee in Chicago.

In July, 1905, Rudolf Pfeiffer, of Peoria, Illinois, an ex-banker and ardent socialist, ordered ten thousand copies of What's So and What Isn't for distribution in his county. This necessitated the printing of a second edition of eleven thousand copies.

In August, 1905, I was nominated as a member of the editorial selective committee, to pass preliminarily upon manuscripts in a prize article plan which had been adopted by the national committee. I declined.

In the same month I prepared five proposed amendments to the national constitution of the Socialist Party. One of them made it possible for the national committee to meet only when necessary, instead of being compelled to hold meetings in every even-numbered year when there was no national convention, whether necessary or not. Another made the members of the national executive committee electable by the membership instead of being elected by the national committee. Another made it possible for the national executive committee to meet only when necessary instead of being compelled to meet every three months whether necessary or not. Another made the national secretary electable by the membership instead of being elected by the national committee. And another made it obligatory that all amendments made to the constitution by a national convention be submitted to the membership seriatim. I introduced these proposed amendments in Local Des Moines, which initiated them. I then wrote in their behalf in the socialist papers, sent forty or

fifty postal cards to comrades over the country asking them to bring the amendments up in their locals if they favored them, and I defended the amendments from two attacks in socialist papers. They received the proper number of seconds, and were overwhelmingly carried in December, 1905.

The state and municipal program which the committee on which I served in the national convention of 1904 had brought in was referred by the convention to the national committee, to be revised, and, after adoption, to be submitted to a referendum of the membership. During the national campaign of 1904 everyone was too busy to take the matter up, and, after the election was over, it seemed to have slipped everyone's mind. Accordingly, in August, 1905, I, in my capacity as a member of the national committee, made a mail motion that the said state and municipal program be opened for mail motions to add to, strike out, substitute, etc., until January 1, 1906, and then be submitted seriatim to a vote of the membership. This motion was carried. The first portion of the proposed state and municipal program provided for the election of a salaried state and municipal secretary who was to have his or her office at the national headquarters, and it also provided for a state and municipal committee separate from the national committee and the national executive committee. As this seemed to me to be a needless complexity of machinery, I moved that that portion be stricken out. This motion was carried, thus leaving to the national secretary, the national executive committee and the national committee the duties which would otherwise have been those of a ^{state and} municipal secretary and a state and municipal committee. It left the national secretary, the national executive committee and the national ^{if they so desired,} committee free to designate someone to work in the national office and devote himself to assisting elected state and municipal officials and promoting the state and municipal program.

Of course the amendments of the constitution which I got adopted, and this action regarding the state and municipal program, were intended partly to simplify our party machinery, making it more efficient, and also to

introduce more democracy into the party.

I left a speaking tour for three days in order to attend a meeting of the national executive committee in Chicago, October 26 and 27, 1905.

In January, 1906, I was re-elected as a member of the national executive committee, receiving thirty-two of forty-five votes on the first ballot. William Mailly and I were the only ones elected on that ballot. No one got a majority on the second ballot. The third ballot resulted in the election of Robert Bandlow, A. H. Floaten, Charles H. Kerr, and Charles G. Towner, who, with Mailly and myself, constituted the new national executive committee. The national committee did the electing because my amendment to the constitution, requiring membership referendum election of the national executive committee, had been adopted too late for that election.

In February, 1906, I was re-elected as a member of the national committee by referendum vote of the party in Iowa. Comrade A. K. Gifford of Davenport was the other member elected.

March 29 and 30, 1906, I attended a meeting of the national executive committee in Chicago.

July 4, 1906, we had a very successful state convention of the Socialist Party in Yeomen Hall, Des Moines. I was a member of the committee on rules and the committee on platform, and I wrote most of the latter. I declined the nomination for governor and placed the name of John E. Shank in nomination. He was nominated. In the evening we had a banquet and an informal program at Homesteaders Hall. A young man by the name of Floyd Dell, a delegate from Davenport, who later became a well-known novelist, was one of the performers on the informal program.

In August, 1906, the Appeal to Reason brought out a new ten-cent edition of What's So and What Isn't. In January I had revised it for that purpose. The size of type was reduced and the number of pages cut down in order to make a ten-cent book out of it. This was the third edition. The first and second editions had been sold out, and about six hundred orders for the book

were waiting to be filled when the third edition appeared.

During the summer of 1906 I again revised What's So and What Isn't, adding five new chapters, for a clothbound edition to be brought out by Charles H. Kerr & Company, of Chicago, as one of the Standard Socialist Series published by it, to retail at fifty cents per copy. This edition came out in October, 1906. It contained 156 pages. It was in reality the fourth edition, although, by error, it was called the third edition on the title page.

In the fall of 1906 the national committee elected A.M. Simons, Morris Hillquit and myself as a committee on platform to prepare a national platform and submit it to the national convention in 1908.

In November, 1906, a member of the Iowa state committee, Comrade Holtz of Dubuque, wanted to place me in nomination for state secretary if I would accept. I declined.

In December, 1906, I was nominated for national secretary by Locals Colorado Springs, Colorado, and Sodaville, Oregon. I declined.

In the same month I was nominated for member of the national executive committee by ninety-eight locals and branches in various parts of the country. I accepted the nomination.

December 15, 16 and 17, 1906, I attended a special meeting of the national executive committee in Chicago, called for the purpose of considering the Moyer-Haywood-Pettibone case, also for the purpose of arranging for organizing activities in the following year. On one of the evenings we went down to the Chicago Beach Hotel and talked over the Moyer-Haywood-Pettibone case with Clarence Darrow in the apartment where he lived.

In January, 1907, I was elected a member of the national executive committee, this time by the membership as provided by the amendment of the constitution of which I had secured the adoption. The full committee elected consisted of Morris Hillquit and Ben Hanford of New York, Ernest Unter-mann of Florida, A. M. Simons and Joseph Medill Patterson of Illinois, Victor L. Berger of Wisconsin, and myself.

January 27, 1907, I made a talk at the joint Russian-Bloody-Sunday and Moyer-Haywood-Pettibone protest meeting called by Local Des Moines. At the meeting I introduced resolutions on the Moyer-Haywood-Pettibone case which, among other things, denounced the mine owners, the governors of Idaho and Colorado, President Theodore Roosevelt, Secretary of War William Howard Taft, the supreme court of the United States, the Idaho court, the Associated Press, and the capitalist papers. The resolutions were adopted unanimously and were published in the morning Register and Leader the following day. They created quite a stir. The ministers at a meeting of the Ministerial Association were interviewed, and some of them condemned the resolutions in malignant terms. I replied, through the columns of the paper, substantiating our assertions and closing with an offer to do the same from the pulpit of any of the criticising ministers. I gave my street number and stated the length of time I would be in the city, so that they could get in touch with me. I did not hear from any of them.

The Democrat-Chronicle, of Des Moines, which, if I remember correctly, was a weekly, offered to pay the hall rent and also to pay twenty-five dollars to one of the ministers if he would take the time and trouble to debate the Moyer-Haywood-Pettibone matter with me, the minister to be an accredited representative of the Ministerial Association. The Chicago Daily Socialist went it one better and offered to make it a hundred dollars and hall rent provided the debate would be held in Chicago. No debate materialized.

In February, 1907, I was invited by Rudolf Pfeiffer of Peoria, Illinois, to become the editor of a weekly socialist paper which he was about to start in Peoria. I could not accept. I had been urged to become the editor of the Iowa Socialist toward the close of 1904 when some Des Moines comrades were endeavoring to arrange to continue its publication before the second-class postal entry would be forfeited. I had also practically been offered the editorship of the Chicago Socialist in the spring of 1903. I had from time to time been sounded out by comrades in various places over the country on the

subject of launching socialist publications; but I could not, at that time, abide the thought of tying myself down to an editor's chair. I had not yet got "my belly full" of traveling. I did later.

March 2 and 3, 1907, I attended a meeting of the national executive committee in Chicago.

In March I was again re-elected as one of the national committeemen from Iowa. The other member elected was John E. Shank of Sioux City.

Sunday afternoon, May 19, 1907, by invitation of the Des Moines Trades and Labor Assembly, I made an address against the so-called Des Moines plan of city government - the commission plan.

In the spring of 1907 I was nominated to be one of the delegates from the Socialist Party of the United States to the International Socialist Congress at Stuttgart, Germany, which was to meet in August. There were ten candidates, two to be elected. On the first ballot I stood fourth. On the second and third ballots I was tied with Victor L. Berger for third place. A. M. Simons and Algernon Lee were elected. The national committee did the electing of these regular delegates, whose expenses were paid by the party. In addition to these, the national executive committee gave credentials to a number of party members who wanted to attend at their own expense.

In June, 1907, the New York state secretary, John C. Chase, invited me, along with others, to make application for the editorship of The Worker. I declined.

In the same month I made some corrections in the text of What's So and What Isn't for another clothbound edition to be published by Charles H. Kerr & Company. Up to that time sixty-six thousand copies of the book had been printed. The Appeal to Reason had printed sixty-five thousand paper-bound copies and Charles H. Kerr & Company had printed one thousand clothbound copies. From the Appeal Publishing Company I received a royalty of one-half cent per copy on all copies sold, except that, if I remember correctly, I waived the royalty on the ten thousand copies ordered by

Rudolf Pfeiffer so that they could be sold to him that much cheaper. I did not receive any royalty from Charles H. Kerr & Company, but, in lieu of royalty, I had the privilege of buying all the copies I wanted at twelve cents each, and also the privilege of buying any other books published by the company at the stockholders' discount. I did not ask for a royalty from either company, as the book was a labor of love. In the long run, I put a lot more money into it than I took out. Many comrades told me that What's So and What Isn't was the best socialist propaganda book in the English language. I had tried very hard to make it clear and readable.

July 10, 1907, at a meeting in Governor's Square in Des Moines, I made a short address about the relation of the Socialist Party to the trade unions. J. O. Bentall, one of the editors of the Christian Socialist, was the principal speaker at the meeting.

In November and December, 1907, I was nominated for national secretary by Locals Ft. Smith, Arkansas; Indianapolis, Indiana; Cresco, Iowa; Lewiston-Auburn, Maine; and Milford, New Hampshire. I declined the nomination.

In the same months I was nominated for member of the national executive committee by one hundred and seven locals and branches throughout the United States. I accepted the nomination.

During the period when Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone were under the charge of murder I supported them in every way I could, mentioning the matter in my speeches, assisting in the gathering of the defense fund, stumping Colorado for Haywood when he was the Socialist candidate for governor in the fall of 1906, at the afore-mentioned Des Moines, challenging those ministers to debate, and so forth.

The question came up at all meetings of the national executive committee in that period and we did all in our power to help the accused, believing them to be innocent, and, in any event, knowing that they had been kidnapped from Colorado to Idaho. We had two conferences with Clarence Darrow, the chief attorney for the defendants. Our activities resulted in the holding of hundreds of protest meetings and the raising of thousands of

dollars for the defense fund.

After Haywood was acquitted there immediately began a clamor that he should be nominated as the Socialist Party candidate for president. I was opposed to this from the start, as I did not believe him to be the right man for that position and did not want him to be nominated just because of the vast amount of publicity he had had. At the national executive committee meeting in December, 1907, I found that all of the other members of the committee were also opposed to his being the candidate for president; but the national secretary, J. Mahlon Barnes, had been approached on the subject of arranging a nation-wide lecture tour for him, and Barnes very properly put the question up to us. Berger moved that the national secretary be instructed to arrange the tour. I opposed the motion. I had no objection to any of the locals getting Haywood to speak at their meetings, but I felt that if we arranged a nation-wide tour for him, it would serve as such an endorsement that he would be almost sure to be nominated for president in 1908. The other members of the committee feared the storm of criticism which they thought would be aroused if we defeated the motion. All of them were against me on the motion except Untermann who said he agreed with me but would refrain from voting on the motion. We discussed the question rather strenuously. For a time it looked as if I would stand alone as the only one voting in the negative. In the course of the argument, Joseph Medill Patterson said to me, "I admit that you have courage, to stand alone, but I don't think you have good judgment." I retorted, "I don't think you have either one." We went on arguing. Untermann decided to vote against the motion. Presently, to my surprise, Patterson came tumbling over to our side, admitted that we were right, and announced his intention to vote against the motion. Then Simons came over too. Hillquit and Hanford were absent. Berger stood by his motion and was the only one voting for it.

From that time on, the Haywood boom for president waned, and when the national convention came in 1908 he wisely declined to have his name go

before the convention as a candidate. Of course I am not sure, but I have a hunch that had it not been for my strenuous arguments against that executive committee motion, Eugene V. Debs would not have been the party's candidate for president in 1908, for if the tour had been arranged for Haywood it probably would have stampeded the party into nominating him.

I suppose one of the main reasons why the members of the national executive committee did not want him to be the candidate for president was his connection with the Industrial Workers of the World - better known as the I. W. W. - which was veering away from political action. And then, on general principles, they just did not think he was the right one.

Our national executive committee meetings were usually quite informal. Sometimes we got off the subject. We did so in the midst of the debate on the motion to arrange a nation-wide lecture tour for Haywood. Otherwise we probably would have had a unanimous vote against the motion, or it probably would have been withdrawn or reversed. That afternoon Victor L. Berger had made a speech at Brand's Hall, under the auspices of some German organization, and then returned. Somehow, in the midst of the debate, we got off the subject and asked Berger if he had a good hearing at Brand's Hall. He told us about the meeting and spoke of his speech in what ^{we other} ~~some~~ members of the committee considered an egotistical way, causing us to glance at one another and smile. He added, "They asked some fine questions too." I said, "And I s'pose you gave some fine answers." The others began kidding him ^{too.} He saw that he was being made fun of, and his eyes began to narrow. I foresaw that if we kept this up a unanimous vote on that motion would be impossible, and I quit kidding him. The others kept it up a little longer. His anger and stubbornness were aroused and he stuck to his motion. I looked upon the lack of unanimity as my fault, since I started the kidding.

I wrote the Socialist platform for the Des Moines municipal election held in the spring of 1908. The nominations were made on January 4. I declined, ^{mayor,} the nomination for ~~mayor~~ also for councilman.

The Iowa state committee of the Socialist Party selected me to write the first draft of the state platform for 1908. I prepared and submitted it early in January so that it could be printed in the Iowa edition of the Appeal to Reason and be open for consideration and discussion for some time previous to the state convention.

At the referendum vote of the party membership throughout the country, in January, 1908, I was re-elected a member of the national executive committee. The others elected were Victor L. Berger and Carl D. Thompson of Wisconsin, A. M. Simons of Illinois, Morris Hillquit of New York, J. G. Phelps-Stokes of Connecticut, and A. H. Floaten of Colorado.

At the referendum in Iowa I was again elected a member of the national committee. I was also elected a delegate to the national convention.

The state platform I wrote was not adopted by the Iowa state convention in March, 1908, at which time I was out of the state on a tour. It adopted the platform which I had prepared in 1906, with a few changes. That suited me all right. It always seemed to me that new platforms, state and national, ought not to be written for each campaign, as the basic principles remained the same, but that they ought only to be changed in so far as events might make changes desirable.

The state convention nominated me for United States senator, the Iowa primary law being such that this could be done.

I mentioned above that, a long time before the national convention of 1908, A. M. Simons, Morris Hillquit and I were elected as a committee to prepare a national platform. As I was unable to get them to do anything about it, I audaciously wrote what I termed a minority report - a complete national platform - and got the national secretary to send it out in the national office press service to all the socialist papers. It created a great deal of discussion, and it spurred Comrade Hillquit into writing his version of what the national platform ought to be. His also was sent out. As with all my writings I had tried to write my draft in language which anyone could

understand. In commenting upon my draft, Comrade Hillquit called it kindergartenish. In reply I said his draft was sophomoric.

I attended the national convention at Brand's Hall in Chicago from May 10 to May 17, 1908, and was elected a member of the platform committee. The other members were A. M. Simons, Morris Hillquit, Victor L. Berger, Ernest Untermann, James F. Carey, Guy E. Miller, Stanley J. Clark, and Otto Bhanstetter. We were assisted somewhat by W. J. Ghent, Robert Hunter and Eugene Wood. Neither Hillquit's draft nor mine was adopted by the committee. The platform which we the platform committee adopted and presented, and which was adopted by the convention with a few changes, was a composite and was not fully satisfactory to any of us members of the committee. I took pains to get all anti-religious sentiments struck out, also to secure accuracy of expression so far as possible. For example, where it was said that we wanted the collective ownership of the means of production, I secured the addition of the words "used for exploitation," so that we would not stand in the ridiculous position of demanding the collective ownership of hammers and saws and backyard gardens and other minor means of production that are not used for exploitation.

In May, 1908, I was approached on the subject of becoming the editor of the new socialist daily paper which was about to be launched in New York City - The New York Call. I declined.

Up to May, 1908, ninety-two thousand copies of What's So and What Isn't had been printed - two thousand in cloth binding and ninety thousand in paper binding.

June 11 and 12, 1908, I attended a meeting of the national executive committee in Chicago.

Going home from that meeting on the Rock Island Railroad - the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific - our train was bowling along at a rapid rate through Iowa in the early morning when we passed a farmer milking a cow by the roadside. The train scared the cow so that she jumped and tumbled the

farmer over on his side. He got up and wrathfully shook his fist at the train, much to the amusement of such of us in the day coach as happened to be looking out of the window. In accordance with my custom of saving money for the party I was in the day coach instead of the Pullman.

From August 17 to September 26, 1908, I worked in the national office. I edited the proceedings of the national convention of 1908 for publication and made the index. National Secretary Barnes said he wanted me to do it because it could only be done properly by a man of infinite patience; but I don't claim to have any such virtue.

I also helped to raise funds for and to make the route of the Red Special, the special train on which we toured our candidate for president, Eugene V. Debs.

William Mailly had resigned as national secretary in 1905 and was succeeded by J. Mahlon Barnes. It was Barnes who, in 1908, originated the idea of the Red Special. As he brought the matter before the national executive committee he facetiously stated that it was a crazy scheme. Just the same he sold it to the committee and it proved to be a brilliant success, although, with less effort, it might indeed have been a crazy fiasco.

The Red Special made a trip to the Pacific Coast and back; then it went to the Atlantic Coast, back as far as St. Louis, thence to Chicago, and from there to the home town of Gene Debs, Terre Haute, Indiana.

The schedule for the western trip, with all the night stops and the brief daytime stops figured out to a nicety, was made by A. H. Floaten and myself, with advice and assistance from A. E. Yerex, manager of the Rex Tours. When the train started, Floaten became the manager of the literature car, while I stayed in the national office, helping to raise additional funds and to make the schedule for the eastern trip.

We had raised a lot of funds before the train started westward. We had to, for each railway had to be paid in full before it would let the train go on its track. Barnes and I wrote the appeals which were sent to the four or five thousand locals and branches throughout the country. The project

caught the imagination of the comrades and they responded liberally. Mabel Hudson, ~~Hudson~~ secretary to Barnes and later his wife, fairly went into ecstasies of delight each morning as she opened the stack of letters and took out money orders, checks, paper money and silver.

I went with the Red Special on the first day, when the meeting was held in picnic style near Chicago, without any rear-end speeches along the way. It returned to Chicago late in the afternoon.

The next morning, when the train was to leave on the long western trip, all comrades who could do so were on hand at the Illinois Central station to see the train off. Gene Debs went to the rear coach and sat at the rear right-hand window, which was open. There he shook hands with many comrades and chatted with them. I was standing near the window taking it all in. A man handed Gene a letter and asked him to deliver it to his, the man's, brother in Los Angeles when the train arrived there. It was one of those brazen impositions. Obviously the man could have mailed the letter to his brother. Equally obviously he handed the letter to Gene so that he could boast to his acquaintances and anyone else that Eugene V. Debs had carried a letter for him to his brother in Los Angeles. Gene looked a bit grim, but he took the letter and put it in his pocket - doubtless having someone else take it later and attend to it. The incident riled me. When it was too late I thought that I should have butted in and given the man a piece of advice, right on the spot, showing him how selfish he was and asking that the letter be given back to him instead of being imposed upon Gene. At the very least, I should have taken him by the arm and led him aside and remonstrated with him. I realize that I failed to do the right thing in that case. Before him Gene had a long grilling series of daytime and evening speeches to make. The man's utter inconsiderateness was exactly the opposite of Gene's own consistent considerateness.

Miss Flaherty, who worked in the national office, and Miss Walling, of the book department of Wilshire's Magazine, went with the Red Special as

far as Kansas City, and had the experience of their lives. They sold literature at the meetings - night meetings and on the depot platforms at the day stops. On the first day out, a stop was made at Spring Valley, Illinois, among others. Miss Flaherty happened to be standing beside two Irish women on the depot platform when the meeting commenced. A. M. Simons was speaking. Gene had not yet appeared. One of the Irish women, indicating Simons, said, "An' is that Debs?" The other woman replied, "Oh, no, that ain't Debs - when Debs comes out you'll think it's Jesus Christ." At each daytime stop, the band played. This helped to draw a crowd and enabled the women and others to sell literature before the speaking began. Miss Flaherty and Miss Walling, after the evening Kansas City meeting, took the night train for Chicago. They fell asleep in the chair car. At some station or other a Salvation Army band was playing in honor of some member of its organization who was taking the train. Miss Flaherty, half awakened by the band, and thinking it was time to sell literature, seized Miss Walling by the arm and exclaimed, "Come on - the band's a-playin'!"

John C. Chase went with the train as far as Omaha. It went there via Missouri. After the train had crossed the border into Missouri, where it is said that the folks have to be shown, it slowed down early in the morning at a town where it took on fuel and water. Chase stepped out to get a bit of fresh air, whereupon a solitary native sidled up to him and asked, "Be you a-haulin' Debs?" Falling into the vernacular, Chase replied, "We be." The native, true to the reputation of his state, asked, "Well, then, why don't you show 'im?"

While the train was on the western trip, Chase and I, with the assistance of Mrs. Yerex, made out the route for the eastern trip. In ^{making} ~~making~~ the route from St. Louis to Chicago, we arranged it so as to go over the Burlington railroad, but when Barnes tried to do business with that road he found that it intended to charge about twice as much as most of the other roads. Apparently it thought we had to use its line. But we tore up the

schedule we had painstakingly made out, ^{and} ~~and~~ we prepared a new one, with different day and night stops, leaving the Burlington road out and probably saving the party in the neighborhood of a thousand dollars.

Harry Parker of Philadelphia was the efficient manager of the train. Of course Gene Debs was the stellar attraction. Floaten and his helpers sold lots of literature. Incidentally, when the train reached California, one of his helpers dropped out, and Comrade Floaten took on a young fellow by the name of Tom Mooney - later of the famed Mooney case - to help with the sale of literature.

Collections were taken at the evening meetings and at some of the daytime stops, to aid in keeping the train on the track. This, together with the sums which Comrade Barnes and I, with our circular letters to the locals and branches, helped to raise, paid the bills.

The Red Special was a great success from the educational point of view. There was drama in the small daytime stops and in the tremendous evening meetings. The project appealed to the comrades in such a way that they worked like beavers and sacrificed like saints to put it over. It also received a great deal of publicity in the press. All this helped to impress the importance of the socialist movement upon the mass mind. I feel that the Red Special was one of the important influences which made the socialist movement the powerful factor which it became in the affairs of the nation. Innumerable comrades helped, but, aside from Gene, I feel that Mahlon Barnes bore the heaviest burden and deserves high credit.

When the Red Special started on its eastern trip, early in October, 1908, I left the national office and devoted a bit of attention to my candidacy for United States senator in Iowa.

December 18 to 20, 1908, I attended a meeting of the national executive committee in Chicago.

During November and December, 1908, I was nominated for national secretary by two locals and for national executive committeeman by one hundred

and sixty-seven locals. I declined the nomination for national secretary and accepted the nomination for national executive committeeman.

In November and December, 1908, I assisted the committee appointed by the Iowa state convention to revise the state constitution of the party.

In the latter part of 1908 the Appeal to Reason decided to go out of the book and pamphlet business, so I assumed the publication of What's So and What Isn't myself. I took fifteen thousand copies off the Appeal's hands and had it put an ordinary cover on them instead of the Wayland Monthly cover. The fifteen thousand brought the total number of copies, at that date, up to one hundred and seventeen thousand, of which number, two thousand were in cloth binding. The change of cover necessitated higher rates of postage, which, together with other expenses, made it necessary to raise the retail price of the paper edition to fifteen cents.

In January, 1909, I was re-elected a member of the national executive committee at the referendum of the membership. The full committee elected consisted of Victor L. Berger, Morris Hillquit, A. M. Simons, Robert Hunter, John Spargo, A. H. Floaten, and myself.

January 22 to 24, 1909, I attended a meeting of the national executive committee in Chicago and presented a report on organization, having been delegated at the December meeting to make suggestions on that subject. A. H. Floaten and I were delegated to stay at the headquarters a couple of days after the meeting and edit some reports for publication and prepare a set of instructions for national organizers and lecturers in accordance with a motion adopted by the national committee instructing the national executive committee to do so.

On the evening of March 4, 1909, I made a half-hour talk at an open meeting of the Electrical Workers Union in Des Moines.

April 6 to 10, 1909, I served on the auditing committee at the national office in Chicago three days and attended a meeting of the national executive committee the other two days.

April 15, 1909, I helped to audit the books of the Iowa state secretary.

Sunday, March 28, 1909, I presided at a meeting of the Central Branch of Local Des Moines at which we discussed Theodore Roosevelt's attack on socialism in the Outlook. The meeting adopted a resolution on the subject which I had prepared.

The absurdity of having the collective ownership of all land as one of the immediate demands in our national platform was obvious to a great many comrades as soon as I brought it to their attention. I agitated on the subject, and we talked it over in the national executive committee meetings in December, 1908, and January, 1909. I prepared a couple of amendments. Morris Hillquit changed a few words but not the meaning. The first one provided that the words "and all land" should be stricken out of the immediate demands. The second one provided that the following should be inserted in the main body of the platform, called the Principles:

"There can be no absolute private title to land. All private titles, whether called fee simple or otherwise, are and must be subordinate to the public title. The Socialist Party strives to prevent land from being used for the purpose of exploitation and speculation. It demands the collective possession, control or management of land to whatever extent ^{may} be necessary to attain that ~~the~~ end. It is not opposed to the occupation and possession of land by those using it in a useful and bona fide manner without exploitation."

Early in May, 1909, I brought the land amendments up in Local Des Moines, which initiated them. They received sufficient seconds to be submitted to a referendum of the membership. A lively discussion ensued, especially in the ~~columns of the~~ Chicago Daily Socialist, which opened its columns for the discussion.

During the discussion of the amendments a satirical writer in the Wage Slave had an article in which the following paragraph appeared:

"Even as I write this I have received a wireless message: 'A company

of Iowa farmers, headed by one John M. Work, armed to the teeth with scythes and McCormick reapers, are marching on Washington. On their banners is inscribed "We want everything except the earth!"

Needless to say, that effusion afforded me amusement.

The amendments were adopted by the membership.

At the July, 1909, meeting of the national executive committee I was delegated to make a special study of organization and report on that subject at the national congress of the party in 1910.

During June, July and August, 1909, I was acting state secretary in Iowa, as the then state secretary, W. C. Hills, was in the field lecturing and organizing.

In August, 1909, the publication of the paper-bound edition of What's So and What Isn't was assumed by Charles H. Kerr & Company, the then publishers of the clothbound edition. The retail price of the paper edition was again reduced to ten cents.

As Mrs. Work wanted to put Josephine in the University of Chicago Elementary School, we rented our house in Des Moines and went to Chicago in September, 1909, locating in rooms at 5620 Kimbark Avenue, near the University. We expected to stay in Chicago at least during the school year, and we did not relinquish our citizenship in Iowa. However, time changed our plans about moving back to the tall-corn state.

TOURING FOR SOCIALISM

A good deal of speech-making, within the state of Iowa, is mentioned in the chapter on Des Moines. I am commencing this chapter with the first speaking trip I made outside of Iowa.

February 1 to 7, 1904, I made speeches in Wisconsin, sent there by the national office at the request of the Milwaukee comrades, especially Victor L. Berger, to help in their municipal campaign. I spoke five times in Milwaukee and twice in Green Bay.

In Milwaukee the comrades were opening the spring campaign. It was the first municipal campaign in which they elected some aldermen and began the process of lifting the city out of corruption and eventually making it the admittedly best-governed city in the United States. My audiences ranged from fifty persons to six or eight hundred. At the close of my first speech I received an ovation and had to rise and take a bow. I remembered this occurrence because it was my first experience of that sort, and almost the only one. A large number of the old-party city officials were under indictment for corruption. This gave me the opportunity, in one of my speeches, to make a sally which brought deafening cheers on account of the indictments. I said, "In every land and in every clime there are troubled gentlemen who are constantly worrying as to who is going to do the dirty work under socialism. These troubled gentlemen may now compose themselves, for that problem has been solved. The Milwaukee city officials have proved themselves to be such thorough experts in doing dirty work that we shall undoubtedly give them the job."

But in the following year, when I wrote What's So and What Isn't, I promised to do the dirty work under socialism myself, as the hours would be short and I would have lots of time for other things.

One evening while in Milwaukee I had supper at the home of Victor L. Berger. His two very small girls spoke only German - they could not speak English at all. Years later, when I saw them again, they spoke only

English and could not speak German at all.

September 7 to 27, 1904, I made a tour under the management of the national secretary, speaking at Rutledge, Marceline, Chillicothe, Bevier, Jefferson City, Greenfield, and Mt. Vernon, Missouri; Anthony, Concordia, Prairie Point, and Hollenberg, Kansas; and Humboldt, Brock, Benson, and South Omaha, Nebraska. I spoke twice at Hollenberg.

After speaking at Mt. Vernon, Missouri, I was driven to Aurora to make a train due late in the night. As the time was too short to bother about going to a hotel I stayed at the depot. There I became sick at the stomach, which was something unusual for me, and parted with my supper. The train was late. I tried to sleep on the hard benches. Several mosquitoes helped themselves to my blood every time I got into a doze. It was after daylight when the train arrived. Sick as a dog, I rode all day to make my next date at Arkansas City, Kansas. I arrived at Arkansas City about half past seven in the evening. Nobody met me at the train. I did not usually expect to be met at the depot, but in that case, arriving so near the time for an evening meeting to begin, I was surprised when no one met me. I asked the bus driver if he knew where the socialist meeting was to be held. He said it would no doubt be held at the headquarters and he would drive me there. Driving up town he let me out at a place where a ground-floor room had been fitted up with chairs. I walked in and found it unoccupied but lighted up. There were flags, Bibles and other paraphernalia about, which soon caused it to dawn upon me that it was the Salvation Army headquarters instead of the socialist headquarters, and that the bus driver did not know the difference. I then hunted up a hotel. There I found a poster stating that I was to speak at a certain corner at two o'clock in the afternoon. Although they knew my route, the local comrades evidently had not thought to inquire if I could reach the town in time for an afternoon meeting instead of the customary evening meeting. Neither had they notified me that they expected to hold the meeting in the afternoon. There was a soldiers'

reunion going on in the town, and the whole surrounding country had contributed its inhabitants to swell the crowd. The streets were a perfect bedlam. Imitation cowboys, not innocent of booze, were riding about with a great clatter. The sidewalks were crowded with a yelling, boisterous, beer-soaked mob. To have attempted a street meeting on a serious subject under such circumstances would have been the sheerest folly. It was nearly nine o'clock by that time, and, weak and sick as I was, I turned in and sought sweet slumber, arising at daybreak, almost as good as new, to take a freight train for Anthony, my next date. As I felt that the missing of the date at Arkansas City was the fault of the local comrades I wrote to them requesting them to reimburse the national office for the expense of the day. They not only did not do so but they chided me for not having held a street meeting all by myself, in the midst of that impossible mob, after I arrived. This experience was exceptional - my relations with the local comrades in the places I visited were usually very cordial and comradely.

When I spoke at Prairie Point school house, twenty miles out of Concordia, I was told that the following conversation had taken place between two farmers living in the vicinity. "Aren't you goin' to th' socialist meetin' t'night?" "No, I guess not." "Oh, y' better go an' throw in y'r little eighty." In my speech I demonstrated that it was capitalism that was making them throw in their little eighties.

October 11 to 20, 1904, I made a tour under the management of State Secretary Jacobsen of Iowa, speaking at Bussey, Seymour, Numa, Mystic, Centerville, Sigourney, Marengo, and Newton. I spoke twice at Seymour and Mystic. At Seymour, October 12, I addressed the Italian Society in the afternoon. It was celebrating Columbus Day - the first time I had ever heard of that day being celebrated. I said a few complimentary things about Columbus and then made a socialist speech. In the evening I spoke under the auspices of the socialists. I reorganized Local Centerville and organized Local Conroy at the Marengo meeting. Conroy was several miles from

Marengo, but enough socialists from Conroy came to the Marengo meeting so as to enable me to organize them.

At Numa, in the early morning while I was still in bed at the little hotel, and the workmen were on their way to the mines, I heard the following conversation out in the street. "That was a pooty slick talker las' night." "Yep - howja like 't?" "First rate." "Aw, I tellya, it's the only thing fer a workin' man." Of course that encouraged me.

October 22, 1904, I spoke at Polk City, Iowa. From October 24 to November 5 I spoke at the following points in Iowa, under the management of the state secretary: Laurens, Manson, Lehigh, Waterloo, Ryan, Cedar Rapids, Burlington, Ottumwa, Lacey, Marshalltown, Clinton, Davenport, and Gilman.

At Clinton a collection was taken at the beginning of the meeting. While a collector was passing the hat, a certain Mississippi River steamboat pilot told him somewhat vigorously that he, the pilot, was a Republican and did not propose to contribute to the campaign fund of any opposition party. At the close of the meeting, however, he came up front and said he was ready to chip in and that he had abandoned the Republican Party and would vote the Socialist ticket. That also encouraged me.

February 28 to March 4, 1905, under the management of the Iowa state secretary, I lectured at Greenfield, Prescott, and Red Oak. At Greenfield I organized a local. At Red Oak, when I was nearly through speaking, an alarm of fire close by brought the meeting to an abrupt end. On this brief tour, as well as on those of the preceding fall, I was impressed with the ripeness of the field for socialist propaganda or educational work. In those days we often referred to it as propaganda, for the word propaganda had not at that time acquired the bad flavor which later came to it on account of the war propaganda during the first world war.

June 8 to July 2, 1905, I made a lecture tour under the management of the national secretary, speaking at Rock Island, Streator, Joliet, Peoria, Monmouth, Havana, Springfield, Jacksonville, and Quincy, Illinois; also at

St. Louis, Missouri; then at Breese, Xenia, Noble, Mattoon, and Decatur, Illinois; and Terre Haute, Jasonville, Clinton, Indianapolis, Columbus, Kokomo, and South Bend, Indiana. I spoke three evenings at South Bend and once at each of the other places.

At Xenia, Illinois, I had an enjoyable joint debate with John Basil Barnhill.

This tour was made about two months after I became the proud father of the first edition of What's So and What Isn't. When I arrived at Terre Haute, Indiana, I left my things in my room at the hotel, put a copy of What's So and Isn't in my pocket, and walked to the home of Eugene V. Debs. I rang the doorbell. No answer. I rang it again. A woman's voice, apparently around at the south side of the house, called, "Who's there?" I went to the south end of the porch and saw Mrs. Debs with her head out of a second-story window. Perhaps I had disturbed her in the midst of a bath. I told her who I was and asked if Gene was at home. She said he was away on a lecture ^{tour -} one of his numerous lecture tours. We talked a few minutes. I told her I had a booklet which I wanted to give to Gene and that I would slip it in the mail box on the porch. She said she'd see that he got it.

We talked only briefly, but, upon hearing that I lived in Des Moines, she mentioned something which that undoubtedly brought to her mind. It had happened that, soon after the election of November, 1904, Gene had been billed to give a lyceum lecture in the auditorium of Drake University in Des Moines. I went there to attend the lecture. Gene did not appear, and the audience went home without hearing any lecture. Later it was rumored that, in Chicago, while on his way to Des Moines to fill the date, he had run across some of his old friends and that in their merry-making he failed to go farther. I do not know anything about the truth or falsity of the rumor. But in that little talk with Mrs. Debs, with her head out of the upstairs window, she apparently thought of the lost date, connecting it with the fact that I lived in Des Moines, although I did not say a word to her about

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it. Somewhat apologetically she reminded me that Gene had worked awfully hard in the campaign of 1904 and that he was pretty badly used up at the end of it. She said nothing about the lost date but I saw what she was getting at. I likewise said nothing about the lost date but I told her what a grilling campaign he had been through. I think she was satisfied that I was not holding any grudge against Gene for missing the date. I felt that it was much our fault anyhow - that is, the fault of the national executive committee - because we had not sent anyone along with him, during the campaign, to look after details and to keep folks away from him when he needed rest. He was not the type that could sufficiently keep them away himself.

When I got home from that lecture tour, early in July, I found a letter from Gene awaiting me. In it he said he had read every word of What's So and What Isn't, and he praised it to the skies, Naturally I liked that, and I prized the letter. Yet I was afraid to trust myself with it. I had noticed, in the socialist papers, that the complimentary things he had said about some other writings had been misused for advertising purposes. In the light of the vow I had made on the stump in the forest I felt that if I used Gene's letter to advertise my book I would be imposing upon his generosity. I destroyed the letter in order to banish the temptation.

Although only in the field part of the time, I became one of what were called the national organizers and lecturers. The rate of pay was three dollars a day and expenses; certainly a very small wage compared with other lecturers - the Lyceum lecturers, for example, who received about fifty or a hundred dollars a day, or more, out of which they had to pay the lyceum bureau and their expenses. To obviate the necessity of keeping track of all the small expenses, such as meals, I arranged with the national secretary that my wage was to be five dollars a day and railroad fare, instead of three dollars a day and expenses. This made it unnecessary for me to keep track of hotel bills, meals and the like. It also made me feel free to stop at hotels whenever I could, rather than at private houses, as the

national office would not save anything if I avoided a hotel bill. I stopped at hotels whenever possible because I could get so much more rest there than at private houses. Of course the comrades who sometimes took me to their homes were kind, and I appreciated their kindness, but my work was strenuous and there wasn't any way in which I could get enough rest or the proper food or an opportunity to answer my mail, etc., at private houses. To keep from going to private houses as much as possible I sent postal cards ahead to assure the comrades that I would be on hand for the meetings, but I refrained from telling them what train I expected to arrive on. Sometimes this worked and sometimes it didn't. Often there was only one train on which I could arrive, and they knew, from reading the route in the socialist papers, where I had spoken the night before; so they met the train, whereupon I was likely to be taken to a private house, although I always suggested that I go to a hotel. If they did not meet the train I went to a hotel as quickly as possible. Then if, a little later, they invited me to go to a private house, I told them I was already registered at the hotel and couldn't very well unregister myself. This was a big help in keeping myself physically and mentally fit.

As for the railroad fare, if I saved any of it in any way, the national office saved just that much money. Hence, when I had to travel all or nearly all night, I slept as much as I could in the day coach so as to save the party from having to pay for a berth.

From September 12 to November 7, 1905, I made a lecture tour under the management of the national secretary, speaking at Streator, Illinois; Mishawaka, Indiana; Dowagiac, Battle Creek, Muskegon, Manistee, Charlevoix, Flushing, Cass City, Dryden, Flint, and Detroit, Michigan; Toledo, Sandusky, Cuyahoga Falls, Toronto, Zanesville, Coshocton, Newark, and Crooksville, Ohio; and again at Streator, Illinois, on the way home. I made two speeches at Manistee, and two at Flushing, one being in the country near by, one at Imlay City under Dryden auspices, four at Detroit, three at Toledo, two at

Zanesville, three at Huntington, and two at Fremont. I was billed for an open air speech at Mansfield, but it rained. I organized a local at Huntington. Nearly all places visited were already organized. The largest meetings were at Cincinnati, Newark and Toledo.

At Cincinnati the meeting was held in the Odd Fellow Temple. There were seats for about twelve hundred persons, and there were more than enough persons present to fill them. The comrades there were holding meetings in that hall each Sunday afternoon, with a different speaker each time. The one who had preceded me was Walter Thomas Mills, who was ~~was~~ short and wide physically, while I was skinny and lacked a couple of inches of being six feet tall. The comrades told me that Mills advertised my meeting and told the audience, much to the ^{sur}ment of those who had seen both of us, that I was just his size. By way of proof he said, "John is half as wide and twice as tall as I am, so that makes him just my size."

At Toledo they told me that a certain member of the local had done me the honor to memorize a large portion of my book, What's So and What Isn't, including the preface which was somewhat personal, and palm it off as an original speech of his own.

Ahead of me I sent challenges to debate. They were published in most of the newspapers in the various places. They resulted in a great deal of advertising for the cause and for the meetings. They also resulted in two debates, one with a sort of a reform Democrat at Manistee, Michigan, the other with a Prohibitionist lawyer, H. L. Peeke, at Sandusky, Ohio.

In order to reach people who did not attend the meetings I also carried synopses of my main lecture. These were also published in many of the papers after the meetings.

At Flint, Michigan, the meeting was held on Sunday afternoon. The comrades adjourned from the meeting to the local headquarters, where the women comrades, by some magic or other, produced a supply of ice cream and a table and other utensils to assist in the consumption of it. After the feed,

State Secretary Menton suggested that we give each member five minutes to tell how he or she became a socialist. We ranged ourselves about the edge of the room and followed this suggestion. It resulted in one of the most interesting meetings I ever attended. When Mrs. Menton, wife of the state secretary, was called upon to tell how she became a socialist, she hesitated a moment and then exclaimed, "Well, I don't see how a woman could help becoming a socialist when she never hears anything but socialism, morning, noon and night, year in and year out!" This response met with a burst of laughter and applause, and I had an idea that there were a good many other women who could give the same testimony.

In Toledo, Mrs. John S. Pyle told me that she and William Mailly, who at that time was editing the Toledo Socialist, frequently got into such warm arguments that they nearly came to blows. Of course she said this facetiously, but I have no doubt that they had some warm arguments.

Between Fremont, Ohio, and Streator, Illinois, on the last lap of the tour, I had a vacant date. I utilized it by running into Toledo to hear Jack London, Sunday afternoon at the Valentine Theater. In the evening I went to a reception given to Jack by the party members at Swiss Hall. I shook hands with him and made way for others after talking with him a few moments. A comrade told me they were going to call the meeting to order after a while and have some speeches, and that, among others, they were going to call on me. I saw an opportunity to leave the hall without being noticed, and I did so. I went to the hotel and got my baggage and went to the depot. There I passed the time in reading while waiting, for the train to Chicago. It was somewhere around midnight when the train came. I boarded a day coach and curled up on a seat, as best I could, in accordance with my custom when I had to travel at night, and got a rather short allowance of sleep. I had no idea that Jack London was on the same train until I got off under the canopy of the union depot in Chicago in the morning. As I alighted and started toward the waiting room, Jack and an oriental servant alighted from

a Pullman car. The servant carried Jack's baggage, and Jack and I walked up to the waiting room together.

There was not enough time, in this brief walk, for me to discover whether or not Jack and I would have clicked if we had been thrown together. He looked prosperous, and I was not accustomed to the company of apparently rich men with personal servants. We were opposites in our personal habits, but then I often have associated with men whose personal habits were the opposite of mine. I knew that we were quite at variance in our approach to the subject of socialism. From the time when I became a socialist I was interested in preventing revolution, whereas he was interested in fomenting revolution. If I had lived in a country where there were no civil liberties and no right of suffrage I would have been a revolutionist, since there would have been no other way. But in a country where the civil liberties existed and where half of the adults had the vote I felt that it was nonsense to talk revolution. I knew that the voters got what they voted for. If they did not get the right things, it was because they were not intelligent enough to vote for the right things. The need of the hour, therefore, was to educate them so that they would know enough to seek the right things - not to foment an ignorant revolution which would in all probability end in the abolition of such liberties as they already had.

Not long before I met him in Toledo and under the train shed in Chicago, Jack had made a speech about revolution and had triumphantly proclaimed that there were great numbers of people who closed their letters with the words "Yours for the Revolution." That part of his speech was widely quoted in the press all over America.

In my opinion he was romancing when he said it. Up to the time when he made that speech I never had seen a letter which closed with the words, "Yours for the Revolution." But after he made the speech, and after that part of it was reported in the newspapers, some socialists began closing their letters in that way. It was a foolish thing to do.

Those who used the word "revolution" in their letters and other writings, and in speeches, sometimes explained that they meant a peaceful revolution. Of course, in one sense of the term, every fundamental change is a revolution. But when the word "revolution" is used without explaining that a peaceful revolution is meant, practically everyone who hears or reads it believes that violent revolution is meant. The unqualified use of the term was therefore an injury to the cause, since it alienated some hearers and readers. Later, its use by socialists largely stopped, as it became obvious that it was a communist, not a socialist, expression.

Under the train canopy, that morning, Jack told me there had been somewhat of a sensation in the meeting at Toledo, the evening previous, when I was called upon to speak and it was discovered that I wasn't there. I told him that I had been speaking every night and that I didn't want to make a speech on my day off, so I had taken my departure from the hall.

January 13 to January 31, 1906, under the management of the state secretary, I made a little tour in Iowa, speaking at Marshalltown, Colo, Oelwein, Mason City, Hartley, Larchwood, Rock Rapids, Sheldon, Orange City, Alta, and Lake Park - also across the line at Round Lake in Minnesota. I spoke twice at Marshalltown and Mason City. I organized locals at Orange City, Lake Park and Round Lake, took five applications for membership at large, and assisted in securing a few new members of the locals already organized. On Sundays, and between trains on some of the other days, I also penetrated eight towns where we did not know of any socialists. They were Reinbeck, Spencer, Sibley, Alton, Le Mars, Storm Lake, Estherville, and Goldfield. In all of these except Sibley and Alton I succeeded in discovering socialists whose names I sent to the state secretary, and I got them to subscribe for a socialist paper and sign applications for membership at large if I could. My method of discovering the socialists was to distribute leaflets from house to house and from store to store, inquiring, especially in the stores, if they knew of any socialists in town. In this way I located them if there were any;

and if there were not, I sowed some socialist seed, by means of the leaf-lets, anyhow. In the places where I spoke I also secured the names and addresses of various socialists in other places, unorganized places, and sent them to the state secretary.

At Marshalltown I had a memorable meeting in the afternoon - memorable at least in the sense that I never forgot the way most of the members of the audience froze me with their eyes. The afternoon meeting was in a woman's club, of which a woman member of the Socialist Party local was a member. She had persuaded the club to invite me to speak. My talk was vastly too advanced for them to digest. I advocated economic independence for women and advised them to read Charlotte Perkins Gilman's writings on the subject. I advocated bobbed hair, which did not become fashionable until about a dozen years later. I advocated short skirts, in which advocacy I was also about a dozen years ahead of the fashion. I advocated trousers for women, in which I was about thirty years ahead of the fashion. I said that women should propose marriage as freely as men and that the only reason they did not was that they were economic slaves of men. I said it was disgraceful and immoral for a woman to permit herself to be economically dependent upon a man, and I practically said it was equivalent to prostitution. I said there should be co-operative housekeeping and that those fitted by nature to cook should do the cooking. I said the cooking in private homes was not nearly as good as that of the professional cooks in restaurants and hotels. And other things along the same line. They sure froze me with their eyes.

In the evening of the same day I lectured before the Searchlight Club, the main men's club of the city. The meeting was held in the Y.M.C.A. Auditorium. A little before the meeting opened I was in the lobby of the Y. Several dozen members of the club were also there, chatting and waiting until it would be time to go into the hall for the meeting. They did not know who I was. In a little group near where I was standing, one man remarked casually, "Well, I wonder what kind of a lecture we'll have tonight." Another

member of the group replied, "I'm not expectin' much - my wife heard 'im this afternoon an' she said it wuzn't worth a damn." Allowing for the translation of wifely idiom into husbandly idiom, I have no doubt that he stated her sentiments accurately. Nevertheless, when the time for the meeting arrived, the men gave me a good hearing even if a good many of them did not agree with me. I gave them a straight socialist lecture.

March 10 to 26, 1906, I spoke at Alva, Carmen, Enid, Perry, Guthrie, Oklahoma City, and Prairie View, Oklahoma; Duncan, Indian Territory; and Norman, Oklahoma. I organized a local at Prairie View with eleven members. I organized a local with six members at Marlow, Indian Territory, where bad weather prevented the holding of a propaganda meeting. I secured four applications for membership at large at Chickasha, Indian Territory, and several ~~several~~ applications for membership in the various locals. This tour was made under the auspices of the national office, but the dates were made by the territorial secretary, Comrade Snyder of Oklahoma, and they were originally made for Joshua Wanhope. He had been taken from the field and sent to Idaho to cover the Moyer-Haywood-Pettibone matter for Wilshire's Magazine. I had a joint debate with a Republican attorney by the name of Gresham, at Norman, Oklahoma.

April 1 to June 6, 1906, under the management of the national office, I spoke at Novinger, Jefferson City, Nevada, Purcell, Phelps, Mt. Vernon, Cabool, Van Buren, Aquilla, Bloomfield, Poplar Bluff, Willow Springs, and Thayer, Missouri; Hardy, Bald Knob, Little Rock, Pine Bluff, Greeprier, Spadra, Clarksville, Van Buren, Winslow, Brantwood, Fayetteville, Rogers, Bentonville, Sulphur Springs, Decatur, Siloam Springs, Fort Smith, Huntington, and Hartford, Arkansas; Sallislaw, Muldrow, Cameron, Williams, Bokoshe, Muskogee, Henryetta, Weleetka, and Castle, Indian Territory; Prague, Sparks, McCloud, Oklahoma City, Capital Hill, Arcadia, Chandler and ~~Stroud~~, Oklahoma; Broken Bow and Tulsa, Indian Territory; and Burlington Junction, Missouri. I spoke twice at Novinger, Phelps, Bloomfield, Pine Bluff,

Greenbrier, Muldrow, Bokoshe, Okmulgee, Chandler, and Tulsa, and three times at Fayetteville. I organized fifteen locals - at Mt. Vernon, Cabool, Aquilla, Bloomfield, Willow Springs, Thayer, Greenbrier, Caperton, Williams, Okmulgee, Henryetta, Weleetka, Prague, Stroud, and Burlington Junction. The Caperton local I organized at Clarksville - it was made up of Caperton comrades who attended the Clarksville meeting. I secured a number of applications for membership at large and made sixty-one speeches.

At Phelps, Missouri, which was an inland town, I spoke in a little hall where a church social was to be held later in the evening. The comrades had arranged that the church people were to attend our meeting and we would stay for theirs. So, some of them listened to my abbreviated speech. Most of them listened attentively, but there was one rather grim-visaged woman who sort of glared at me while I was talking. At the social which followed, they auctioned off a lot of pies, with the ~~makers~~ names of the makers thereof concealed on slips of paper underneath each pie. It was understood that the men would bid for the pies, and each man was to eat his pie with the woman ^{and secured} who made it. I bid on a luscious cherry pie with the red juice coming out of the edges. Then I drew the slip of paper out from underneath the pie and asked a comrade to introduce me to the woman whose name was written on it. She proved to be the grim-visaged widow who had been glaring at me while I was talking. I did my best to entertain her as we ate the pie. The next morning I was driven to Mt. Vernon through April showers that trickled merrily down my spinal column.

For two or three days I was in the backwoods of Arkansas, stopping in the log hut of a kind comrade. The food which these people ate regularly would, I guess, have killed me if I had had to stay there very long. But they were so kind that they invited me to stay all summer, having no realization that I had dates ahead which I was in duty bound to fill. As soon as I got to a place where I could stop at a hotel I bought oranges at a store and got myself back to normal by eating them. In those days orange juice

was not available in eating places.

At Okmulgee I spoke in the House of Warriors of the Creek Nation, and organized a local of which some of the members were halfbreeds or squaw men - that is, white men married to Indian women.

In the fall of 1906 I made a speaking tour under the management of the national office and visited the following places: Fraser, Iowa, Lehigh, Iowa (Labor Day address); Omaha, Florence, South Omaha, Blair, Schuyler, Fremont, Waterloo, Plattsmouth, Nebraska City, Lincoln, Beatrice, Fairbury, Fairfield, Hastings, Minden, and Bartley, Nebraska; Wray, Akron, Brush, Fort Morgan, Denver, Boulder, Longmont, Loveland, Fort Collins, New Windsor, Greeley, Colorado Springs, Colorado City, Pueblo, Fowler, Manzanola, Rocky Ford, La Junta, Pueblo, Florence, Rockvale, Williamsburg, Canon City, Salida, Buena Vista, Leadville, Radcliffe, Minturn, Glenwood Springs, Rifle, Palisade, Grand Junction, Eckert, Cedaredge, Ouray, Telluride, Rico, Dolores, Durango, Silverton, Denver, Littleton, and Wray, Colorado; and Council Bluffs and Boone, Iowa. The tour lasted from September 2 to November 6. I organized eleven locals - at Fraser, Iowa; Florence, Schuyler, Fremont, Nebraska City, Fairfield, Hastings, and Minden, Nebraska; Greeley, Canon City, and Rifle, Colorado. I also secured fifteen members at large at places which were not ripe for the organization of locals, and helped to secure new members of locals already organized.

William D. (Bill) Haywood was a member of the Socialist Party at that time, and we were running him for governor of Colorado while he was in jail at Boise, Idaho, charged with complicity in the murder of Governor Stuenenberg of that state. So my tour was mainly a stumping of the state of Colorado. I had good meetings except in the mining camps. On my previous tour - the one in the spring of 1906, especially in Missouri, some of the farmers, in the Appeal to Reason, infuriated by articles concerning the Moyer-Haywood-Pettibone case, had said they were ready to shoulder their guns and go to Idaho, and of course I told them if they did so they would only get themselves into trouble without

accomplishing anything. The Colorado miners were not in any such mood. There were two mining camps, Telluride and Silverton, where I had fine meetings, but in the other mining camps that I visited I found the miners badly scared. They had sunk enough money in fruitless strikes to carry the state if not the nation for socialism. Their union was all shot to pieces.

On this tour the posters used for advertising my meetings had a challenge to debate printed under my picture. There was a blank space on each of them in which the local comrades wrote the name of the comrade whom any representative person who wanted to debate with me could see concerning it.

On a certain Saturday at La Junta I met and had a rather friendly but earnest argument with Herschel M. Hogg, who was the Republican candidate for congress in that district. I asked him to debate with me there that evening. He said a number of candidates for office wanted to be heard at his meeting and no debate could be had unless after he and they had made their regular speeches. As this would have put it off until the audience was tired and ready to go home, I did not care to do it. He said, however, that he would be pleased to discuss the question at some time when it was convenient. I asked where he was going from La Junta. He said he was going to his home in Pueblo over Sunday. I then told him that I was billed to speak in the Trades Assembly Hall in Pueblo Sunday evening and suggested that as a convenient time for a joint discussion. He hesitatingly consented, apparently realizing that he had sort of cornered himself. For a little time we disagreed over the statement of the question to be debated. I wanted to debate the question: Resolved that Socialism, not Republicanism, is the true solution of the public problems of the day. He wanted to debate government ownership of the railroads or the coal mines or some other specific industry. I would not agree to that. At length we agreed to discuss the question: Which party should a workingman support, having regard to his own interest? It was all settled, and he gave me his house and office telephone numbers so that I could notify him of the street number where the hall was located - although

in
he lived Pueblo he did not know the location of the Trades Assembly Hall. One of the socialists at La Junta offered to bet ten dollars that Hogg would back out. I did not take the bet. The next morning I did not see my prospective antagonist until we got off the train at Pueblo. He then hailed me and said, "Say, I don't believe we had better have that discussion tonight - I'm not feeling well." Of course there was nothing I could do but to consent, although reluctantly; so we called it off. I rather think he told the truth about not feeling well; it would ^{have been} ~~be~~ enough to make anyone feel a bit sick to think of tackling the task of trying to convince an audience of workingmen that it was to their interest to vote Republican.

At the village of Cedaredge we had the only hall in the town engaged, and the Democrats had billed a meeting at the same time and place without knowing this. When their speaker, J. R. Hermann of Denver, arrived, he found himself in a position where he either had to debate or have no meeting. We debated, and I had a delightful time.

I was billed to speak at a country school house on a mesa twenty-five miles up the mountain from Palisades, Colorado. In case any^{one} doesn't know, a mesa is the flat top of a mountain. This mesa was below the timber line and was a fertile region peopled with farmers, bears, mountain lions, etc. With a team, buggy, and a comrade to drive, it took us most of the day to go up. When the meeting at the school house closed that evening a drizzling rain was falling and it was pitch dark. As I had to get at least part way down the mountain side that night in order to make the train for my next date the following day, we borrowed a lantern, fastened it to the dashboard and, with an additional passenger, left the mesa and started down the canyon. To our left was the mountain. To our right was the mountain torrent. In places the road between them was wide, in other places very narrow. With the aid of the lantern we slowly made our way. Some distance down we passed a horse with a bell on it. ^{but mistakenly,} We naturally thought it belonged to some farmer on the mesa and had wandered away from home. A little farther down, at a

place where the space between the mountain and the torrent was very narrow, our team suddenly stopped with a jerk and refused to go on. As we peered forward between the horses into the gloom, by the light of the lantern, we saw a rope stretched clean across the highway. I had been on a train the other section of which was held up by robbers, a few nights before, just out of Leadville, and robbers were fresh in my mind. When I saw that rope stretched across the highway I fully expected that the next moment I would be looking into the business end of a six-shooter. But no such event occurred. We got out of the buggy to investigate, and we found a man lying across the road, snugly wrapped in a blanket and tarpaulin. He was sound asleep. one of the then already greatly diminishing number of cowboys, He was a cowboy, who, when night came on, instead of looking for a house or a hotel, was in the habit of going to bed wherever he happened to find himself, rain or shine. He had stretched the rope across the road to keep his horse from wandering down the canyon, knowing that it would not wander up the canyon very far for the simple reason that it was uphill. We woke him up. He rolled over out of the way, and we took down the rope and drove on. Farther down we stopped at a house over night. One of my companions lived there. The next morning the other one and I made the rest of the journey down to Palisades through a snowstorm.

September 11 to December 13, 1907, I made a lecture and organizing tour, chiefly lecturing, under the management of the national office, in which I visited the following places: Rock Island, Moline, Peoria, and Chicago, Illinois; Elkhart, Indiana; Toledo and Cleveland, Ohio; Girard and Erie, Pennsylvania; Rochester, Buffalo, Corning, Auburn, Syracuse, Rome, Utica, Johnstown, Gloversville, Troy, Albany, Watervliet, Poughkeepsie, Newburgh, and Middletown, New York; Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; Yonkers, New Rochelle, Port Chester, and New York City, New York; New Haven, Connecticut; Westfield, Springfield, Abington, North Abington, Whitman, and Boston, Massachusetts; Dover, New Hampshire; Portland, Bath, Auburn, Madison, and Skowhegan, Maine; Berlin and Littleton, New Hampshire; Barre, Graniteville, and Har^dwick, Vermont; Enfield,

Franklin, Concord, Manchester, and Nashua, New Hampshire; Worcester, Springfield, Holyoke, and Springfield, Massachusetts; Shelton, Middleton, Manchester, and Hartford, Connecticut; Jersey City, New Jersey; Philadelphia, Reading, Harrisburg, and Wilmerding, Pennsylvania; and Toledo, Ohio.

I spoke twice at Elkhart, Toledo, Rochester, Auburn, Syracuse, Utica, Troy, Abington, North Abington, Whitman, Boston, Dover, Graniteville, and Hardwick; three times at Philadelphia and Springfield; and seven times in New York City. One of my speeches in Boston was made on Boston Common.

I organized locals at all of the unorganized places to which I was sent, namely, Girard, Middletown, Bath, and Hardwick. I also organized a local at one place to which I was not sent, namely Skowhegan, going there on a rest date. There was already a local at Holyoke, and I organized an American branch of it. I secured two members at large ^{from} ~~at~~ Amsterdam and one from Goshen, New York. I rejuvenated the locals at Utica, Poughkeepsie, Newburgh, Port Chester, and Middletown.

I disposed of about 840 copies of What's So and What Isn't, 13 subscription cards for the Christian Socialist, 16 for the Appeal to Reason, 35 for the Worker, and 122 for the Chicago Daily Socialist.

At Chicago - my fourth date on the tour - the socialists were opposing a proposed city charter which they considered to be reactionary. In order to curtail the activities of the socialists in that respect, the Republican mayor ordered the police to arrest socialist open-air speakers, although the Socialist Party had secured written permits from the chief of police for the corners where the meetings were held. Thus the city was violating its contract, as well as violating the constitutional guaranty of freedom of speech. Two evenings before I was there, about a dozen socialist speakers had been arrested, one after another, as they mounted the platform in quick succession. The socialists intended to keep right on speaking, and fight the case in the courts, and, if they failed in that, to wear out the opposition by sheer persistence. It had been learned by experience in other places that this sort

of persecution caused the sympathy of the people to turn our way and that when the authorities discovered this to be the case they were ready to stop the persecution. So, there were a number of meetings scheduled for various corners on the same night when I was billed to speak. My meeting was billed for the corner of North Clark Street and Chicago Avenue. I left my watch and most of my money - everything but the indispensables - in my grip at the Kaiserhof Hotel, where I stopped because it was close to the depot, so that if I were arrested and searched at the police station, they would not get much. Then I went up to the Chicago Daily Socialist office. A big headline on the front page of the paper contained the "cheerful" information that "Work May Be Jailed." I talked a little with Editor A. M. Simons. He was billed to speak that evening at another corner. In parting I said to him, "Well, so long, I'll see you at the city jail tonight." But I didn't keep that appointment. When I was introduced to the fine audience at the announced corner, I proceeded to roast the mayor and the police, as I wanted to get that done before I was arrested. I called the mayor and his henchmen lawless anarchists who were unworthy to unlace the shoes of the socialists whom they had arrested. But, as they did not arrest me, I switched from denunciation and made a regular socialist speech and then stepped down unmolested. The audience had given me a splendid hearing and had shown which side its sympathy was on by contributing \$20.45 in the collection that was taken. The speakers at the other corners were not molested either. When those previously arrested were called for trial their cases were dismissed. It was the authorities, not the socialists, who had violated the law.

At Watervliet, New York, on a Sunday evening, as I was making an open-air talk, a policeman gave me a punch with his club and asked if I had a permit to speak there. I told him to ask the local socialists. Three or four of them, both Albany and Watervliet comrades, went with him across to the police headquarters, while I went on speaking. As they related it to me afterward, they showed him their written permit. It was couched in general

terms. He said it did not apply to Sunday, and the meeting would have to stop at once or he would arrest me. They told him they considered the permit sufficient, and that, anyhow, no permit from him was needed, as we had one in the constitution of the United States. They told him they proposed to stand upon our constitutional right of freedom of speech, that he was at liberty to do his worst, and that if he arrested me he would also have to arrest a string of other socialists who would mount the box and begin to speak, one after another, and that they would fight him in the courts to the bitter end, and would keep right on speaking in the meantime. Finding his bluff called in this vigorous and determined manner, he backed down and did not molest us any more.

On the lower East Side in New York City we set up our speaking platform to hold a meeting, but a Tammany campaign wagon squeezed in and took possession. We moved directly across the street. A Tammany policeman ordered us to move diagonally across the street from the Tammany wagon. During the argument over this order we came near being arrested. A comrade by the name of Lewis, who was our candidate for the state legislature from the district in which that corner was located, was speaking at the time when the argument began. After disputing with the policeman for a bit, we obeyed his order and moved across diagonally. Lewis continued his campaign talk. He was a good outdoor speaker. He drew most of the crowd away from the Tammany wagon. Thereupon the Tammany wagon moved away, to drum up a crowd at some other corner I suppose. We then moved back where we were in the first place, and I made my speech there.

At Concord, New Hampshire, the local socialists sent a challenge to Ex-United States Senator William E. Chandler to debate with me. He replied in a rather remarkable letter in which he stated that he was not a sufficiently earnest opponent of socialism to make such a debate interesting. He virtually said that he wanted to try the regulation of monopolies a little longer and if it did not work he would then be a socialist.

At Boston, Jim Carey, who had been a Socialist member of the Massachusetts state legislature - called the General Court - told me that Martha Moore Avery, who had once been a socialist, was making a speech on Boston Common when an Irishman with a stub pipe in his mouth asked, "What is socialism, annyhow?" She beamed down upon him and replied, "My dear man, socialism is the co-operation and the co-ordination of the spiritual and economic affinities." With an expression on his countenance that beggared description, the Irishman ~~agreed~~ removed the cob pipe from his lips and exclaimed, "Jesus Christ, is THAT what it is!" I can't vouch for the accuracy of Jim's memory as to the exact wording of her reply to the Irishman's opening question, but I presume that it was substantially correct.

At Erie, Pennsylvania, Comrade Brown, a good-natured Irishman who didn't have to ask about socialism, for he was a good socialist, took me out on a little excursion launch for a ride on the bay that lies inside the little peninsula which looks as if nature had made it to order for the protection of the mainland against any storms that might come across Lake Erie. There were a few other excursionists on the launch. As it rounded the bay and started back toward the city the gasoline engine broke down. Brown and I were concerned lest we should not get back to Erie in time for the meeting. A smaller launch containing a couple of Brown's friends came along. He hailed it and asked that he and I be taken aboard. They agreed, came alongside, and Brown and I crawled into their launch. Brown then began hilariously poking fun at the passengers who were still on the launch that was in distress. They asked to be towed in. Our launch consented, and hooked on, but, at the first tug, its own engine went bad. There we lay for a while, as monkey wrenches and other tools were tossed from launch to launch in an effort to persuade one or other of the engines to relent and take us into port. Neither of them relented. Meanwhile the passengers on the excursion launch twitted Brown about the sudden end of his hilarity. A rowboat oared by two little boys came long. Brown, by means of sundry nickels, got them

to take him and me on board and land us on the life-saving pier on the peninsula across from the city, where there was a big excursion steamer apparently headed toward the city. We scurried down the pier and got on the steamer. Then Brown's hilarity returned. He waved his hat to the passengers on the stalled launches and mockingly yelled to them that he would have supper waiting for them. A woman's voice replied, "You better not laugh too soon." Sure enough, when our steamer left the pier, it turned around and steamed out into Lake Erie. Then it was the turn of the passengers on the distressed launches to be hilarious. They cheered and jeered, while I almost laughed myself sore at Brown's discomfiture and at the whole comedy of errors. However, we fortunately found that the steamer was not to make a long excursion. We had a fine ride of a few miles on the lake. The steamer turned back, and, as it reached the city, the disabled launches, one of the engines of which had been persuaded to work, came in only a few minutes later. We arrived in time for the meeting.

All of which reminds me of an amusing incident which Comrade John W. Slayton, who was also a national organizer and lecturer, told me once upon a time. While lecturing in Oregon he had to make an all-day stage ride. There was but one other passenger on the stage - a woman who looked very dignified and uncommunicative. Slayton said to himself, "The very idea of a woman riding with an Irishman and not talking!" He decided to make her talk, either by making her laugh or by making her angry. So he pointed to a mountain some miles away and said, "Isn't that a beautiful scene?" She barely glanced at the mountain and stiffly replied, "Yes, sir." He waited a few minutes and then pointed to the same mountain and said, "Isn't that a beautiful scene?" Without deigning to look at the mountain again she replied, "Yes, / sir," and retired into her shell again. He waited a few minutes more and then pointed to the same mountain and said, "Isn't that a beautiful scene?" That time she broke down and began laughing. From then on she talked freely and the time passed pleasantly on the long journey.

January 10 to April 30, 1908, I made an organizing tour, lecturing incidentally, under the direction of the national office with the help of state offices, in which I visited the following places: St. Joseph, Missouri; Leavenworth, Topeka, McPherson, Great Bend, and Scott City, Kansas; Pueblo and Grand Junction, Colorado; Salt Lake, Ogden, Bingham Canyon, and Park City, Utah; Evanston, Wyoming; Morgan, Peterson, Milton, Murray, Provo, Heber, Springville, Spanish Fork, Payson, Nephi, Fountain Green, Moroni, Ephraim, Manti, Gunnison, Centerfield, Salina, Richfield, Monroe, Marysville, Circleville, Lyman, Loa, Elsinore, Mt. Pleasant, Santequin, Goshen, Eureka, Mammoth, Mercur, Willmont, Kingston, Junction, Coyoto, Fremont, Torrey, Thurber, Stockton, Tooele, West Jordan, Lehi, Lehi Junction, Fork, Brigham, Tremonton, and Logan, Utah; Emmett, Falks Store, Star, Caldwell, Middleton, Notus, Farma, Payette, Council, Midvale, Weiser, Meridian, Boise, Nampa, Mountain Home, Glenns Ferry, Hailey, Bellevue, Shoshone, Acequia, Heyborn, an irrigation camp, Albion, Oakley, Burley, Rupert, Twin Falls, American Falls, Malad City, Samaria, Franklin, Preston, Pocatello, and Montpelier, Idaho.

I organized or reorganized 47 locals with from 5 to 38 members each, as follows: McPherson, Kansas; Bingham Canyon, Park City, Peterson, Milton, Provo, Heber, Spanish Fork, Payson, Nephi, Ephraim, Manti, Centerfield, Salina, Richfield, Monroe, Marysville, Circleville, Junction, Kingston, Coyoto, Fremont, Lyman, Loa, Willmont, Goshen, Mammoth, Mercur, Lehi, Fillmore, Brigham, and Logan, Utah; Falks Store, Star, Caldwell, Notus, Payette, Midvale, Weiser, Mountain Home, Hailey, Bellevue, Albion, Oakley, Burley, Twin Falls, and American Falls, Idaho. I got the local at Grand Junction, Colorado, reinstated, with twenty members. I secured from one to four members at large in each of 15 places, with the idea that they might serve as nuclei for locals later, as follows: Palisades, Colorado; Theodore, Fountain Green, Moroni, Fruita, Fairview, Stockton, Plymouth, Garland, and Tremonton, Utah; Franklin District, Nampa, Shoshone, Fairview, and Montpelier, Idaho. I secured from one to 10 new members of old locals in each of 17 places as follows: Salt Lake, Ogden, Murray, Monroe, Vernal, Mt. Pleasant, Eureka, and

Tooele, Utah; Emmett, Middleton, Council, Meridian, Boise, Acequia, Hailey, Rupert, and Pocatello, Idaho. In these various ways I added 100 members to the organization in January, 225 in February, 127 in March, and 153 in April - a total of 505. I disposed of an even 1000 paper-bound copies of What's So and What Isn't, selling nearly all of them and giving the others away. I sold 175 subscription cards of the Chicago Daily Socialist, and 155 of the Appeal to Reason. I gave 70 educational socialist lectures. In some instances I got members at large or new members of existing locals in places which I did not visit. With a team and buggy or a horse and cart, folks often drove long distances to attend meetings, and if they were ripe for membership I took their applications at the places visited. I organized Local Willmont at Loa.

At most of the places in Utah we did not have advance appointments, but, as they were unorganized, or the locals had disintegrated, the state secretary and I took the liberty to have him send posters to local comrades and ask them to write in a meeting place and put them up. In most instances they did so. Many of the meetings were held in Mormon meetings places, which did not cost anything. At Payson and Nephi I found that the posters had failed to arrive. Surmising that the state secretary had forgotten to send them, I considered it best to send him a telegram at his own expense, so as to provide against any repetition of such disastrous occurrences at any of the dates ahead. In a few days I received an ill-tempered letter from him. If I had entered into a quarrel with him I could easily have ended my usefulness in the state. Instead, I good-naturedly replied, "Give me the devil whenever you feel like it. I have an alligator hide." We got along splendidly after that, and the posters were always sent in due time.

The local comrades wanted me to come and speak at Vernal, Utah, but it was already organized and was a long distance from the railroad, so I wanted to avoid the loss of time in going there. It happened that F. S. Spalding, bishop of the Episcopal Church of Utah, had attended my meeting at Salt

Lake. I knew there were many I. W. W.'s in the audience, and, as they were opposed to political action and took delight in trying to sabotage socialist meetings, I dwelt more on economic and political matters, and less on idealism, than usual. When the meeting was opened for questions, they tried to ask questions which would floor me, but, as they were in the wrong, I did not have any difficulty in answering. A little later, when I spoke at Provo, I met the bishop at the hotel. He was there on church matters. We had a good visit in the writing room. He was a Christian Socialist and was a contributor to the paper by that name. In our conversation, he, judging me by that one speech at Salt Lake, suggested that I put more idealism in my speeches. I assured him that I was an idealist and that I often put idealism in my speeches, and explained why I did not do so at Salt Lake, but I said I probably had not been putting enough idealism in, and that I would put more of it in future speeches and writings. Then I said that he ought to lay more stress upon economics. While we did not make any ironclad agreement on the subject, we had a sort of an understanding that I would put in more idealism and he would put in more economics. I think I lived up to my part of that friendly understanding, and I have no doubt that he lived up to his part of it. About four years later I was sorry to hear that he was killed in an automobile accident on the street in Salt Lake. In our conversation at Provo I mentioned that they wanted me to come to Vernal and that I did not like to consume so much time in going to an already organized place so far off the railroad. He said he was to preach at Vernal the following Sunday and that he would be willing to take my place and make a socialist speech under the auspices of the local on Monday evening. I immediately arranged, through the state secretary, for him to do so. He gave the local at Vernal good satisfaction, and the state secretary arranged for him to fill other similar dates. He was a good and valuable man and I often have thought of him with a grateful feeling.

I also got William Thurston Brown, pastor of the Unitarian churches

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of Salt Lake and Ogden, to agree to give a portion of his time to lecturing and organizing for socialism in Utah, so that my work might be followed up; but I guess he was too busy to do much along that line.

At Salina, Utah, I had a joint debate with Mr. Lund, editor of the Salina Call. After the debate I organized a local with 22 members.

I staged over to Rabbit Valley, Utah, in which Loa, Fremont, Lyman, Thurber and Torrey are located. I got about 75 miles from the railroad and I saw a number of people who never had seen a railway train. Twenty or thirty mile drives became a rather common thing. The longest one was a fifty-mile stage ride from Loa to Richfield. The motor power was horseflesh in those days.

At Santequin, Utah, I dropped off the train after dark, only to find no hack, no depot, no station agent, no houses, not a light anywhere in sight - nothing but the valley, the mountains, the sage brush, the mud, and the rain. I had my large grip and 150 books to carry. The conductor of the train had told me the town was two miles to the left. I set out to walk it, through the mud and rain, carrying my burdens. When I had to stop and rest, I set the grip in the mud and rested the books on top so that they would not get muddy. I walked about a mile and a half and was almost all in when a hack headed for Santequin came along and picked me up and took me to the so-called hotel. As in many other places in Utah, the "hotel" was a private house, which took in transients. Upon inquiry I found that the man to whom the bills for my meeting had been sent had gone away; so there was no meeting. As I had to leave early in the morning for my next date, there was no time to look up anybody. Thus my floundering, the mud, the dark and the rain accomplished nothing. This was one of the experiences which we organizers and lecturers laughed at when we met one another and related our experiences.

In getting from Mammoth to Mercur it was necessary for me to go part way by rail, whereupon I was met by a metaliferous miner who drove me, seventeen miles or so, to Mercur. This was another of the rare occasions when

something went wrong with my stomach. I asked the driver to stop and cramp the buggy. He did so. I ran my finger down my throat a bit and then parted with my dinner. The driver had a flask of whiskey in his pocket - which as a rule is a very undesirable thing for anyone to have. He offered it to me. I took a tiny sip of it. Just before we reached Mercur I took another slight sip. He drove me to the "hotel" - another private house. A young couple lived there. I think the husband was employed in some white-collar job at the mine. They were nice young folks. I told the young woman that I had been sick at the stomach and could not eat any supper but hoped to be all right in the morning. Later, at the meeting, I was so weak that I had to lean against the stand to keep from wobbling while I was speaking. In an after-meeting I organized a local of eleven members. Then to the "hotel" and to bed. As I did not have to leave early in the morning in order to make the next date, I asked to be allowed to sleep until I awoke of my own accord. I got up in the morning feeling as good as new. The young husband had gone to work. The young wife was keeping the breakfast warm for me. As I ate she sat at the table with me although she had had her own breakfast. She began telling me about the harmful effects of liquor. Soon it dawned upon me that she had smelled that tiny bit of whiskey on me the evening before and that she believed I had been on a jag instead of being sick at the stomach. I told her the exact truth about it, and told her that I had ^{not} ~~never~~ in my ~~life~~ whole life consumed more than a total of a few teaspoonfuls of whiskey or any other kind of liquor, and then only as a medicine, and that I was as much opposed to beverage liquor as she was. She may have thought I was lying, as I guess drink~~ers~~ usually do. So there I was, and I had to listen to her delicate and well-intentioned little temperance lecture, and what could I do about it? Afterward I often laughed at that incident.

On the tour, as on all others, it was my custom to try to organize every unorganized place. If I was the best organizer, it was not because I was any smarter than the other organizers and lecturers but because I was

deeply interested in building the organization. With exceptions, most of the others were interested only in speaking. They gave good lectures but did not make much effort to organize. Whenever I arrived in an unorganized place I began talking organization as soon as I met the comrades. By the time the meeting came on I had some of them all set to organize. I cut my lecture a quarter or a half hour shorter than usual, and, toward the close, announced that there would be an after-meeting for organization purposes and that all those interested were cordially invited to stay. I called the after-meeting to order and presided. I brought forth an application for charter, after explaining about the organization, and had it passed around for signatures. I had a comrade collect the dues for the first month and turn them over to me. I had them elect the officers of the local and select the time and place of the next meeting. I told them the application for charter and the dues would be sent in by me the next day and that they would get the charter in due time. If anyone asked what there was for a local to do, I not only told about the campaign work during election periods but also stressed the fact that there was an unlimited amount of work to do between elections. Sometimes I asked ~~if~~ there were any persons in the vicinity who were not yet socialists. Of course they replied that most of the folks were not. Then I said that so long as there were any folks in the community who were not socialists, there was no lack of work for the local to do, and I explained about house-to-house distribution of literature and so forth.

At Toole, Utah, Comrade J. A. Kauffman became anxious as to whether I would arrive in time for the meeting. Although I usually dropped a line ahead, I had not done so in that instance because there was some doubt as to whether the date would not be changed. On the day when I was to come, Comrade Kauffman telephoned to National Committeeman Grant Syphers of Ogden about it. Syphers asked if there was another train to arrive before night. Kauffman said there was. "Well," Syphers replied, "He hasn't missed a date yet and if he doesn't come on that train you can look for him in a balloon."

As airplanes were not yet flying, this was quite an expression of confidence. I got in on the train and did not have to look for a balloon.

To get out of Tooele it was necessary for me to take the fast train at five o'clock in the morning. As it was a flag stop, the station agent was not to be at the depot, but I was instructed how to flag the train. Comrade Kauffman, at whose house I had stayed, drove me to the depot, which was out a little from town, and left me there. It is a simple matter to flag a train in the daytime, with one's hat or handkerchief; but at night it is not so easy. Having no lantern, I lit a twisted newspaper and swung it back and forth as I stood in the center of the track, between the rails. It had the desired effect and I made the train.

At Deweyville, Utah, I again had occasion to flag the flyer. That time, it was about two o'clock in the morning. I got the paper blazing but the wind blew it out. I struck matches pretty fast for a minute or two, but I could not get the paper to blaze again. I then stood in the middle of the track, with the headlight of the train full upon me, and swung my hat. The engineer heeded the signal and stopped the train for me, but the rear coach was up to the depot by the time he got it stopped.

Perhaps it is superfluous for me to say that in both cases I stepped back on the depot platform before the train was full upon me.

At Lehi, Utah, there were about a dozen cases of smallpox, and all public meetings were banned. We called a meeting of the socialists at a private house and organized a local with ten members. I then took the night train out, in order to avoid any possibility of being quarantined.

At Caldwell, Idaho, I stopped at the same hotel, the Saratoga, where Harry Orchard stopped when, ^{according to} ~~his confession~~ his confession, he was arranging to kill Governor Steunenberg. I was told that Orchard warned the young Japanese who performed the functions of chambermaid that the chemicals in his room were dangerous; that he went up the side of a mountain and set off explosives; that, after the tragedy, he remarked to other guests at the

hotel that he was in the lobby of the hotel five minutes after the explosion occurred, and that he said to one of the barbers in the barber shop that he wondered why they did not take him and ask him questions as they were doing with other strangers in town. I was also informed that, on the night preceding the tragedy, Steunenberg was so sleepless that his wife got up and read the Bible to him, that the next day he was unfit for business, and that, on that same day, he closed up a life insurance contract so that it would be binding. All of which looks like suicide, but, on that theory, there would be no place for Orchard to come in. It probably was a premonition of disaster on Steunenberg's part. I was also told that Orchard left chemicals lying about his room after the explosion, and a fish line matching the one tied to Steunenberg's gate. A Pinkerton detective joined Local Caldwell of the Socialist Party soon after the tragedy. He and another, a bona fide member of the local, were hired by the Moyer-Haywood-Pettibone defense to get affidavits for a change of venue and to get information regarding possible jurors in Canyon County. I was told that the detective tried to get the Moyer-Haywood-Pettibone defense to attempt some jury bribery, but failed. The detective's associates on the defense, I was told, suspected ~~this~~ him but did not discover for a certainty that he was a detective until the itemized statement of the ~~trial~~ expenses of the trial were published, whereupon certain items showed that they were incurred by him. I was told that he not only deceived the socialist local and the defense but that he defrauded the state in a small way; that he charged up money as having been paid as polltax without paying the tax. Of course all this is hearsay in so far as I am concerned; I am only quoting others.

Local Caldwell had become disorganized, partly because of the activities of the detective, so I was told. I reorganized it. At Boise, where the trial was held, I secured ten new members of Local Boise at the close of a splendid meeting.

At Twin Falls, Idaho, I organized the largest local of the tour, with

38 members. It was a boom town. Being unable to secure quarters at the public houses, I was invited by Comrade H. H. Friedheim to make use of a shack which he owned and which he used for the purpose of displaying the electrical supplies in which he was dealing. He and two other men were living in an adjoining shack. It was necessary for me to get up at five o'clock the following morning in order to make the train for my next date. All three of the men were sure they would wake up in time to come over and awaken me; but Comrade Friedheim - who was a very fine fellow - took an additional precaution. He had invented an electrical clock which, when placed at the right point in a stove, would strike a match and light a fire at the proper time in the morning. For lack of an alarm clock, he set a tin can on the stand in the shack I was using and then set the clock in such a position that the apparatus which usually swung the match around would kick the tin can off the stand and onto the floor at five o'clock, so that the noise would wake me up. I went to bed, slept soundly, and, as I was in the habit of doing regardless of alarm clocks or raps by hotel clerks, etc., awoke at the time when I wanted to do so, namely, somewhat before five o'clock on that occasion. I got up. Wishing to see the cute clock kick the can off the stand, I did not remove the can but expected it to go clattering. However, by the time I had finished my toilet, at a quarter past five, the clock had not gone off; the can was still there, as serene as could be. I then went over to the adjoining shack, grip in hand, and woke up my three friends to bid them goodby. They were a little taken aback when they found that neither they nor the wonderful clock had called me.

At Rupert, Idaho, National Committeeman E. L. Rigg drove me out to an irrigation camp where I spoke in the dining tent to a shivering audience, after which Comrade Rigg and I made our bed on the ground in one of the sleeping tents, with wraps which we had brought along.

When I spoke at Rupert, Comrade Rigg was the chairman of the meeting. He asked me beforehand if I would announce a collection ^{near} the close of the

meeting. I said I wouldn't if I could get out of it, as it was my custom to leave that to the chairman. We agreed that he was to make the announcement. When the time came for him to do so, he smiled and said, "I once read a book. The title of the book was What's So and What Isn't. The author of the book was John M. Work. In that book there was a chapter on The Dirty Work; and in that chapter the author promised to do the dirty work himself." Just then Mrs. Rigg added, "under socialism," and that sprung the trap which her husband was laying for me so nicely.

From October 3 to November 3, 1908, I was on tour, partly as candidate for United States senator in Iowa, and partly outside of that state, visiting the following places: Persia, Council Bluffs, Logan, Missouri Valley, Sioux City, Le Mars, Sheldon, and Rock Rapids, Iowa; Sioux Falls, South Dakota; Round Lake, Slayton, Sleepy Eye, Morgan, Franklin, Wayzata, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Robbinsville, and Redwing, Minnesota; Cedar Falls, Waterloo, Bellevue, Dubuque, Maquoketa, Clinton, Davenport, Muscatine, and Marshalltown, Iowa. I spoke twice in St. Paul and three times in Minneapolis. Morgan, Minnesota, was the only unorganized place to which I was sent. There I organized a local with five members.

From February 8 to February 27, 1909, I made a tour in southwestern Iowa, visiting the following places: Earlham, Menlo, Guthrie Center, Anita, Lewis, Griswold, Essex, Shenandoah, Hamburg, Glenwood, Malvern, Silver City, Hastings, Red Oak, Corning, Creston, New Market, Gravity, Lamoni, Leon, and Mt. Ayr. I organized three locals - at Griswold, Hamburg, and Lamoni, and secured sixteen members at large.

From March 8 to March 27, 1909, I made a tour in Iowa, visiting the following places: Albia, Hamilton, Hiteman, Eddyville, Eldon, Keokuk, Ft. Madison, Fairfield, Hedrick, What Cheer, Iowa City, Cedar Rapids, Luzerne, Belle Plaine, Tama, Newton, and Baxter. I organized six locals: at Albia, Hamilton, Fairfield, What Cheer, Iowa City, and Luzerne; reorganized the locals at Cedar Rapids and Belle Plaine; and secured 21 members at large.

From October 4, 1909, to May 4, 1910, under the direction of the national

office, I made my longest tour - seven months, with a few days of rest, in Los Angeles, at the turn of the year. I visited the following places: Rockford and Freeport, Illinois; Albert Lea, Mankato, and Pipestone, Minnesota; Lake Preston, Brookings, Watertown, Aberdeen, Huron, Pierre, Ft. Pierre, Rapid City, and the Black Hills, South Dakota; Sheridan, Wyoming; Billings, Livingston, Bozeman, Morris, Butte, Anaconda, Helena, Great Falls, Phillipsburg, Stevensville, Missoula, and Plains, Montana; Spokane, Colville, Malo, Oroville, Outlook, Ellensburg, Puyallup, Tacoma, Seattle, Poulsbo, Everett, Granite Falls, Silvana, Sedro-Woolley, Bellingham, Friday Harbor, Elma, and Hoquiam, Washington; Salem, Albany, Corvallis, Roseburg, Grants Pass, and Medford, Oregon; Chico, Rocklin, Elk Grove, Fresno, Bakersfield, Los Angeles, and San Diego, California; Ogden, Garfield, Tooele, Eureka, Payson, Nephi, Ephraim, Manti, Salina, Richfield, Monroe, Mt. Pleasant, Springville, Provo, Lehi, Salt Lake, Brigham, Logan, Huntsville, Peterson, Park City, Sandy, Draper, Pleasant Grove, Scofield, Helper, Price, and Green River, Utah; Grand Junction, Creede, Teller, Twin Lakes, Brush, Longmont, Boulder, Denver, Cripple Creek, and Holly, Colorado; El Reno, Calumet, Oklahoma City, Springer, Ardmore, Healdton, Brock, Tribbey, Shawnee, Stillwater, Glencoe, and Guthrie, Oklahoma; Lincoln, Stromsburg, Litchfield, Mason City, Broken Bow, Madison Square, Taylor, Sargent, Comstock, North Platte, Gothenburg, Brady, Farnam, Maywood, Marion, Danbury, Alma, Franklin, Fairbury, Wahoo, Fremont, Omaha, and South Omaha, Nebraska.

On this tour I was sent mostly to organized places and therefore had little opportunity to do organizing work, but I organized six locals, reorganized nine lapsed locals, organized six member-at-large communities, secured six isolated members at large, and secured a number of members of locals that were already organized.

I took lots of subscriptions to socialist publications. Among these were something over a hundred subscriptions for Wilshire's Magazine, for which I received a premium in the form of a gold, hunting-case Waltham watch

which proved to have lasting qualities. On the outside of the front of the case were engraved an arm and torch and a scroll with the words "Socialism the Hope of the World." On the outside of the inner rear part of the case was engraved the following: "Presented to John M. Work by Wilshire's Magazine for activity in the cause of Socialism. April 9, 1910." If I had cared to concentrate on Wilshire's I could have secured a thousand subscribers, as Tom Mooney did, and the premium would have been to have my expenses paid to the international Socialist congress at Copenhagen, Denmark; but it would hardly have been the right thing for a national organizer and lecturer to do that, thus neglecting the other socialist publications.

The tour was so long that, toward the end of it, the things that had happened in the early weeks of the tour seemed like ancient history.

One of the early incidents ^{occurred} in South Dakota on my way westward in the fall of 1909. I wrote an article about it, and the article was published in the Chicago Daily Socialist, as follows:

Oh, of course most people call them land seekers instead of land suckers. But then I am a stickler for accuracy.

The government of the United States recently opened for entry the Standing Rock and Cheyenne River Indian reservations in the Dakotas. From October 3 to 23 the registration books were open, and any eligible man or woman in America could register and take chances on drawing a "lucky" number.

Did I say any?

I take it all back.

Anybody who had the time and money to go to Dakota could register. Aberdeen, Pierre and two or three other places in South Dakota were the registering points. Each person who wanted to register had to journey from his home, no matter how distant, to one of these points. Once there, it took about five minutes to make oath to the registration blank.

Then, after taking in the wonderful sideshows provided for the purpose of giving him the privilege of dropping what coin he had left, it was necessary for him to wend his way homeward again. For the "lucky" ten thousand do not enter their claims until next April. There are about ten thousand quarter sections to be entered.

Several times that number of persons registered. Those who did not draw "lucky" numbers have had to waste their time and money going to Dakota and back. Those who did draw "lucky" numbers have to make two trips instead of one.

Meanwhile millions of homeless people throughout the country wanted to register but could not afford to go to Dakota in order to do so.

"But," you indignantly exclaim, "why on earth did they not let people go to any postoffice in America and register, instead of requiring them to go to Dakota?"

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Dear, unsophisticated reader, you appear to be laboring under the impression that the land was opened for the purpose of giving homeless American citizens an opportunity to carve out homes for themselves.

But the truth is that it was opened for the purpose of enabling the railroads and business men to rob the already disinherited of their last nickel.

Can't you see that if people had been allowed to register at their local postoffices there would not have been any graft in it for the railroads?

Can't you see that if people had been allowed to register at their local postoffices there would not have been any graft in it for the business men at the registration points?

What do you suppose our capitalist government is for, anyway?

To provide homes for the homeless?

Well, you're dead easy.

You're about as easy as the land suckers.

I happened to be in South Dakota when the registration was going on.

I was scheduled to go to both Aberdeen and Pierre. Various people urged me to register while there, asserting that it was the chance of a lifetime. I studied the question pretty thoroughly and decided that it was the chance of a lifetime to get beautifully skinned.

While on one of the crowded trains headed for Aberdeen I inadvertently referred to the land suckers as innocents abroad, and I nearly got mobbed. It was a good deal safer to use that expression after they had been to the registration point and had talked with people who had personally inspected the land.

They had been willing to overlook the railroad graft so long as they thought there ~~was~~ a reasonable chance to secure good and cheap homes. But when they discovered that the price the government was charging for the land was equal to what they could buy land for elsewhere, and that an enormous expenditure of money and labor would be necessary in order to make it habitable, and that it would still be poor land after all this was done, they began to realize that they had been cleverly buncoed.

A good many of them put on a brave countenance, but they were ready to admit that they were not very anxious to be among the "lucky" ten thousand.

Most of them will consider themselves lucky if they are not "lucky."

Pursuing my policy of noncommittal inquiry, when I arrived at Aberdeen and met the well-known socialist agitator, E. Francis Atwood, I asked him if there was a reasonable opportunity to get a good home at small cost on the new land. He replied, "Oh, yes, there's a chance out there to make five or two thousand dollars of easy money."

I thought I detected a suspicion of a wink in his off eye, so I inquired, "Did you register?" and he hastened to vindicate himself from suckerdome with an emphatic negative.

I met a cowboy who told me that he had for several days been trying to register at Pierre but the registration booth was beyond a saloon, and he had never been able to get any farther than the saloon. Being an alleged ~~opportunistic~~ opportunist, I advised him to walk around the block next time and approach the booth from the other side.

These incidents show how the local residents look upon the project. Very few of them registered. They knew it was a railroad and business men's graft. They knew the land was covered with rocky buttes. They knew that water had to be hauled for miles or secured by drilling artesian wells at a cost of from several hundred to several thousand dollars. They knew that the best land had been reserved for the Indians and for town sites. They did not want any "lucky" numbers in theirs.

The maps of these reservations - the maps published before it was decided to open them for settlement - are covered with lines to show

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the mountains or buttes.

The maps published since then are distinguished by the entire absence of these marks, giving the impression that it is all tillable land.

The railroads have the money. Several tens of thousands of suckers have the experience. Ten thousand of them are destined to secure additional experience. And the capitalist government at Washington still lives.

But how long?

Of course it was quite proper to reserve some good land for the Indians, if that was done, since the whole region had been stolen from the Indians in the first place. Otherwise the entire proceeding was a disgrace.

When I reached Spokane, Washington, the I. W. W. was having a fight with the city authorities over the right to hold open-air meetings. Although the I. W. W.'s everywhere, because they were opposed to political action, were mean and malignant toward the socialists, nevertheless the local comrades at Spokane were co-operating with them in the free speech struggle. Of course we socialists believed in freedom of speech and coveted the right for ourselves as well as others. Two hall meetings of protest had been arranged. I spoke at both of them, alternating with Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, who was the other main speaker. Other speakers filled in while she and I were going from one meeting to the other, so she and I did not meet on that occasion. As the meetings, unlike those held in Chicago on the occasion when I defied the police, were held indoors, there was no danger of arrest.

At the close of my lecture in one of the places in the western half of the state of Washington a stocky young man asked me if it would be all right for him to take subscriptions for Wilshire's Magazine among the members of the audience. I told him to go to it. He got a few subscriptions, and he told me that his name was Tom Mooney, that he lived in San Francisco, and that he was seeking to get a thousand subs for Wilshire's so that, as a premium, his expenses would be paid to the international socialist congress at Copenhagen. I wished him good luck and did not expect to see him again; but the next evening he again appeared at my meeting. I told him I did not see him on the train. He said he was on the train all right but that he beat his way. He explained that it was his custom to beat his way from place to place

and then, at each place, stop at the home of some socialist, so that he did not have to pay either railroad fare or hotel bills. The third night he again appeared at my meeting. I think the three places were Puyallup, Tacoma, and Seattle, and that the reason I did not see him again was that I then went across Puget Sound to speak at Poulsbo, and it was not so easy for him to beat his way to that place. I did not know until later, when Comrade Floaten told me, that Tom had helped with the sale of literature on the Red Special in 1908. His name became well known when he was sent to prison on a charge of being connected with a bomb-throwing plot in San Francisco. I did not admire him but I believed him to be innocent of that charge.

Somewhere along the line I picked up a case of granulated eyelids. Probably I got them from a roller towel in some hotel. When I reached Sacramento I found that one of the active socialists was a doctor. I wish I could remember his name, for he was very kind to me. He gave me a medicine to drop into my eyes, together with a dropper to do it with. There was a sort of a sty - I guess that's what it was - on one of my lower eyelids. He said it had better be taken off. I understood him to mean that, being pressed more or less by winking, the irritation might cause it to develop into a cancer. I said it would be okay with me for him to take it off. He and another comrade were with me in his office at the time. I was sitting upright when he gouged it off. I fainted. When I came to, which no doubt was only a few seconds later, they had me lying on my back on the floor. He gave me a sip of something. I think it was whiskey. Undoubtedly he intended it as a stimulant, and was excusable for thinking so, as not until later did the medical profession discover that it is a narcotic or depressant. But I didn't need a stimulant anyhow. I rapidly recovered from the slight operation and the granulation. For recovery from the latter I dropped the medicine in my eyes each day for a few weeks. The doctor declined to charge me anything for his services. He unquestionably looked upon them as a contribution to the cause. They were that, but they helped me too, and I still feel grateful to him.

At the turn of the year I was given a few vacant dates in Los Angeles. Naturally I enjoyed them. I got out in the sun part of the time and spent part of it in the public library. I had a visit with Job Harriman in his law office. I went outside the city and watched men trying to make some primitive airplanes fly; one or two of them did skim along close to the ground. If I remember correctly it was while browsing in the public library there that I became conscious of the fact that the publishers of Who's Who in America probably would put my skeleton biography in the book if they had it. I sent it to them and they put it in. ~~Publishers~~ In many places, on that and other tours, the public library was a boon to me.

During the latter part of the tour I wrote some X Rays, a few times, for the Chicago Daily Socialist, ~~Chicago Daily Socialist~~ and the New York Daily Call. Some were in the nature of field notes. One installment was as follows:

Passing from Colorado into Kansas I began to notice that nearly every passenger carried a collapsible drinking cup and that the news agent kept such cups for sale; also that there was no cup at the water tank. This was so unusual that I inquired about it and found that a state law had been passed in order to abolish the common drinking cup in public places.

I have no quarrel with that law. Doubtless it will save many lives by prevention of infection. I do not want it repealed.

But I do want to call attention to the fact that the very passing of such a law is a confession of physical degeneracy.

Why do we need it?

We need it because so many people carry disease germs around on their lips. Because so many people are in a diseased condition.

Perhaps we should have separate drinking cups merely as a matter of decency. Yet there is nothing unclean about a healthy person's lips, unless he deliberately makes them so by the use of tobacco or liquor or some other filthy substance. I know we did not use to mind such things when we all drank out of the same jug in the harvest field. Anyhow, decency did not enter into the passing of this law. It was purely a matter of health. It was necessary in order to prevent, to some extent, the spread of disease.

But there was a time in this country when a disease germ had little or no terrors. It had little or no terrors because most of the people were able to live healthy, natural lives. A person who lives a healthy, natural life is immune from disease.

Since that time the capitalist system has closed in upon us and thrown its tentacles around us and injected its poison into our veins. It has compelled us to work all our lives for a bare living. It has deprived us of the time, the means and the opportunity to live as sanitary lives as we would like. It has surrounded us with a million menaces to our health.

As a natural result, disease has been ravaging the people in an appalling manner. We have been degenerating physically.

To arrest this physical degeneracy we must abolish capitalism. Then

we will have the time, the means and the opportunity to live sanitary, healthy and natural lives.

Meantime, we must do all in our power to ease the situation. Socialists and workingmen generally should make a study of the principles of health, and put those principles into practice just as far as possible. By this means, workingmen and their families can vastly improve their physical health even under present conditions.

And this will improve their mental health too. It will multiply their power to fight their way to liberty against the capitalist class.

I would amend the foregoing X Ray by saying that in the earlier days in this country the people did not have nearly as much immunity to disease as I gave them credit for. Vast numbers of them died of typhoid fever and other ailments. They did not have so many opportunities to degenerate themselves but they were all too prone to avail themselves of such opportunities for degeneracy as they had.

I had long been disturbed about the discrimination against Negroes in the North, but Jim Crow laws aroused me still more, as this X Ray indicates:

When we were bowling southward toward the Oklahoma line a young colored woman and her little boy boarded the train. They sat in the regular day car with the rest of us. They were cleanly and well behaved. In fact, they were much better behaved than some of the white people in the car.

At Arkansas City, which is near the line, this little colored woman took her little boy by the hand and led him into the Jim Crow car.

For they have a Jim Crow law in Oklahoma - "advanced" Oklahoma - Lord save the mark!

And a female white idiot, who does not deserve to be called a woman, snickered and made a brainless remark about the young colored woman and her little boy.

It takes a mighty small mind to harbor race prejudice.

When a person is prejudiced against the Negro race, he shows by that fact that he is inferior to a Negro.

Race prejudice cannot find lodgment in a broad mind.

Chilocco is just across the line in Oklahoma. It is one of those wee villages where box cars are used for depots. But they have to use two box cars in the illustrious village of Chilocco. One of them bears the sign, "White waiting room." The other bears the sign, "Negro waiting room." For the law requires it. "Advanced" Oklahoma!

Oklahoma is advanced in one way.

It has a big and vigorous socialist movement.

My write-up of the Jim Crow incident brought forth a criticism, in the Chicago Daily Socialist, from a southerner, whereupon I wrote another X Ray on the subject:

It seems that I am not opportunistic enough to suit my southern comrade critic, who takes exceptions to my write-up of the Oklahoma Jim Crow law.

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It is refreshing to receive a jab from that side. I have been hammered on the other side by the impossibleists until I have acquired a hide like an alligator on that side. It is gratifying to find one comrade who thinks I am not sufficiently opportunistic.

I really do not see how any man with a spark of manhood in him could have witnessed that scene of the young colored woman and her little boy, and the brainless female white idiot, without a protest. I have tried to train myself to become hard-hearted, in order that I might not become broken-hearted on account of the infamies of the present conditions, but it seems that I am not sufficiently caloused. That scene made my blood boil.

The following X Ray was about an incident that took place earlier in the tour. The smelter town in question was Garfield, Utah. The comrades there and I walked two or three miles to a comrade's house, in the evening, and organized a local. There were not chairs enough for all, so some of the comrades sat on the floor, leaning back against the wall. The X Ray follows:

After I have been in a smelter town, or any other place where most of the workingmen are scared to death and do not dare to call their souls their own, I have to do something to shake off the hoodoo. With apologies to William Cullen Bryant, I repeat the incantation: "So live that you can look any damn man in the eye and tell him to go to hell!"

As to how many repetitions of this incantation it takes to drive away the hoodoo, it depends upon the place.

I know of one smelter town where an attempt was made to organize a union. The rendezvous was at a store outside of town. The office of the company was on a hill overlooking the surrounding country. From this castle they scoured the country with a field glass. Each workingman who was seen going out to the rendezvous received his discharge.

I stole into that town unobserved and organized a socialist local. May it live long and prosper!

As I had regularly urged socialist propaganda among the farmers I was delighted to have the opportunity to write the following:

Many and various are the experiences of a field worker for the cause. Any lecturer or organizer could recite a long array of them, both humorous and otherwise. They run all the way from bedbugs up - or down.

One of the mildest of these experiences was a recent twenty-five mile ride that I took in the mail stage from Ardmore to Healdton, Oklahoma.

I do not know that the stage had been used before the revolutionary war, but it certainly was ancient. The back of the seat was a leather affair, with spirals which were supposed to hold the leather in place and give it a springy effect. But, two of the spirals had broken loose from their moorings. When I tried to lean back, they gave me a dig in the vertebrae. Jonathan Edwards never had a better device for keeping a man upright. Twenty-five miles of that sort of thing gave me a good massage.

It is scarcely necessary to add that the stage driver was a very contented man who thought the reason the people are poor is because they don't work hard enough.

But it was worth it to reach Healdton.

Though the town is twenty-five miles from the railroad, there is nothing primitive or backward about the people of the vicinity. Of course they live in wretched shacks, but that is because they have to.

I found one of the liveliest of locals there. They carried the precinct at the last election, and they are now busily engaged in converting the remainder of the population. They are also acting as a base of supplies in order to carry the war into the county, the state, and the nation.

This local has originated one of the most brilliant plans for raising propaganda funds ever yet devised.

The members are farming a co-operative cotton patch of twelve acres. The proceeds will go to the cause. At an average yield and price, this will net from three to five hundred dollars for socialist propaganda.

They selected one comrade as manager of the co-operative field. All comrades in the vicinity donate labor.

Their example is being followed by other locals in Oklahoma. The result is that there will be at least sixty acres, and perhaps over a hundred acres, farmed co-operatively for the benefit of the cause in Oklahoma this year.

Country locals in other states, take notice. This is an example for you to follow. Throughout the South, every country local should have a cotton field, or some other kind of a field, devoted to the cause. In the North, where cotton does not grow, it is easy to plant a co-operative cornfield or potato patch. Get busy and do it.

And you impossibleists, take notice. You who would bar the farmers out of the movement. Have you ever done anything for the cause that can be compared with the work these farmers are doing? For shame! Quit croaking and go to work for socialism.

Another X Ray from the Oklahoma scene was as follows:

You never can tell how great a cumulative effect a little effort for the cause may have.

Four years ago I made a ~~little~~ talk at the little town of Weleetka, Oklahoma, then Indian Territory. It was a threatening, vicious afternoon. Whole families drove in from the country to attend the meeting. Some of the women were on the border of hysterics because they were afraid there was going to be a tornado. The children cried a good deal.

Under these circumstances I tried to be patient, but I went away from the meeting feeling dissatisfied with my effort and somewhat depressed.

I have learned to take things philosophically, however, and I never allow anything to discourage me. In the face of all depressing circumstances I repeat Susan B. Anthony's famous phrase, "Failure is impossible."

But the meeting was not a total failure after all.

Four years later I have just learned that an elderly couple living at another town attended that meeting. It was their first introduction to socialism. It started them in the right direction. Soon after that, they joined their home local, and they have been enthusiastic workers for the cause ever since.

So, I say, you never can tell. Sometimes, when you think you have done things up brown, the seed will fall on stony places, and sometimes when you think you have made a fizzle, the seed will reach fertile soil.

- this, of course, was 1910 -

One morning in April, at a town in Oklahoma, I waited anxiously for outside papers to arrive so that I could learn the result of the election in Milwaukee. I was jubilant when I learned that we had carried the city, I

with Emil Seidel at the head of the ticket as mayor.

wrote some X Rays about that also. ~~But they belong to another chapter~~

The last state in which I made speeches on this long tour was Nebraska. This X Ray installment came from there:

A drive of forty miles, more or less, through the sand hills of Nebraska, took me from Broken Bow to Madison Square.

Madison Square is the name of a school district and of a rural socialist local.

At the close of our drive we pulled up at a little Modern Woodmen hall, standing alone by the roadside, covered on the outside with rusty sheet iron. On the inside, the ceiling and side walls were lined with ceiling lumber. Some of the window sash were guiltless of panes.

There was no stand. I used a stove instead. The farmers were working late and were tardy in arriving. By nine o'clock the hall was full. A brass band of nine pieces, a majority of the players being socialists, farmers in their working clothes, furnished excellent music. About half past nine I was introduced. And that crowd actually stuck until eleven o'clock.

But what I started out to say is that this farmers' local has the true missionary spirit. In addition to thoroughly working the neighborhood, they are carrying the propaganda into the town of Taylor, the county seat of Loup County.

A few months ago they fathered a meeting at Taylor for Clyde L. Wright. While speaking in the court house he was treated to an egg shower from the outside. The first egg, however, knocked the prop out from under the window, so that it fell and stopped most of the other eggs.

The eggs were thrown by youths who were evidently instructed by the highly respectable Republican politicians of the town.

Local Madison Square, still unterrified, applied for two dates for myself, and it billed a meeting the second night at Taylor.

I have been through so many tight places without a scratch that I have begun to believe I bear a charmed life.

So, when I discovered that the comrades were guarding my person, after we arrived at Taylor, I thought it was a needless precaution. But they knew better than I.

We had a full house, composed ~~mainly~~ of those who really wanted to hear.

They listened very attentively. The trouble took place on the outside, and we on the inside knew nothing of it until after the meeting closed.

Two of the comrades had been on guard. The young rowdies stole up and began to throw eggs. The guards drove them away, but in the melee one of the comrades was struck by a brick and knocked senseless.

That frightened the assailants and they took to cover. Later, when I had retired to my room in the hotel, a group of choice spirits under my window were diligently getting outside of a flask of whiskey. Between drinks they were cursing your humble servant and describing the nice little tortures to which they would like to subject him.

But we injected ideas into the heads of a number of people in that town. We have a number of them reading socialist papers and books. And we secured two members at large, with more a-coming. Local Madison Square will keep up the attack until the town capitulates and forms a local.

Is there a town in your vicinity which is unorganized? If so, learn from Local Madison Square. Get the missionary spirit and go after it.

When I listened to those rowdies under my window at the hotel in Taylor I do not know that they knew I was in that particular room, but I did not take any chances. Although very much in the habit of sleeping with the window

open, I left the window closed, and the shade down, that night.

My experience in getting out of the buggy to open gates, and getting back in again, led me to write the following installment of X Rays:

An agitator who drives through the sand hills of Nebraska should be prepared to open a million most fearfully and wonderfully made gates, for the roads lie through the fields.

He should also be prepared to face a wind that blows about a million miles an hour.

The farmers out here use barbed wire fences for telephone purposes. All they have to do is to run a wire out from the house to the fence. Of course where one of the million gates is located they have to make a rude arch and run the wire overhead.

You may think this is a fish story, but, honest injun, hope to die, it is the truth.

And it works just as well as any other telephone. One man told me that the barbs on the barbed wire caused the phone to stutter, but he was afflicted with a sense of humor.

We used one of these barbed wire telephones to organize a school district local - that is, we secured the fifth name that made it possible to form the local.

And here is another installment of X Rays inspired by the tour:

You may remember my piece about the co-operative cotton patches in Oklahoma, planted and tended for the benefit of the cause.

Well, it has borne fruit.

Or, rather, it is bearing corn.

Local Jeffrey, Nebraska, is a farmer local which meets in a sod school house. It has about sixteen members in good standing. They have rented twenty acres of corn ground, to be farmed co-operatively and the proceeds to go to the cause. On the days when they work at it they will take their dinner along and have a picnic.

It is a magnificent plan.

And it is not too late for all other rural locals to take it up. Where ground is scarce, a potato patch might be better.

Such a plan, if widely adopted, can easily put literature into the hands of the entire surrounding population. And it can easily put all the socialist papers on their feet financially.

There are plenty of city and town locals that could work this plan, too, especially the potato patch.

Don't just read this only.

Bring it up in your local and put the plan into operation. Call a special meeting of the local for the purpose if necessary.

This same Local Jeffrey is working another excellent plan.

At every meeting each member lays on the table the price of a socialist paper. The money is used for the purpose of sending a socialist paper to persons whom they have been unable to get to subscribe.

The secretary of the local, Otis O. Moss, says, "We keep a list of these names so that we will not duplicate them at the next meeting. A campaign of this kind cannot fail. The people cannot withstand it. We are getting results. We have reached almost every house in the neighborhood. It's real, comrades, and we have the results to show for it. Go to it. It's a winner."

At the last election we elected part of our ticket in that township.

After finishing that long tour I went to work in the national office.

Although I had moved to Chicago I had some intention to return to Des Moines, hence I retained my citizenship in Iowa. The comrades there nominated me for governor again in 1910. The national office gave me a leave of absence to tour the state. From September 26 until the November election I made the tour, visiting the following places: Dubuque, Strawberry Point, West Union, Waterloo, Lehigh, Livermore, Sioux City, Council Bluffs, Shenandoah, Sidney, Creston, Chariton, Ottumwa, Fort Madison, Muscatine, Davenport, Maquoketa, Grinnell, Des Moines, Bussey, Everist, Hiteman, Avery, Harvey, Enterprise, Belle Plaine, Marshalltown, Fraser, Pocahontas, Emmetsburg, Mason City, St. Ansgar, Charles City, Cresco, Cedar Rapids, Hayesville, and Burlington. I had unusually large audiences at most places. I organized locals at West Union, Chariton, and St. Ansgar. I organized member at large communities at Strawberry Point, Harvey, and Hayesville. I reorganized the locals at Everist, Fraser, and Mason City. I organized women's committees or secured isolated women correspondents at Livermore, Council Bluffs, Creston, Ottumwa, Des Moines, Hiteman, Avery, Harvey, Belle Plaine, Pocahontas, Mason City, Charles City, Cedar Rapids, Hayesville, and Burlington.

Some weeks previous to the beginning of the tour I challenged the Republican candidate for governor of Iowa, B. F. Carroll, to a series of joint debates. The challenge was published in the Chicago Daily Socialist of August 9, 1910. I did not receive any reply to the challenge.

While on tour I had an experience at Emmetsburg, Iowa, which I wrote up and which was published in the Chicago Daily Socialist of December 1, 1910. I borrowed a title from Shakespeare - The Taming of the Shrew. It follows:

While indulging a bad habit of running for governor of Iowa I recently made a six weeks' speaking tour in that state. The incident herein related happened on that tour. It is all true except that the name is fictitious.

In a certain country town I was informed that there lived a woman who was known as a "bad egg." She had disturbed the Republican governor's meeting when he spoke there. She had butted into the Democratic candidate's meeting in a similar manner. She had tried to publicly horsewhip a lawyer who was on the opposite side of a case in which she was interested. Several times she had "bawled him out" and given him a caustic tongue-lashing as he was coming out of church

on Sunday, in the presence of the congregation.

This lawyer was an acquaintance of mine. He took pains to give me timely warning of the young woman's habits. He called her a vixen, a shrew, a termagant, a virago, and other less choice epithets. He said she would sure be at my meeting and would sure try to disturb it. The last thing he said to me was, "Now, look out for Jennie Murphy and be prepared to squelch her." I said I would. I had been told of so many dire tragedies that were going to happen at my meetings, but did not materialize, that I was somewhat sceptical. Yet the woman had such a bad reputation that I had a suspicion that this case might prove to be an exception.

When I went to the meeting, several women were there, and I did not ask whether Jennie Murphy was one of them or not. But I saw one woman, sitting alone, with a sort of a hunted look on her face, and I sized her up as being the famous Jennie.

I nerved myself for any fate at her hands and proceeded to drive spikes into the coffins of the Insurgents and the Democrats. All the while I kept my weather eye out for Jennie. She followed my every motion like a hungry dog follows the motions of a piecing boy, but made no move.

I then launched into an effort to make the principles of socialism as clear as daylight to the audience. I lost myself in this effort and plumb forgot about Jennie.

While thus forgetful I approached the subject of women. It was my custom to state the position of the party on the subject of woman's political and industrial emancipation, to try to get women members, and to form women's committees wherever possible. Mindful of the sort of town I was speaking in, I said:

"There are ample reasons of policy and expediency why women should have the ballot - but - woman is a human being, and THEREFORE, without any need of any additional reason, she has an absolute right to an equal voice and vote in making the laws which she is compelled to obey."

When I said that, up went Jennie's hands high in the air and - biff - she brought them together with a report like a gun.

For an instant I thought someone had fired a revolver at me, and I dodged. The whole audience was startled until they saw what had happened. Then a smile went around, and some joined her in clapping. She kept up the fusillade so noisily that I had to stop and wait for her to get through.

From that time on, she was with me in everything I said, and she peppered my remarks with applause, to the amazement of her neighbors, who had never observed her in any other role except that of attack. I concluded that she wasn't so bad after all.

And that's how I tamed the shrew.

Of course that incident happened previous to the time when women achieved the right to vote.

At Maquoketa, Iowa, after speaking in a warm hall, and perspiring while speaking, I stood out in the cold on the street while conversing with some of the comrades who wanted to talk with me, and I became chilly. That night I noticed a looseness in my throat. From then on I developed a cough, which, with attendant bringing up of mucous, got steadily worse. I do not

suppose the trouble all started at Maquoketa, but standing out in the cold while sweating apparently was the precipitating cause. I went on with my meetings, ending with a splendid one at Burlington. Immediately after that meeting, and after the last goodbys had been said, as I was walking to the hotel I became very sick. Returning to Chicago the next day, I went right back to work in the national office, but I was sick and it took many weeks to get well. The Burlington episode was as if some invisible helper had held me up until I had made the last speech and then let go. But this story of illness belongs in the chapter on Experiments in Health Building.

Although I made a short lecture trip in the fall of 1913, mentioned in the chapter on Chicago, the tour in Iowa in the fall of 1910 seems the logical close of my series of tours for socialism, beginning in July, 1904, and ending late in 1910, and therefore the fitting place to close this chapter. This touring for socialism was an enlightening and broadening experience - and I hope it served the cause, as that was the purpose. Regardless of the fact that the Socialist Party did not get much of anywhere politically, all the effort was worth while because of its educational value. Later events in the nation proved conclusively that we ^{socialists} had educated millions of the people in the right direction. This made our lives worth living.

CHICAGO

One of the first things I did, after getting somewhat settled in Chicago, was to co-operate with Barney Berlyn, September 22 and 23, 1909, in auditing the books of the national secretary, J. Mahlon Barnes.

On October 4, 1909, I started on that longest tour, which lasted until May 4, 1910.

While I was away, the folks moved to 5647 Kimbark Avenue.

I wrote X Rays for the Chicago Daily Socialist and the Sunday edition of the New York Call a number of times while in the field. They dealt largely with matters suggested by my field experiences.

At the party referendum in January, 1910, I was defeated for re-election to the national executive committee. As for alibis, there were plenty of them. The Appeal to Reason, which reached nearly every party member, opposed me because I had been on the committee ever since it was created, and the Appeal believed in rotation. The Oakland World opposed me because I was not an impossibleist. The Montana Socialist opposed me because the editor did not like me. The Social Democratic Herald, of Milwaukee, opposed me because I favored the preferential system of electing ~~the~~ members of the committee. The Milwaukee comrades sent out a circular in which they promoted seven candidates, and they worded the circular in such a way as to make it appear that all the other candidates were anarchists. And so. But why dig up alibis? One has a right to be defeated once in a while, hasn't he?

While I was on tour, National Secretary Barnes wrote to me asking if I would accept a position in the national office, in which I was to act as a correspondent in matters of literature and supplies and look after the unorganized states and attend to many miscellaneous matters. I agreed to do so. It was arranged that I was to go to work right after the adjournment of the socialist congress, as the convention was called, in May, 1910.

At the socialist congress I was a delegate from Iowa. And talk about

getting on people's nerves!

The first day of the congress - held in a hall in the Masonic Temple in Chicago - was consumed in getting organized and hearing the report of the national secretary. The next morning the first report called for was the report on organization which the national executive committee had put me on the program to make. Nearly all of my report related directly to matters of organization. But there were two paragraphs - the first paragraph and one other - in which I said that party members should have high character, that it was the duty of each member, by word and action, to be a standing recommendation for the cause, that where the members were Booze-fighters or unreliable persons the movement was standing still, and that we should study health and practice right living and have instruction and drill in such matters.

A few comrades "hit the ceiling." Apparently they did not hear any of the report except those two paragraphs. John Spargo and Robert Hunter were two of the main ones who assailed the report. Someone made a motion not to print the report. There was a long and hot discussion, at the close of which a motion was passed to elect an expurgating committee which was to go over the report and expurgate it. I was supposed to be in disgrace in the meanwhile. However, on the day previous, I had been elected as a member of the committee on constitution. I was active in that committee, which held its sessions in a room in the Palmer House. I brought before the committee various proposed constitutional amendments which I had detailed and recommended in my report on organization. The committee on constitution adopted many of them. Later, when the committee on constitution reported to the congress, it naturally did not state where it got the various recommendations which it made. The congress adopted a nice lot of the amendments, ^{I had} recommended in my report on organization, without ^{realizing} ~~knowing~~ that they came from it.

About the last thing on the last day of the congress was the report of the expurgating committee. It reported that it did not concur in the

preamble of my report on organization, evidently meaning both of the offending paragraphs, but it did not do any expurgating. It seemed rather ashamed of the task that had been assigned to it. It recommended the election of a committee of five to prepare a plan of organization to be submitted to the convention of 1912. As it was the right, under the rules, of the person making a report to close the discussion, I asked for and got the floor. In my talk I quoted from the writings of both John Spargo and Robert Hunter to prove that they agreed with what I had said in that "preamble." When I closed my remarks I was given an ovation - the only ovation given to any speaker in the congress. A motion was made to refer the entire matter to the national executive committee - a method of shelving it - and the motion was carried.

In my talk I revealed to the delegates the fact that, without knowing it, they had adopted twelve constitutional amendments which I had recommended in my report on organization. One of the most important of these amendments was the establishment of a woman's department in the national office.

The preamble or first paragraph of my report on organization - one of the two paragraphs which brought on the uproar - was as ~~substantive~~ follows:

The first essential of an effective organization is that its members shall possess high character. Most of the members of the Socialist Party have that qualification. The cause suffers injury from those who do not. It is the duty of each member, by word and action, to be a standing recommendation for the cause. Where the active members are men and women who are upright, trustworthy, broad-minded, attractive, tolerant, optimistic, and aggressive, other things being equal, the movement is making good progress. Where the active members are booze-fighters, or all-around repellent grouches, or unclean persons, or unreliable persons, or persons who lack aggressiveness, or religious bigots, or anti-religious bigots, the movement is standing still. One is not justified in being a sour misanthrope just because the human race has not yet developed to the stage to which it will develop. In so far as comrades have not yet attained the above-mentioned desirable qualifications for membership, they can do the cause a distinct service by developing those qualities.

The other one of the two offending paragraphs appeared almost at the close of the expository part of the report and was followed by the specific recommendations. The paragraph was as follows:

Our party ought in my opinion to enter upon the hitherto unattempted work of looking after the physical welfare of its members, and of the

working class in general so far as it can. The ignorance on this subject is almost as dense among our members as among others. We need to put competent persons in the field to give both theoretical and practical lectures on health, hygiene, sanitation, physical development, etc., and to instruct classes in these subjects. Eventually, our locals need to secure competent socialist physicians to care for the health and physical development of all the members, each member's regular contribution to the physician's salary to cease while he or any member of his family is not in good health. The physician will then have a decided financial incentive to keep all the members in good health, instead of a decided financial incentive to keep the people sick, as the physicians have now. All locals that are strong enough should adopt this plan at once. Our reasoning that socialism is inevitable on account of industrial evolution will not be flawless unless we take advantage of all sensible means of preventing the physical and mental deterioration of the working class. A thoroughly healthy man is a thoroughly poised man. He is to be depended upon in a crisis and also at all other times. The capitalist system bristles with weapons to strike down physical health. So much the greater necessity that we should oppose that tendency as vigorously as possible. Under the mentally stifling pressure of capitalism, millions of people are constantly poisoning themselves, depleting their brain power, and destroying their resisting power, by the use of liquor, tobacco, patent medicines, confectionery, soda counter abominations, unwholesome diet, excessive sexual intercourse, lack of ventilation, unsanitary homes, ignorance of the requirements of their bodies, etc. We ought by all means to remedy these conditions just as far as possible. Of course the object of these efforts for physical health must be to secure mental health and intellectual development. It is not only necessary to do this in order to secure socialism, but also in order to make socialism a success after it is secured. Socialism cannot succeed unless the people develop to the higher, the intellectual, plane of existence. At present, leisure and indolence are one and the same thing to large numbers of the people. Being below the intellectual plane, they have no impulse to spend leisure in any way except in dissipation. If we left them on the lower plane, the leisure brought to them by socialism would speedily work their entire degeneracy. We cannot begin too soon to develop their higher natures. A wholesome physical development will go far toward doing this. On the other hand, those who have developed to the intellectual plane, and for whom there is, therefore, very little temptation to dissipate, are also in danger of physical deterioration on account of sheer disuse of their bodies, unless they also receive instruction along this line.

Later in the report, among the specific recommendations, the following recommendation grew out of the two offending paragraphs quoted above:

At all convenient seasons the national office shall keep one or more qualified persons in the field whose duty shall be to give both theoretical and practical lectures on the problems of health, sanitation, hygiene, diet, and all subjects pertaining to the preservation and development of physical and mental efficiency; also to act as physical director of locals and members, collectively and individually.

Very likely the report would not have created such a furore if I had not ^{intentionally} aroused the enmity of Spargo and Hunter on the first day of the convention when I made a motion to strike out a rule which gave members

of the national executive committee, who were not delegates, a voice in the congress. I had made it clear that it was not a personal matter and that I made the motion only because I was opposed to special privilege; but Hunter and Spargo, who were members of the national executive committee and were not delegates, took personal offense at it. During the noon intermission of the congress, on that first day, with obvious pre-arrangement, they came to me and made themselves quite disagreeable. So, although my motion to strike out the rule was defeated, they seized the opportunity for revenge, the second day, when I made my report on organization.

Then, there was a further reason why Spargo was looking for revenge. During the winter of 1908-9 I had made a national committee motion to instruct the international secretary to endeavor to get Esperanto adopted for use at the international socialist congresses and in international correspondence, in order to do away with the language barrier and make the international socialist movement open to all comrades everywhere. Spargo made a written comment upon my motion, attacking it bitterly. He did not content himself with severely ridiculing it but made statements which, in my rather stinging rejoinder, I showed to be false. I produced a letter from the editor of the North American Review in order to nail one of them. Although my motion was voted down, my rejoinder evidently rankled, as was indicated more than once in his words and actions while we were both members of the national executive committee.

These, I take it, were the real reasons why Spargo and Hunter attacked those paragraphs in my report on organization. In my closing talk I had no difficulty in showing that they were in agreement with the gist of what I had recommended in those paragraphs, by quoting from Hunter's book, Socialists at Work, and from Spargo's remarks in the national convention of 1908.

Of course I do not hold any grudge against Spargo and Hunter, as I do not believe in holding grudges. They both did lots of good work for the cause.

It was George H. Goebel who made the motion to refer the matter to the

national executive committee, and I guess that one of his objects in making the motion was to keep the convention from going on record as non-concurring in the preamble of my report. At the suggestion of National Secretary Barnes the convention voted to print my report in the proceedings instead of suppressing it. When I asked for the floor to close the discussion, the chairman for the day, Winfield R. Gaylord, was inclined to think my report had been disposed of when it was referred to the expurgating committee. Delegate J. Stitt Wilson moved that I be given the floor for ten minutes. This was done.

The expurgating committee consisted of Victor L. Berger, Marguerite Prevey, Mila Tupper Maynard, Ed Moore, and G. F. Fraenckel. I think the committee did not read the offending paragraphs very carefully but was prejudiced against them by the discussion, and yet it recognized that the congress had no right to expurgate but had only a right to non-concur if it disagreed; so it got rid of a disagreeable duty by recommending non-concurrence in the preamble. A few minutes after my speech, a member of the committee, Mila Tupper Maynard, told me she did not relish being on record as non-concurring in the increasing of the health and efficiency of the working class. Afterward, in an article in the Chicago Daily Socialist, she wrote in glowing terms of my address.

A week or two after the congress, in my X Rays in the Chicago Daily Socialist, I published the two mooted paragraphs, for none of my report had been printed in the party papers on account of the attempted suppression. In the daily I prefaced the two paragraphs with the following comment:

The two paragraphs in my report on organization which created such a storm in the National Socialist Congress have not been generally published. I think I may be excused for taking a pardonable pride in having pushed the matter to the front.

It was the most important question before the congress. The problems of immigration, etc., are very important, but they pale into utter insignificance compared with the immediate and startling problems of mental health and efficiency.

Many other ideas in my report were adopted by the congress. These will also be adopted later. It could not be expected that they would be adopted when first broached. Like all new ideas, they must go through the ordeal by fire.

They will be adopted, not as a matter of sentiment, but for self-preservation and for the deliberate purpose of building up an invincible organization.

9 512.9

This prediction should have come true, but it did not. Decade after decade went by, and nothing was done about it. Yet it was sorely needed. Like most of the other people, most of the socialists die prematurely. While it would not be correct to say that all of them die because they made no effort to discover and live up to the laws of nature, nevertheless it would be true to say this of ^{most of} most of them and the rest of the people. Any number of socialists who died prematurely could have lived more happily and healthfully, and could have given more years of service to the cause, if the spirit of my report had been put into practice among the members.

After the party congress was over, I went to work in the national office of the Socialist Party.

At the party referendum in June, 1910, I was elected as the third alternate delegate to the international socialist congress at Copenhagen, Denmark. I did not attend the congress.

In June, 1910, we, the Work family, moved into a second story flat, in a building that in some places would have been called a duplex, at 5704 Kimbark Avenue, later called, Monroe Avenue, Chicago, where Mrs. Work rented some of the rooms to women or girl students at the University of Chicago.

At the Iowa state convention of the Socialist Party, held at Des Moines, July 4, 1910, I was again nominated for governor. I was not present at the convention but had retained my Iowa citizenship. I accepted the nomination.

In the summer of 1910 I attended a Christian Socialist banquet at the home of Harvey P. Moyer, who had also moved from Des Moines to Chicago, and made a short talk.

August 20, 1910, I made a short address at a mass meeting of the United Hebrew Trades of Chicago at the West Side Auditorium. It was held for the purpose of raising funds for the New York cloak makers, about 65,000 of whom were on strike.

September 6, 1910, I made a talk on the commission form of government at a meeting of the 26th ward branch of the Socialist Party in Chicago. The meeting was held at the home of Emma Fischel.

From September 26, 1910, until the November election I had a leave of absence from the national office in order to stump the state of Iowa for the office of governor, as related in the chapter on Touring for Socialism. The illness I contracted during that campaign is mentioned in the chapter on Experiments in Health Building.

In December, 1910, I concluded to become a citizen of Illinois, and I accordingly transferred my party membership from Local Des Moines to the seventh ward branch in Chicago.

January 14, 1911, I served as a delegate to the city convention of the Socialist Party in Chicago and was elected a member of the platform committee.

In January, 1911, my union, the Stenographers and Typists Association, elected me as a delegate to the Chicago Federation of Labor. I attended my first meeting as such on January 15. The regular meetings of the federation were held on the first and third Sunday afternoons of each month.

On the evening of January 15, at the request of the Young People's Socialist League of Chicago, I attended their meeting at which Louis F. Post lectured in favor of the Des Moines plan of municipal government - the commission plan - and I answered his arguments.

In January, 1911, I wrote an article entitled Universal Peace, for the Woman's National Committee of the Socialist Party to send to fifty or more papers. The Woman's National Committee had come into existence as the result of a recommendation made in my report on organization at the party congress of 1910. It also published a former article of mine, entitled The Crimes of Capitalism, as one of its leaflets. The first woman to hold the position of head of the woman's department in the national office - also created as a result of my report on organization - was Caroline A. Lowe.

The National Executive Committee of the party requested me to write a leaflet on Private Property, and I did so in January, 1911. It later became the chapter on that subject in What's So and What Isn't, when a new edition of the book was published.

When John C. Chase left the service of the national office, at the first of January, 1911, I wrote an appreciation of him. It was printed in the Chicago Daily Socialist.

Some charges of personal irregularities were made against the national secretary, J. Mahlon Barnes, and the National Executive Committee tried him on the charges. I was one of the witnesses at the trial. My testimony was rather negative, merely that I had not seen any irregularities. He was acquitted. The trial was held in February, 1911.

On Sunday, April 9, 1911, I lectured at Valparaiso, Indiana, under the auspices of the socialist local.

Some charges were also made against E. E. Carr, editor of the Christian Socialist, who had been instrumental in filing the charges against Barnes. I also testified at his trial, in June, 1911.

Beginning in the spring of 1911 I began writing an article each week which was syndicated by the national office and sent to two hundred or more socialist and trade union papers throughout the United States.

In July, 1911, together with most of the national office force, I went to Claypool, Indiana, for two weeks, where we stayed at a farm house on Yellow Creek Lake and did our regular work and also rowed and bathed and walked and had a good time generally. On a Saturday evening while there we held an open-air meeting at Burket. I was one of the speakers, along with National Secretary Barnes and Caroline A. Lowe, the general correspondent of the Woman's National Committee.

In August, 1911, National Secretary Barnes resigned, and the National Executive Committee, at a meeting held in Milwaukee, elected me to fill the vacancy, my term to begin September 1. The meeting in Milwaukee was held during a get-together of elected officials from over the country. We had quite a lot of them at the time, and some but not all of them attended. I went there and presided at one of the meetings of the elected officials, although I was not an elected official myself.

August 20, 1911, I made a speech at the state picnic of the Socialist Party of Michigan, held at Lansing.

September 1, I became the acting national secretary.

September 4, Labor Day, I spoke at Clinton, Iowa, under the auspices of the Tri-City Labor Congress.

October 14 and 15, 1911, I was at Bridgeport, Connecticut, where the National Executive Committee held a meeting. While there, all of a sudden, Robert Hunter verbally attacked me on account of the speech I had made in the closing hour of the party congress of 1910. He and John Spargo had left the congress before I got a chance to defend myself, but my speech was published in the proceedings. At Bridgeport, Hunter called me a damn liar, and so forth. I was astonished by the attack, and I did not make any reply except to say that what I had said in the speech was true.

In the fall of 1911 a referendum was held for the purpose of filling the vacancy in the national secretaryship. I was nominated for national secretary by 182 locals in various parts of the United States.

Some time after the conference of elected officials in Milwaukee there came a letter to the national office from a young woman party member who alleged that, during the conference, John Spargo had made improper advances to her. Somehow, probably through her, those who had brought the charges against Barnes heard about it, and one of them came to the national office and wanted to see the letter. Theoretically any member had a right to see anything in the files. I told him that I had removed the letter from the files pending an interview with the young woman, and that he could not see it. Later, I had an interview with the young woman and explained to her that the Barnes trial and publicity had done the party a good deal of damage and that another event of the same sort would damage it still more. I urged her to withdraw the letter. She took my advice and did so. Of course I could have used the letter for the purpose of taking revenge upon Spargo, but that would not have been in accord with my conception of duty to the

cause or my conception of personal conduct. As before stated, I don't believe in holding grudges.

December 16 and 17, 1911, I attended a meeting of the National Executive Committee at Washington, D. C. While there I made brief talks, at a banquet in connection with a mass meeting and at an overflow meeting of the same.

The referendum election for national secretary closed December 30. I was elected, receiving 22,081 votes. The only other candidate was J. O. Bentall who received 6,449 votes.

It had been customary for the national office to publish somewhere from 2,000 to 20,000 copies of any booklet which it brought out, but in March, 1912, and succeeding weeks, I published a cool million copies of Allan L. Benson's booklet, The Growing Grocery Bill, and successfully distributed them by selling them to the locals throughout the country. This introduced a bold innovation and showed that we could do big things if we had the nerve.

I also printed about ten million leaflets and got them distributed.

A printer had explained to me how a good many pages of booklets or leaflets could be put on a big printing press at the same time and large quantities printed at comparatively low cost. Of course that is a common until I did so, practice but, it had not as yet been utilized by the party.

With the approval of the National Executive Committee we established a lyceum department in the national office and had lecture courses all over the country. I did not originate this idea but I helped to promote it. Each ticket for a lecture entitled the purchaser to a subscription to a socialist paper. We had over three hundred socialist papers in the United States at that time, most of them weeklies.

The national convention of the party was to be held at Indianapolis in May, 1912. The 1904 and 1908 conventions and the 1910 congress had been held in Chicago, where there was ready access to the files and records of the party. Holding the convention at a place other than the city in which the national office was located involved lots of additional work of

preparation, in addition to the regular duties as national secretary. And I had to prepare a report for the convention. At least I thought I had to. In the three preceding conventions and congress, the report of the national secretary had been the first report called for. My secretary turned in her resignation, to take effect right in the middle of the convention, necessitating my finding a new secretary who would not be familiar with the various things at first.

Putting my last ounce of energy into these matters I became ill with overwork just before the convention, but I attended it just the same. The National Executive Committee held a meeting in Indianapolis preceding the convention, so as to arrange the order of business and so forth. I was at the meeting, so sick that I could hardly sit in my chair. My report to the convention had been printed and mailed to all of the delegates. At the executive committee meeting, Morris Hillquit made a severe attack upon the report and upon me. He claimed that I did not have a right to make any recommendations in my report. As I had been elected by the membership, just as the members of the executive committee had been, of course I had exactly the same right to make recommendations that the committee had, and if I had not been elected by referendum I would still have had that right unless there had been a rule against it. My report was business-like from beginning to end. I left out the excellent suggestions that had created the furore against my report on organization in 1910 - that is, I did not repeat the good advice on the subjects of integrity, good health, right living, etc. I gave a full accounting of the work of the national office and followed it with some recommendations, all of which dealt with the development and improvement of the organization and its educational and organizational activities. Anyone might differ with some of the recommendations but there was not a shadow of a reason why I should not make them. The attack, therefore, took me completely by surprise - a bolt from the blue, so to speak. I do not know why Hillquit made it. Possibly he may have

thought I had an ambition to become the party leader and take away from him the measure of leadership to which he had ^{unofficially} attained by his activity and brilliance in debate. If that was what he thought, he was very much in error. Then as always, I did not believe in leaders. I wanted only to serve the cause to the best of my ability.

Naturally I did not enjoy being attacked when I was sick and unable to defend myself. I would have enjoyed receiving a bit of sympathy from the executive committee. I would have enjoyed having it offer to have one of its members assume my duties for a day or two so that I could recuperate. I would have enjoyed having it assign one of its number to take my place in the national office for a week or two after the convention so that I could take a vacation and rest up. Instead, I was attacked while sick. As I do not believe in holding grudges I speedily forgave Hillquit and the other members of the executive committee who followed his lead, and I had nothing to do with the attack made upon Hillquit when he was sick, exactly twenty years later, in the national convention of 1932 - mentioned in the chapter on Milwaukee - but it reminded me of the 1912 attack upon me.

The executive committee gave me instructions about the arrangement of the convention hall, there at ~~the~~ 1912 convention, and I had my helpers follow the instructions. To expedite business, so that the convention would not have to elect a committee on rules and order of business and wait for its report, the executive committee had prepared a set of rules, containing also an order of business, to submit to the convention. Because of the attack which had been made upon my report, it struck the national secretary's report off the order of business, and the report never was submitted to the convention. It appears in the latter part of the printed book of the proceedings of the convention, however.

On the morning when the convention convened I called it to order, and it elected Hillquit as temporary chairman, in accordance with the custom. He made a peevish remark about the way and convention hall was arranged. I

got the floor and stated that it was arranged in the way the National Executive Committee, of which he was a member, had ordered it to be arranged. Naturally, being called down in this way did not improve his temper. This little colloquy did not appear in the transcribed report of the proceedings. I assumed that he had asked the shorthand reporter to strike it out. I directed my helpers to rearrange the hall at the first opportunity, placing the platform at the other end, and they did so.

Comrade Hillquit was the chairman of the committee on constitution. The report of the committee recommended, among other things, that the constitution be so amended that the national secretary and the National Executive Committee would be elected by the National Committee, instead of being elected by referendum vote of the membership. This change was adopted. I assumed that the private reason for the recommendation of this change was to fix things so that it would be easier to oust me from the national secretaryship, as it would have been harder to get the membership to do this.

On the last afternoon of the convention Comrade Hillquit brought up a supplemental report of the committee on constitution providing for a campaign committee and a campaign manager separate and apart from the national secretary and not under his direction. When this recommendation was adopted, he nominated J. Mahlon Barnes for campaign manager. There were other nominees but they declined and Barnes was elected. If I had been asked my opinion about this matter I probably would have said that, inasmuch as the national office had to stand good for any bills which the campaign committee was not able to raise enough money to pay, it would be better to have the campaign manager work under the direction of the national secretary. I would also have said that I was in sympathy with Comrade Barnes and thought he had had a raw deal the year before, but that it would be a mistake to make him the campaign manager because it would start the turmoil all over again and injure the cause.

That is exactly what it did. His maneuvering of Barnes into the position

of campaign manager was a ~~ma~~ major mistake on the part of Hillquit. It kept the party in turmoil throughout the campaign and undoubtedly drove many members out of the party in disgust. It is not possible to tell how many, for there was another factor - the adoption of a constitutional amendment providing that any member who opposed political action, or advocated crime, sabotage or other methods of violence, as weapons of the working class to aid in its emancipation, should be expelled from membership. This new section was often referred to, later, as Section 6 of Article II. The adoption of this provision caused an exodus of I. W. W. members from the party - and this was good riddance. So it is impossible to tell how many members left the party on account of the mistake about the campaign managership, but the renewal of the turmoil caused plenty of commotion. The national office was flooded with motions and proposed referendums, and the socialist press resounded with criminations and recriminations.

In any event, I had the honor to be the national secretary when the party was at its peak as to membership. In the first three months of 1912 the average membership was 125,826. The decrease in membership began immediately after the 1912 convention.

In the summer of 1912, Eugene V. Debs, the party's candidate for president, attended a portion of a meeting of the National Executive Committee, held in the national office in Chicago. In conversation before and after the meeting he expressed his disapproval of the action of the convention with regard to campaign manager. He said he himself was no angel but that the good of the cause should come first. In the executive committee meeting, at one point, he straightened up and looked sharply across the table at Hillquit, and criticised him. For a moment I thought he was going to cut loose and that the fur would fly. But he refrained. The executive committee appointed him and, if I remember correctly, Victor L. Berger and Adolph Germer, to go to West Virginia and help the coal miners in their strike, by making speeches, by visiting the governor with a demand that he call off

the repressive measures, etc. While they were on that mission in West Virginia, Gene utilized the writing room of a hotel to write me a little letter stating that at the executive committee meeting I looked tired and overworked, and suggesting that I take a vacation. Of course I thanked him. He had shown the consideration which the executive committee had not. But it was impossible for me to take a vacation, as there were things coming up all the time in which I had to make decisions or answer correspondence, and there was no available person to whom I could leave these things.

As between the two factions of the party - the regular socialists and the impossibleists - I was thoroughly on the side of the regular socialists - the same side which Hillquit, Berger and all the other members of the National Executive Committee except William D. ^(Bill) Haywood were on.

A national referendum was started to recall Haywood from the National Executive Committee. As national secretary I conducted the referendum. I conducted it with exactly the same fairness with which I would have conducted it if I had been in favor of his retention on the committee. With me it was a matter of course that I should do it in that way. He was ousted from the National Executive Committee as a result of the membership referendum. Afterward he was in the national office one day and he told me that he was entirely satisfied with the way in which I had conducted the referendum. There was no personal animosity between Haywood and me. Yet if I had been delegated to decide which should remain on the National Executive Committee - Haywood or Hillquit - I would unhesitatingly have chosen Hillquit in spite of anything he had done to me, because he and I were ideologically on the same side. That is, he, like myself, was a firm believer in political action and was opposed to violence. We differed in that he was a believer in the philosophy of materialism and I was not. But that question did not arise between us - or at least I did not know that it did - you can't always tell what is in the backs of people's heads; maybe my belief in that respect was one factor in arraying against me a scant few but powerful persons.

August 2, 1912; by invitation, I made a talk on socialism to the patients of the Bernarr Macfadden Healthatorium in Chicago. It happened that there had been a Macfadden restaurant on the east side of the loop and I had gone there for lunch sometimes. One day the cashier had given me too much change, and, on the spur of the moment, I did not return it. When I gave the lecture, without any financial compensation, I figured that this canceled the obligation - but of course the right thing would have been to give back the surplus change in the first place. One learns from one's mistakes, and tries to avoid repeating them - or at any rate one ought to.

On Labor Day, in September, 1912, I had a debate at Salem, Wisconsin, with the standpat Republican attorney general of the state plus a prominent Racine lawyer who represented the Democrats. The affair was arranged by Local Kenosha of the Socialist Party.

When I became national secretary the national office was in a rather unsystematic condition, having grown up that way, and having only recently become a large institution. For instance, there was no way to tell how many or what orders for various things were outstanding, as there was no system of making out written orders for them. With advice from others who had had experience in such matters, I introduced such a system. I also had the single entry bookkeeping system changed to double entry, and adopted a more systematic method of filing orders for literature and supplies. I required requisitions for postage stamps used, and I secured better rates for printing. It had not been customary to publish the liabilities in the monthly financial statement which was printed in the Monthly Bulletin. I published them regularly as a part of the statement.

When I printed a million copies of a pamphlet or leaflet I knew where I was going to sell them to the approximately four thousand locals and branches so that they could pay for themselves. I protested against the habit of the executive committee in incurring expenses without providing the money to meet them, thus keeping the national office in debt and making me

the prey of bill collectors. I wanted the committee to postpone certain things until the money was in sight, and thereby relieve the office of financial strain and keep it solvent. My requests brought no results.

As a whole, the membership, over the country, and the state and local officials, were magnificently co-operative. It was a great pleasure to work with them. I was deeply engrossed in my work as national secretary. Now and then some local or member, anywhere in America, loudly grouched about something and tried to make things disagreeable - but these were exceptions. Not being infallible, I undoubtedly made mistakes, but I knew I was doing good work for the cause, and I gave my all, of energy and such wisdom as I possessed, to it. In spite of some of the things I have had to relate herein, and the distress they brought me, I enjoyed the work in general. I especially enjoyed my work and association with the office force. Between most of them and myself there grew a sincere and beautiful affection. I did not relish being in authority over others, and I tried to so act that I would be accepted as a comrade instead of a boss. I did not give orders - I made requests instead. I had high efficiency in the office, and an exceptionally high esprit de corps.

My health held up very well except that, one day in December, 1912, I fainted at my desk. My secretary, Gail McDermut, said she had been eyeing me because I looked as if I might faint, and that she had caught me and kept me from falling to the floor. The office force insisted upon my going to the women's rest room, which was the only place where there was a couch, any lying down. But I didn't want to be a nuisance to the women and I soon went back to my desk. It was Saturday. In the afternoon I got a massage. On Sunday I had an osteopath come to my home and give me a treatment. Monday morning I was back at my desk as good as new.

On the evening of May Day, 1913, I presided at a May Day celebration held in the Young People's Socialist League hall in Chicago.

The convention of 1912 had constitutionally changed the title of my

position from national secretary to executive secretary, and had changed the title of the National Executive Committee to Executive Committee. The National Committee - a large body made up of members from all of the states - was scheduled to meet in May, 1913, at which time it would, among other things, elect an executive committee and an executive secretary for the ensuing year. I considered the problem as to whether or not I should accept a nomination for re-election in case anyone nominated me. In an atmosphere of secret intrigue on the part of a few I had to do a good deal of guessing. One of my guesses was that in the secret caucuses at and before the Indianapolis convention of 1912 it had been agreed that Comrade Barnes was not only to be elected campaign manager but that he was also to be elected executive secretary when the National Committee met. If that was the plan, I saw that it had been stymied by the fact that his election as campaign manager had thrown the party into turmoil. Otherwise it is probable that I would have declined the nomination for executive secretary in case he was a candidate - I don't know for sure but it is probable. The renewed turmoil of 1912 had removed that possibility. I did not like being attacked for nothing, as in the Indianapolis case. I was not the type that liked fussing. I wanted to get along harmoniously - everyone doing his or her part for the cause. Thus, so far as the position itself was concerned, I did not care very much about continuing it. But to discontinue would mean to part with those I loved and who loved me. The thought of parting with them was appalling to me and it undoubtedly colored my actions somewhat.

As the time for the National Committee meeting approached, the impossibleists sent an emissary to me - a middleman who was not an impossibleist himself - to offer me their support, but of course I knew they offered me their support on condition that I would be on their side. They knew how I had been mistreated by some of those on my own side, and probably they thought I was ready to switch. I told the emissary that if they voted for me I would do nothing that I would not otherwise do. I told him that I had

always been fair to them in the conduct of the office - as witness the way I had handled the Haywood referendum - and that I would continue to be fair to them; but that was all; I believed in political action and was not a revolutionary socialist. That was that, and they voted against me.

Immediately before the National Committee meeting, J. Stitt Wilson came to me and told me that if I wanted to be re-elected I would have to fight for it. I told him that I would not fight for it - that I was opposed on principle to fighting for it. I told him that when I was a boy I had accepted the George Washington view that the office should seek the man instead of the man seeking the office, and that I had consistently lived up to that theory. I told him that I had filled nearly every position within the gift of the party, and that I had frequently been nominated for public office, and that in every instance these positions and nominations had come to me without my seeking them, and that I had no intention to become a self-seeker.

The National Committee held its meeting in the club room of the Briggs House. I took a room at the hotel so as not to have to ride eight miles to and from my home on the street car during the several days of the meeting. On the evening of May 12 an informal conference on the subject of officials was held in the club room. Being opposed to secret caucuses I made sure that it was open to all, before I went in. For a while they talked about candidates for the executive committee. Then they took up the question of the executive secretary. I was freely criticised and commended by various speakers. I don't suppose anyone ever was more thoroughly dissected. I sat listening. Mrs. Reynolds - wife of Stephen M. Reynolds who was the author of Debs, His Life, Writings and Speeches - came around and whispered to me, "How in the world can you be so calm in the midst of a thing like this?" I replied, "I'm not calm," which was the simple truth, for I was seething. At one point, when someone said something especially nice about me, I had to rub my face with my hand in order to hide a sob. As the discussion went on,

Mrs. Reynolds again came around to me and whispered, "How in the world can you be so calm in the midst of this?" Again I truthfully replied, "I'm not calm." Apparently I must have looked calm or she would not have asked those questions. They discussed other possible candidates for executive secretary and eliminated them. Eventually they asked me what I thought about it. I replied that it was up to them to decide - that if they wanted me to continue I would continue - but that I wished they would let me know, for, if they did not want me, I would decline the nomination. Although the meeting was informal and had no binding force, I understood that I was to be re-elected. The nominations were to be made on the 13th and the election was to take place on the 14th. On the 13th those accepting the nomination were Walter Lanfersiek - who had not been mentioned in that connection at the informal meeting - Frank Bohn, J. E. Snyder, and myself. There evidently was secret caucusing and a determined campaign, of which not a word was breathed to me. Evidently the idea of those who worked up the campaign was to repudiate me by giving me a stinging defeat, and not let me get away with a declination of the nomination. On the 14th, when the ballot was taken, Lanfersiek received 37 votes, myself 9, Bohn 8, and Snyder 5. I had been neatly double-crossed again.

Realizing that I would have to part with those I loved, I went to my room in the hotel and lay down on the bed and cried, for the first time since I lay down under the buggy in the barn when I was a boy and cried with the toothache.

In that discussion meeting, some of the speakers had remarked, "His office force sure is loyal to him!" Very likely the office force, or some members of it, had plugged for me without letting me know about it.

At the National Committee meeting some charges of a financial nature were made against me by National Committeeman Bessemer of Ohio, and a press service sent out a story to the newspapers of the country about them. The National Committee appointed an investigating committee, and I gave it all

the information it could desire about the conduct of the office, and complete access to the records. There was not the slightest shadow of a foundation for the charges. Bessemer had produced some communications which belonged in the national office files and refused to give them up or to tell where and how he got them. The National Committee suspended him from membership in that body until such time as he should return the documents and tell how and where he procured them. The report of the investigating committee was a complete vindication for me. It was made just before the election of executive secretary. Evidently the election was all arranged beforehand, for if the report of the committee had had any influence on the election it would undoubtedly have operated in my favor. Very likely many of the party members throughout the country, having read about the charges but not about the vindication, thought there must have been something in the charges, since my defeat for re-election as executive secretary followed them so closely. Later, they may have got some information about the vindication through the socialist papers.

Soon after my defeat for executive secretary, the National Committee took the following action - I quote from a report of the meeting:

Ameringer of Oklahoma moved that this convention express their confidence in National Secretary John M. Work, as a man, a comrade and capable socialist official. Carried by rising vote. No negatives.

It may be a puzzle as to how such a motion could be adopted by those who had just defeated me. Perhaps the few whose influence defeated me did not give their real reasons for opposing me, but merely argued that there was a desire in the party for a clean sweep at the national office, and thus many committeemen were led to vote against me on that ground when in fact they had nothing against me. I do not know of any other explanation. The matter never was explained to me.

On the day after the election of executive secretary, when the matter of continuing the lyceum department was under consideration, Victor Berger made a remark concerning me which caused me to take the floor and make a

vigorous speech in regard to my conduct of the national office. Several comrades told me that if I had made the speech before the election I would have been elected. But that would have been electioneering and would have been a violation of my principle, a la George Washington, that the office should seek the man instead of the man seeking the office.

In the early part of the National Committee meeting I made a report regarding the activities of the national office. As my right to make recommendations had been so fiercely assailed at the national convention of 1912, and my report to that convention had been stricken off the order of business, it might seem that I would not have had the audacity to make any recommendations in my report to the National Committee. However, I made two recommendations. One of them was as follows:

Without minimizing the other important functions of the national office, its greatest mission should be the publication and dissemination of socialist literature. The educating of the people to socialism by means of good socialist literature is by all odds our most important work. It would be well to eliminate extraneous expenditures and apply the surplus funds toward reducing the prices of literature, and also supplying it free of charge where advisable. Up to the present time, this function has been subordinated. Only a start has been made. It should be developed until the national office becomes the greatest publisher of socialist literature. Not that the private publishers are to be criticised. On the contrary they are to be commended. Had it not been for them, there would have been practically no socialist literature in circulation. But it is pre-eminently the function of the organization to decide what literature shall be published, and to publish it. The National Committee should lay definite plans for the national office to develop the literature function on a big scale. These plans and the instructions given to the Executive Committee and the executive secretary should be so definite and imperative that it will be impossible for them to be dropped by the wayside or subordinated to other things. If considered best, each manuscript can be submitted in mimeographed form to the full National Committee for a yes or no vote before being published or rejected; but the work of editing manuscripts will necessarily have to be delegated to one or a few comrades. Your committee should take action in regard to the matter of passing upon manuscripts and also in regard to royalties to authors.

A recommendation similar to the above was in my annual report in January, 1912, also in my report to the national convention in May, 1912. It was not acted upon in either case, nor by the National Committee in 1913.

The other recommendation which I made to the National Committee was headed "Monthly Bulletin and Party Builder," and was as follows:

It has been impossible to secure the second-class mailing rate for the Monthly Bulletin on account of the fact that it has no individual subscription list, but instead is furnished free of charge. It is sent in bulk to the local secretaries, ~~the city secretaries, and~~ and, in some cases, to the branch secretaries. They, of course, can only deliver it to those members who attend the meetings. No doubt it sometimes failed to be delivered even to these. The secretaries receive all they ask for. About forty thousand copies per month are circulated in this manner. In other words, less than one-half of the members receive it.

It would be well to publish the Monthly Bulletin in the Party Builder, which already has the second-class mailing rate. The subscription rate is twenty-five cents per year. It has 3,500 subscribers. Doubtless practically all of these are party members. By publishing the Monthly Bulletin in it, it will not be difficult to get all the active party members to subscribe for it. They would then receive it directly and promptly. The Weekly Bulletin, which costs about \$30.00 per month, should then be abolished, and each department of the national office should publish its bulletins, announcements, etc., in the Party Builder.

It could be used to especially good advantage in announcing literature and helping to build up the immensely valuable literature function of the office.

As it is published weekly, the members would not have to wait so long in order to learn what is going on at headquarters, but would receive the official information once a week. If there were weeks when there was nothing needing to be published, the publication could be omitted at such times and save the expense.

Referendum ballots could be printed in it, to be clipped out and used for voting. This would avoid thousands of dollars of expense in the long run, for printing, express and postage.

The cost of printing and distributing the Party Builder at present is about \$39.00 per week. Of course this would be somewhat increased with a larger subscription list, and perhaps a larger paper, but it would not be proportionately increased.

The cost of printing and distributing the Monthly Bulletin under the present conditions is about \$325.00 per month when it is a four-page edition, \$470.00 for six pages, and \$595.00 for eight pages.

The above recommendation was adopted. Accordingly, before my term expired on May 31, I got out the first two numbers of the Party Builder under the new arrangement, and discontinued the Monthly Bulletin and the Weekly Bulletin. I established the custom, however, of sending to the socialist press, as a part of the press service, most of the news matter formerly appearing in the Weekly Bulletin.

Although I discouraged it when I found that it was afoot, I spoke too late, as the office force had already arranged to give me a bit of a send-off. On the evening of May 21 they gave a dinner party and a theater party in my honor. The dinner was at King's Restaurant. After it was over, we went up to one of the small banquet halls in the same building, and doubtless under

the control of the restaurant, where, through Carl D. Thompson as spokesman, they presented me with a gold watch fob. It had "John M. Work" engraved on one edge, "May 21, 1913," engraved on the other edge, and "Comrade" engraved on the bottom. I made reply as best I could, telling them how much I loved and appreciated them. We then went to the Illinois Theater where we saw Blanch Ring in a comedy entitled When Claudia Smiles.

I published the following, entitled An Appreciation, in the Party Builder for May 31 and also sent it to the entire socialist press:

Try as he may, it is impossible for the national secretary to escape receiving all manner of free advertising.

On the other hand, his fellow workers in the national office, with the exception of the heads of departments, do their faithful work almost without outside recognition.

The men of the office force, including the translator-secretaries of the foreign-speaking organizations, have been kind and helpful to me. I owe them a debt of gratitude.

The girls of the office force have given me a beautiful devotion, in return for which I love them with all my heart. Their kindness and confidence and affection are the sweetest things in my life.

It is a terrible thing to be in authority over others. My soul rebels against it. I wish it were possible for administration to be carried on without anyone in authority. But unfortunately there must be someone with directing power. I have never consciously given orders, but have softened them into requests. We have been comrades working together. We have exchanged opinions in regard to our work, and I have often revised mine because theirs were better. They have been free and frank and open with me. They have been faithfulness itself, efficient, consecrated and tireless in their work.

The national secretaryship - hereafter to be known as the executive/secretaryship - is very exacting and very responsible. Most of the work is decidedly agreeable, but there are some disagreeable things. Locals sometimes send resolutions to the socialist papers denouncing the national secretary. He is sometimes held responsible for things which are due to the actions of others. He is sometimes censured for things which have never occurred at all. He sometimes receives suspicious and brutal letters.

All I have had to do in order to find relief from the effects of these things has been to look into the trusting eyes of the office force.

In the closing days of my administration, these girls have been especially kind to me. They are types of the girls we will have under socialism - strong and gentle and loving and beautiful. All the triumphs of my career - and they have been many - even my defeats are triumphs in disguise - are insignificant compared with the fact that these splendid girls have given me their affection. Such a blessing is unfortunately not vouchsafed to every life. They have soothed and sustained me. They have brought joy and peace to me. Their influence upon me has been purifying and ennobling. To the depths of my heart I am lovingly and reverently grateful to them.

JOHN M. WORK

I immediately began wearing the watch fob which the office force gave me, and I wore it continuously thereafter, with the prize Waltham watch.

From the time of the National Committee meeting until the end of the month of May I devoted much of my time to putting everything in good shape for my successor, Comrade Lanfersiek. He arrived a little before he was to take possession, and I told him everything I could think of that would help him in his work. Apparently the office force talked to him also, for he offered to make me the head of the literature department after I had taken a month's rest. No doubt I made a mistake, but the office force urged me to accept, and the prospect of being with them was irresistible. I accepted.

In the Party Builder of May 31 I put the following as the first article:

To the Comrades:

I wish to bespeak for my successor, Walter Lanfersiek, your cordial co-operation. His position is a most difficult, responsible and exacting one. The way to inspire him to his best effort is by boosting.

Yours for the Cause,

JOHN M. WORK

Under the title, Comrade Work's Position, the following communication was published in the June 6, 1913, issue of the New York Call:

Editor of the Call:

In a recent number of the Call there was a writeup of the National Committee meeting in which it is stated that a number of comrades had announced their candidacy for executive secretary, and that some of them might have been elected had they not been too active for weeks in promoting their own candidacy.

Unfortunately the article does not specify to whom it applies, and therefore all three of us who accepted the nomination and were defeated are under suspicion.

To the best of my knowledge none of the four comrades who accepted the nomination announced their candidacy or promoted their own candidacy in the slightest degree.

I know that I did not.

Such a course would be abhorrent to me and directly opposed to my principles.

In fact, I was defeated just because I did not promote my own candidacy. I could point out certain important acts of my administration in which I followed my own conscience and which lost me the support of influential comrades, and thereby lost me the position.

Years ago, when I found that I was getting deep into the socialist movement, I overhauled myself, made a critical examination of my motives, and promised myself that I would always do what I believed to be right regardless of the effect upon myself.

Of course I do not claim to be so superhuman as to have lived up to that rule completely. Nevertheless, it has been my guiding rule and I have made a constant effort to live up to it. Please publish this communication.

JOHN M. WORK

Perhaps the relations which had existed between the office force and myself may be illustrated by an exchange of notes which took place during the winter of 1912-13. Although doing their work with the usual efficiency, the women were acquiring a habit of coming a bit late in the mornings and after lunch. Via my secretary I handed them the following note:

To Whom It May Concern:

I need your advice on a matter of etiquette.

What is the proper thing for an awkward and bashful man to do when lovely young women set a bad example and delay the work by getting here late in the morning and at noon?

W

To this note I received the following reply:

Dear Comrade:

We think your method of calling us wicked girls upon the carpet is beautiful. We will try to relieve the "bashful" man of further embarrassment.

Fraternally,

"The Lovely Young Women"

And, sure enough, they kept their word, just as I expected.

The use of the letter "W" in signing my note is explained by the fact that there were multitudinous occasions when I had to sign orders for supplies, petty cash vouchers, notes attached to incoming letters in order to make suggestions as to the nature of the replies to be made by members of the office force, etc., etc., and, to economize time, I had adopted the habit of signing them simply "W". Of course there were stencils of my signature, with which my name was signed to outgoing letters.

I decided to spend the month of June mainly in Jackson Park, near which I lived. Each morning I went to the park and rowed a boat in the lagoon for an hour, then went under the trees or in the sun, according to the temperature, and indulged in reading. I took my lunch out there in the open and stayed out of doors ten or more hours a day. I recuperated fast, although the change from exacting employment to unqualified leisure made me feel dazed and lonely at first, and the change from the familiar associations to none at all made me feel still more lonely. But I enjoyed having lunch, ~~back~~ with the office force, uptown, one day, and my tanned appearance caused one of them to exclaim, "Just look at that neck!"

The most severe loneliness came upon me on the first Monday morning of the so-called vacation. I shouldn't have done it, but, in the park, I called up the national office. The employe who answered the phone was talking to another employe in a very nervous and excited way, just before she asked who was calling. I don't know whether or not she understood who I was, as I said only a ^{few words} ~~word or two~~ and hung up quickly, realizing that they too were having their troubles.

Soon after the above-mentioned lunch, an emissary from the executive secretary informed me that he had changed his mind and hired someone else as the head of the literature department. This was another thing which never was explained to me. Had he heard from his higher-ups on the executive committee? Or did he come to realize that the office force would be loyal to me rather than to him? I knew that he should not have offered me the position in the first place, and that I should not have accepted it. Nevertheless, the withdrawal of the offer tossed me into the dumps again. And again it was not the position that mattered; it was the separation from those I loved. Realizing that the separation was indeed to be permanent, I looked down at midnight into the dark water. Yet I am sure that even at that moment I did not favor suicide. I knew too much about psychology for that. I knew that a person can let adversity get him down or that he can rise above it and turn it to advantage. I decided to rise above it. I kept on with my rowing and reading. I took a correspondence course. I wrote some articles and a couple of booklets. I attended a considerable number of public lectures at the University of Chicago. I was deeply lonely. Yet gradually I acquired serenity, and I knew that in the future I would always be more kind, more patient, more sympathetic, more understanding, than I had been.

August 30, 1913, we moved from our apartment about eight miles south and a little east of the loop to an apartment about eight miles north and a little west of the loop - 1221 Rosedale Avenue. We had been living in the section known as Hyde Park; we moved to the one known as Edgewater.

From October 19 to November 2, 1913, I made a lecture tour in Illinois, under the auspices of the state office of the Socialist Party, speaking at Rockford, Elgin, Rock Island, Monmouth, Canton, Peoria, Lincoln, Hillsboro, Glen Carbon, Harrisburg, Decatur, Monticello, Urbana, and Danville. As I approached Monmouth, late one afternoon, I imagined some of the professors and students of Monmouth College welcoming me at the depot. It did not happen. After I had supper at the hotel, I took a walk, going past the place where I had boarded while in college and then to the college itself. As I entered I heard voices in the basement. I went down the stairway and noted that a lot of students were having supper in what probably was a cafeteria. I left, and on the way back to the hotel I went past the place where I had roomed - not the same as the boarding place - while in college. My meeting was held in the court house. I imagined there would be quite a few professors and students in attendance, but, so far as I could discover, the only person there who had any connection with the college was Randall Murdock who had been a classmate of mine in 1891 and was engaged in the shoe business in Monmouth. I do not know whether the college folks boycotted me because I was a socialist or if they had merely forgotten all about me and did not, when they saw the posters of my meeting, realize that I had ever been a student and graduate. The next morning I left without having seen any of them.

La Salle Extension University, in Chicago, largely through advertising in the Appeal to Reason, had secured over three thousand socialist students and need^{ed} a socialist to devote special attention to them. Dan White, a well known socialist, had, I believe, ^{also} secured some socialist students. I imagine that Bertha Hale Brown, of the national office force, who afterward became his wife, spoke to him about connecting me with that job. At any rate he spoke to me about it and arranged for me to go and see the heads of the institution concerning it. November 4, 1913, I accepted the position of secretary of the socialist department, and I entered upon my duties the following morning. The university gave correspondence instruction in law,

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interstate commerce, higher accountancy, bookkeeping, business administration, and business English. From November 5, 1913, until May, 1917, I was a correspondent and a correspondence teacher of law, and I co-operated with and assisted the educational and sales and other departments wherever feasible. It was a quiet job. I did not do two or three men's work, as in the national secretaryship of the Socialist Party. I was not subjected to attacks by jealous would-be leaders. Yet, while I liked the work, and liked most of those with whom I worked, I never felt quite at home working with non-socialists. Often, as I entered the place, I had a feeling of strangeness. I did my best for the socialist correspondence students - and of course I was active in the socialist movement in my spare time.

I worked in a room with two or three other men. It was customary for a girl to come in from the adjoining room and take up the papers we had graded. The relations between her and the other men were of a scrappy nature. There were cutting remarks passed. I decided to see if I could change that atmosphere without saying anything about it. There was a way in which, by clipping back a top sheet of paper, I could make it easier for her, with her arms full of papers, to make the necessary records of the papers she took up. I began doing so. She noticed it at once and was pleased. Also, each time when she first entered the room in the forenoon, I smiled and said, "Good morning," and made a pleasant remark or two. She responded in the same way. The other men noticed it. Their attitude toward her changed, became pleasant.

I had to dictate a few letters to socialist students each morning. There was a room in which the stenographers and typists did their typing and transcribing. The man in charge of that room sent to me whatever stenographer he chose. Among others he sent a girl who obviously had left the business college too soon and was not onto her job. She made so many mistakes in transcribing that I had to correct the letters and have her type them again. I did this and explained everything to her carefully and without grouching - other men had grousched about her typing. By helping her in this way I made a good

stenographer out of her in a few weeks. The matter evidently was noised around. One man grouched that we were not running a business college. Another said with a grin, "It's his damn socialist spirit that makes him do things like that." Meanwhile, the girl was deeply grateful.

I always deplored the fact that harmful things were sold, and gambling resorted to, at socialist picnics, bazaars, card parties, and the like. I had first run into this kind of thing on my lecture trip to the east in the fall of 1907. I wrote a protesting letter about it to the Worker, which was then a weekly socialist paper published in New York City. The editors probably thought I was a bit loony, and they did not print the letter. When I reached New York City and called at the office of the paper, nothing was said about it. I did not keep a copy of the letter. In January, 1914, I had occasion to send the following letter to the Workers World, a weekly paper then published in Chicago, and it was printed:

Cook County Executive Committee,
Socialist Party of Illinois.

Dear Comrades: Enclosed find a check for \$1.00 to apply on the old debts. I am more than glad to see you using the direct method in this matter and I hope it may succeed. For years I have advocated direct methods of raising money. Not that I have any objections to the other methods provided ~~provided~~ they are conducted in an unobjectionable manner, but when the sale of booze is resorted to in order to raise money the loss in quality of membership is far greater than any gain that may flow from the possession of the funds so obtained.

Fraternally yours,

JOHN M. WORK.

Twenty-fifth Ward.

In January, 1914, the comrades of the twenty-fifth ward branch sent a committee of one to ask me if I would accept the nomination for alderman from that ward. I told him I would accept provided there was no danger of being elected. He assured me there was no danger, and I accepted.

On the evening of February 16, 1914, I made a socialist talk at the home of Comrade Bates in the twenty-fifth ward, Chicago.

Sunday afternoon, March 15, I made a five-minute speech at the Powers Theater. The meeting had been called by the Women's City Club to give the various candidates for alderman largely ~~afeminine~~ audience. Although national woman

suffrage had not yet been achieved, the women had just been granted partial suffrage in Illinois and they were active in the municipal campaign.

On the evening of March 19, I spoke, along with the other candidates for alderman in the twenty-fifth ward, at the Eugene Field School, under the auspices of the Rogers Park Civic Club.

On the evening of March 23 I spoke along with candidates and others at a meeting of the Civic League, held at the Sheridan Road Methodist Church.

These Civic Club and Civic League meetings were arranged by women. I had invitations to speak at several afternoon meetings which I could not attend on account of working in the daytime. In lieu of my presence I sent letters to be read at the meetings.

On the evening of April 3 I made a short talk at the assembly hall of the Nicholas Senn High School, along with the other candidates and other speakers. The meeting was arranged by the Equal Suffrage Society.

Late on the afternoon of election day I went to a voting place in one of the precincts in the south end of the ward to watch the count of ballots after the close of the polls. I had a credential but did not find it necessary to produce it; I simply told them that I wanted to watch the count for the Socialist Party. As none of them had seen me, they did not know who I was. A young woman was watching for the Progressive Party - that was before there was any communist organization in America - and there were male watchers for the other parties. When they saw that there were more Socialist ballots than they had expected, I overheard a conversation between the young woman and the Republican watcher. He asked, "Have you ever seen this Socialist candidate for alderman?" She replied, "No, but the women who have seen him say he's a very nice man." I held my peace, and when the counting was finished I went my way without revealing my identity.

Election day was April 7. I received 786 votes for alderman. This was an increase of about fifty per cent over the previous year, even after making allowance for the increase due to the women voting.

At the state referendum of the party in Illinois in March, 1914, I was nominated for clerk of the supreme court and for congressman at large. I declined both. My branch wanted to place me in nomination for United States senator, but I declined.

July 4 and 5, 1914, I served as a delegate to the state convention of the Socialist Party of Illinois.

~~In~~ The ~~Summer of 1914~~ National Committee, at its meeting in May, 1914, followed the line of my previous recommendations and developed the Party Builder into a propaganda paper, the American Socialist. The editor renewed the press service to all of the socialist papers in the United States, which I had developed but which had largely fallen by the wayside after I went out of office. He invited me to furnish weekly articles for this syndicate service, and, in September, 1914, I began to do so.

In the summer of 1914 I accepted the nomination as the Socialist candidate for congress in the tenth Illinois district, which took in Evanston and all of Lake County, as well as the northeast part of Chicago.

During the campaign of 1914 I made a number of speeches, along with L. W. Hardy, candidate for representative in the state legislature, and others, as follows: October ~~11~~ 9 at the Burley School; October 12 at the Audubon School; October 14 at the Schneider School; October 15 at the Blaine School; October 21 at the Prescott School; October 23 at the Hamilton School; October 26 at the Armstrong School; October 27 at the Ravenswood School; October 28 at the Jahn School; October 29 at the Hayt School; October 30 at Lincoln Turner Hall and the Coonley School; October 31 at Waukegan, and at four street corners in Chicago from an automobile.

We had long tried to get the use of the assembly halls of the public schools for such meetings. It was not until the spring of 1914 that we succeeded in this. The suffrage societies and other organizations of women were largely instrumental in securing the right to hold political meetings in the school buildings—which right should have been granted by the school

board long before. The assembly halls proved to be very comfortable and attractive places in which to hold meetings.

November 7, 1914, I read, before the Irving Park Young People's Socialist League, the manuscript of my then unpublished book, Why Things Happen to Happen.

December 19, 1914, I served as a delegate from the twenty-fifth ward branch to the city convention of the Socialist Party, and served on the committee on platform. I wrote the plank on municipal ownership of public utilities and the plank on unemployment.

May 29, 1915, at Washington, Iowa, my ^{good} mother died. The funeral, which I attended, was held on May 31, the day on which Memorial Day was celebrated in that year, the 30th having fallen on Sunday.

September 19, 1915, I served as a delegate to a party convention to determine what attitude the Socialist Party of Cook County should take on the liquor traffic, and I served as chairman of the committee on resolutions. The convention adopted a resolution, for which I voted, leaving it to the various wards to decide how their aldermen should vote on the subject in the city council, and providing that our aldermen should not initiate measures on the subject. I also introduced two resolutions on my own account. One of them was as follows:

Whereas, liquor advertisements are being published in the Chicago edition of the American Socialist; and

Whereas, these advertisements do not increase the propaganda value of the paper among the advocates of liquor; and

Whereas, these advertisements do seriously decrease the propaganda value of the paper among the opponents of liquor; therefore be it

Resolved, that hereafter no liquor advertisements shall be published in the Chicago edition.

My other resolution was as follows:

Whereas, it has been customary for the Socialist Party of Cook County to sell liquor, or allow it to be sold, at the picnics and bazaars of the party; and

Whereas, this fact tends to alienate desirable socialists from the party organization, and to keep others from becoming socialists; therefore be it

Resolved, that hereafter no liquor shall be sold, or permitted to be sold, at the party picnics, bazaars, or other functions.

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As I read these resolutions to the convention they were greeted with hisses by the wets. A motion was made that the resolutions should not be voted upon. The motion was carried by a vote of 85 to 71. I suppose that if they had been voted upon they would have been lost by much the same margin. I hope that the mere fact of my going on record in that manner did some good.

There's nothing like getting rid of things which have served their purpose and become rubbish. After the constitutional provision of 1912, making the executive secretary and the Executive Committee electable by the National Committee, had served its purpose of tossing me overboard, the constitution was again amended so as to make the executive secretary and the Executive Committee electable by the membership. In 1916 there was a referendum election. One day when I was in the national office, then located at Madison and Halsted, Bertha Hale Brown asked me if I was going to run for executive secretary. I said, "No, I've had my whirl at that office." She laughed and said, "And it was some whirl."

But I accepted the nomination for member of the Executive Committee. Of course I did not do any electioneering for myself, but I wrote two letters, published in the American Socialist, in which I advocated the election of a woman to the committee. I stated that a body of men, with no matter how good intentions, forgets that the women exist, except when they are wanted for social reasons, and that we needed at least one woman on the committee. I did not say which woman candidate I thought the members ought to vote for, as there were several, but I hoped they would elect Anna A. Maley - and sure enough they did. The vote closed in May, 1916. The executive committee elected consisted of Victor L. Berger, Morris Hillquit, Anna A. Maley, John Spargo, and myself.

At about the same time, by referendum vote in the state of Illinois, I was elected a member of the National Committee from that state.

In Chicago, at that time, there was a man ~~Max Ginsburg~~ who went by the name of A.S. Tobin. In czarist Russia his name had been Alexander Krasnoschokov. He was a lawyer in Chicago and he also was at the head of a

workers' school, called the Douglas Institute, located at 3352 West Twelfth Street. I suppose it was called the Douglas Institute because it was in the neighborhood of Douglas Park. Probably at Tobinso's suggestion, I had been requested, by a young man connected with the Institute, to allow my name to be used as a member of the advisory board of the Institute, and I had given my consent. Later, the young man took the state bar examination, and, while doing so, secretly, and for compensation, gave the answers of the examination questions to another man who did not himself have sufficient knowledge to pass the test. The young man told me about it, with some exultation, as if it were not wrong. A few days later - May 4, 1916 - I wrote to him the following letter:

On account of the incident which you told me about last Sunday, in regard to the bar examination, I desire to have my name removed from the advisory board of the Douglas Institute.

I allowed my name to be used, on the supposition that everything would be legitimate. Probably it will be, but I am not on the ground where I can know for myself.

This does not mean that I have any hostility toward the school or yourself. On the contrary, I have the kindest feelings and hopes for both.

I soon got a reply from him, and another from Tobinso. Each made light of the incident. Tobinso said the young man's act was "a thing which is practiced by every school boy and student since Homo Sapiens lost his tail by setting on his haunches." He closed by saying, "I should like to have a more definite explicit statement of the reason for your resignation." On May 14 I replied to both letters, in one, as follows:

As I have a letter from each of you on the same subject, I will answer them together.

It is true that a child, out of motives of friendliness, may help another child in an unimportant examination, without its being a very serious matter, although even this needs attention because of what it might lead to.

But an adult, for a substantial consideration, secretly giving the answers to a person who does not himself possess the necessary knowledge, and who ought not to be admitted - this leads naturally to all the practices which would make a lawyer the opposite of a benefit to the working class. Yet, both of you justify it and make light of it.

You ask me for an explicit statement of the reason for my withdrawal. I withdrew because this incident has shaken my confidence so that I do not feel sure that false affidavits relating to the bar examination will not be made and sold.

It seems to me that when we discard the low capitalist standard of morals, we should not be without a standard, but that we should have a higher one. I feel that it is proper for people to expect more of a socialist than anyone else, because we have higher ideals. Of course one has to largely determine the standard for himself, but it is at least clear that one's actions should be open and deliberate, and that in all of his conduct he should ask himself whether or not it will help or hinder the consummation of the high ideals for which we stand.

It is also my opinion that each person does the best that he is capable of at the time and that therefore no criticism or condemnation is in order. But each person likewise has it in him to become capable of doing better. I can only judge myself and try to live up to the best light I have.

I am confident that the Institute is doing lots of good educational work, and I repeat that my withdrawal does not mean that I am hostile to it or to either of you. On the contrary, I have the kindest feelings and hopes for all three.

As for the young man, it may be that he took the incident to heart and profited by it, and I deem it best not to record his name.

But about eight years later - in The Nation for April 30, 1924 - I read an article written from Moscow by William Henry Chamberlain about the trial of Alexander Krasnoschokov, otherwise A. S. Tobinson. He had gone to Asia after the Russian revolution and had become president of the Far Eastern Republic. After that country was absorbed by Soviet Russia, he became president of the Commercial and Industrial Bank at Moscow. He was, according to the Nation article, arrested on charges of using some of the bank's funds for high living, and with some other irregularities. He was convicted and sentenced to serve six years in prison. Of course I don't know whether he was guilty or not, but, When I read that article, naturally I thought of the 1916 incident in Chicago. I also wondered why the Russian communists, being totally devoid of morals, should bother about arresting and trying him on such charges. In 1916 the Russian revolution had not taken place and I was not familiar with bolshevik depravity.

June 17 to 20 inclusive, 1916, I attended a joint meeting of the outgoing and incoming National Executive Committees, together with the candidates for president and vice president - Allan L. Benson and George R. Kirkpatrick. As there was no national convention that year, the candidates had been nominated by referendum vote. We prepared a national platform to be sent to referendum, and we laid plans for the campaign. The new

Executive Committee elected Adolph Germer, Victor L. Berger and myself as an emergency committee to have charge of matters between meetings of the full committee. Germer was the newly elected national secretary. As he and I lived in Chicago, and Berger in nearby Milwaukee, we were selected because of the comparative ease with which we could get together.

June 17, 1916, the Illinois state convention of the party nominated me for governor. On account of the fact that I knew that my duties on the executive and emergency committees, together with the writing of articles, would consume most of my spare time, I declined the nomination.

On the evening of June 17 I made a talk in Bowen Hall, Hull House, along with others, at a banquet given during the state convention.

July 19 and 20 I attended another meeting of the National Executive Committee. Usually the meetings were held at the headquarters, but this one was held at the Great Northern Hotel.

August 17 I made a socialist speech at the Twin Cities Chautauqua, at Urbana, Illinois.

During the campaign of 1916 I wrote a couple of leaflets which were printed by the national office. One of them was entitled The Gold Brick Twins - meaning the Republican and Democratic Parties. The other was entitled A Horse Power System, and it was ~~intended~~ intended especially for circulation among farmers.

September 29 and 30 I attended a meeting of the National Executive Committee.

I attended another meeting of the same on January 6, 7 and 8, 1917.

Early in ^{February,} ~~January~~ 1917, when the danger of war with Germany became acute, National Secretary Germer called a meeting of the emergency committee. Previous to the meeting I wrote a proposed embargo telegram, nearly a page of single space, and took it along to the meeting, not knowing whether Berger and Germer would like it or not. As both of the old parties had ostensibly been against war, and Woodrow Wilson had been reelected president

on the deceptive slogan "He kept us out of war," we socialists had not thought there was much danger of our country getting into the war, and we had looked after our campaign and other party affairs. The party had, long before, stated its position, and since Wilson seemed so proud of having kept our country out of the war, no restatement seemed necessary until February, 1917, when it appeared that he was about to go back on his campaign slogan. Hence my doubt as to whether or not Germer and Berger would like my embargo draft - we and the full Executive Committee had not been discussing these matters. I also had not been reading the Milwaukee Leader and did not know what it had been saying editorially about the war. However, when I read my proposed telegram, both Berger and Germer were enthusiastic over it, and Berger fished in his brief case for an editorial or two in which the Milwaukee Leader had said something similar. With the addition of one or two sentences, the telegram was wired to President Wilson that night.

We at once inaugurated a nation-wide series of meetings for the purpose of trying to keep our country out of the war. I spoke at three of them - at Streater, Illinois, February 25; at Milwaukee, February 27; and at Indiana Harbor, Indiana, March 4.

The embargo telegram and a later message which I wrote and which was sent to the president and the members of congress are given in the chapter on The First World War. Also the calling of the St. Louis anti-war convention, and my opposition to the calling of the same. I think I was obviously right in thinking that the National Executive Committee could have written a better anti-war proclamation, but I supported the one that was adopted.

Most of the socialist students who had been enrolled at La Salle Extension University had either finished their courses or had dropped out, and my work there was dwindling. I was not sure just what I would do when it ceased, but, in May, 1917, without any hint from me, Berger offered me a position as editorial writer on the Milwaukee Leader, and, after considering it for a day or two, I accepted. While my folks and my citizenship

remained in Chicago for a couple of years, this is the proper place for the chapter on Chicago to end, as the activities of those two years belong in the chapter on The First World War and the chapter on Milwaukee.

In this chapter on Chicago I have mentioned a few attacks and criticisms. I have had so many kindnesses that attacks and criticisms seem queer and abnormal. Of course, like other human beings, I am far from perfect. I am deeply grateful for the innumerable kindnesses, and I completely forgive the attacks and criticisms.

The memory of the love bestowed upon me by the office force in the national office has been a spiritually uplifting influence in my life year after year and decade after decade. I do not have words to express my profound gratitude on account of such a helpful, beautiful and sacred experience having come into my life.

THE FIRST WORLD WAR

The second world war, and, later, the defense against communist aggression in Korea, became necessary, and I supported them. But in all probability they - the second world war and the communist aggression - never would have happened if our country had kept out of the first world conflict. In this chapter my attitude toward it and experience in it are related.

"It looks like war. We must do what we can to head it off. I have called a meeting of the emergency committee for tomorrow evening."

Time: February 1, 1917. Place: Chicago. Adolph Germer on the phone.

At the end of January - not long after President Woodrow Wilson made his address to congress advocating peace without victory - Germany announced the resumption of submarine warfare. Instantly a black warcloud spread over the United States. It was hinted in the dispatches from Washington that Ambassador Gerard would be recalled from Berlin and that Ambassador von Bernstorff would be handed his passports - a more or less polite way of telling a diplomat to "get to hell out of here."

The socialist national headquarters were in Chicago. Germer was the national executive secretary. Victor L. Berger was a member of the National Executive Committee. So was I. As Berger lived in Milwaukee and I in Chicago, he and Germer and I had been designated as an emergency committee to handle matters which arose between meetings of the whole Executive Committee and which could not be handled readily by correspondence. The threat of war was an emergency indeed.

Our activities having been mainly with organization and education and the numerous problems arising therefrom, I did not know, in this new turn of affairs, just what Berger and Germer would be in favor of doing. My own reaction to the new condition was very definite. Previous to the meeting I sat down to my typewriter and wrote it out, in the form of a long telegram to be sent to Woodrow Wilson. When the committee met, on the evening of Friday, February 2, at the headquarters, I read it, and it met with quick

approval. With the addition of a sentence or two, and the change of a few words, it was adopted, and it was at once wired to the president and to other officials in Washington. The telegram was as follows:

Woodrow Wilson, President,
Washington, D. C.

In behalf of the great multitude of socialists in the United States, we, the national emergency committee of the Socialist Party, in order to preserve peace in our country, urge that a complete embargo be placed upon all shipments of whatever kind from the United States to any and all of the belligerent countries.

At the time when the war began we made this identical demand. We urged that this country should "starve the war and feed America."

We took this attitude then and we take it now, for the following reasons:

First, because it is the only way in which our country can be made guiltless of participation in the bloodshed of the war.

Second, because it is the only way in which this country can take a genuinely neutral position.

Third, because it is the only way in which this country can keep its products at home where they are sorely needed in order to assist in reducing the cost of living.

From the beginning of the war the United States has not been neutral. It has obeyed the latter of international law, but has constantly and viciously violated its spirit by shipping munitions and other supplies to one side, when it was prevented by that side from shipping them to the other.

Piercing through technicalities and going to the heart of the matter, this is a flagrant violation of neutrality because it helps one side and injures the other. It is also morally base, resulting, as it does, in the selfish plutocrats of our country enriching themselves at the expense of the warring nations and placing the guilt of murder at the door of the American people.

By this means the United States has helped to kill in cold blood millions of our fellow human beings. At the same time the exportation of the substance of the country to the warring nations has increased the cost of living among the masses of our people and thereby increased their sufferings.

All three of these wrongs - the participation in bloodshed, the anti-neutrality, and the exportation of our substance - would be avoided by placing an embargo upon all shipments to all of the belligerents.

In addition, it would tend to bring the war to a close. We are sincerely neutral, and we heartily agree with you in the opinion that the interests of humanity demand that there "should be no victor in this war." Certainly it would be much more likely to so end if the United States should cease to help one side.

This plan would also preserve peace in our ^{own} country. It would be preposterous for this country to go to war for the right to permit its selfish rich to still further enrich themselves by acting as accessories in murder.

Mr. President, we most earnestly remind you that the warlike opinions expressed in the daily press of the country are dictated by those same wicked and selfish vultures.

We, the Socialist Party, constitute a large portion of the common mass of the people, whose voices are not heard in the metropolitan press, but whose hearts are right and who do not want war. It is the voice of the common people that you should hear before you act.

Follow the example of your illustrious predecessor, Thomas Jefferson,

Mr. President, and have a complete embargo placed on all shipments.
It will end the war.

Victor L. Berger

Adolph Germer

John M. Work

Emergency Committee, Socialist Party.

Our earnest effort was in vain. The next day the president notified congress that he had severed diplomatic relations with Germany. In a long, carefully prepared speech, he sought to justify himself in taking this step which led to war a couple of months later.

Suppose he had acted in accord with the advice given in our message. The United States would not have been drawn into the war. The war would, therefore, have ended in a draw, peace without victory, the very thing he had previously said he wanted. At least a million lives would have been saved, and millions of wounds would have been avoided. At least one hundred billion dollars - billion, not million - would have been saved, including approximately half that sum in this country, to be used for better purposes. Most of the European misery, due to post-war exhaustion and a peace of vengeance, would have been escaped. Militarism would not have become rampant, for a peace without victory would have discouraged all nations from resorting to arms. The second world war would not have happened.

In our efforts to head off war we arranged many peace meetings throughout the country, at which resolutions favoring peace were adopted and sent to the press, the president, and the congress. I spoke at meetings in Streator, Illinois; Milwaukee, Wisconsin; and Indiana Harbor, Indiana.

A special meeting of the entire National Executive Committee was held at the headquarters, March 10 and 11, to consider the same question. The other members of the committee were in favor of calling a special national convention. I opposed this; partly on the ground of expense, feeling that we could use the money in better ways; and partly because I believed that the Executive Committee itself could write a better anti-war manifesto and in which there would be scheming impossibleist delegates. program than could be written in the hurly-burly of a convention. Later events thoroughly proved that I was right. I was, however, a minority of

one, and, as I was unable to convince the other members of the National Executive Committee, I gave in and voted with them for the special convention because I did not want the committee to be divided in the face of a grave emergency.

On the evening of March 23, 1917, I was one of several speakers at a celebration of the first Russian revolution - the so-called Kerensky revolution. It was held at the West Side Auditorium in Chicago and was attended mainly by men and women who had ^{once} ~~and~~ lived in Russia, many of whom had fled from that country to escape imprisonment or Siberian exile. Each of us spoke in the main hall and also at two overflow meetings in smaller halls. Neither before nor since have I ever seen such deliriously happy audiences. When a speaker who was himself a refugee from czarism referred to the deposed monarch as "Mr. Romanoff," the audience howled with glee.

My speech was too calm to make a hit. I gave a note of warning, telling them that they could not expect socialism to be inaugurated immediately in Russia. They were in no mood to be satisfied with such talk as that. But they cheered me when - and a humorist might have said because - I sat down. I wonder if, in later years, any of the members of the audience remembered my note of warning.

On March 30, 1917, we the emergency committee sent to President Woodrow Wilson and to each member of congress the following communication:

In behalf of the Socialist Party of the United States, we earnestly urge you to oppose declaring war against Germany or declaring that a state of war exists.

Instead, we urge you to vote to warn all American citizens to keep out of the danger zone. Our government has respected the war zone designated by the government of Great Britain; why should we not do the same of the war zone declared by Germany? Anyone who enters the danger zone at this time is not a good citizen. Foolhardy persons who deliberately put their country in danger of war do not deserve protection. Should the country go to war, it will be for the interest of financial freebooters only.

We also urge that, if the question of declaring war is to be voted upon at all, it shall be put to a referendum vote of the adult citizens of the United States, both men and women. We desire to put it squarely up to you whether or not you are willing to take the responsibility of deciding that the blood of thousands of your fellow human beings shall be spilled. Will your conscience permit you to do so when you can avoid it by voting against war, or by letting the people decide the question themselves?

I wrote all of the foregoing communication except the second sentence of the second paragraph, which was written by Victor L. Berger.

We held another meeting of the National Executive Committee at St. Louis just before the special convention.

We had set April 7, 1917, as the date when the special convention was to open. In the meanwhile congress was called in special session. President Woodrow Wilson delivered to it his make-the-world-safe-for-democracy speech. On April 6, war was declared. Hence we found ourselves in convention while the country was at war. We had expected to do our level best to keep the country from going into the war, but the war fans beat us to it. Thus we changed from being opponents of entrance into the war to opponents of the war itself.

The convention elected a committee on war and militarism to draw up an anti-war manifesto. As I was only an alternate delegate from Illinois, and the whole delegation was there except on the final forenoon of the convention and on the evening previous to that, I was not eligible to accept a nomination to serve on the committee on war and militarism. The impossibleists centered their votes on certain candidates, without voting for the full number, and thus got a larger representation on the committee than their numbers entitled them to. The committee, when elected, held hearings. Among others, I went before the committee and made some recommendations. I was of the opinion that, in addition to opposing the war, we ought to work for constructive measures during the war, so I proposed a thirteen-point constructive program that I had drawn up. It was as follows:

The nation having become involved in the war, the Socialist Party pledges itself to put forth every effort to secure the adoption of the following program:

1. That the railroad, express, telegraph and interstate telephone lines shall be taken over and operated by the public.
2. That the coal and metalliferous mines shall be taken over and operated by the government.
3. That the cold storage plants and grain elevators shall be taken over and operated by the government.
4. That the entire food supply shall be taken over and operated by the public.

5. That the passenger and freight vessels shall be taken over and operated by the government.
6. That all other monopolized or exploiting industries shall be taken over and operated by the public.
7. That all willing workers, both men and women, shall be guaranteed an opportunity to earn a living and to receive their full earnings.
8. That all incomes above ten thousand dollars per year shall be taxed one hundred per cent..
9. That a heavy inheritance tax shall be levied, which will take into the public treasury all estates except sufficient allowance for the aged, the mothers, and minor children.
10. That wages and the standard of living shall be increased.
11. That freedom of speech, press, communication and assemblage, and all other liberties already achieved, shall be maintained.
12. That popular government shall be established; by nation-wide equal suffrage for men and women; by the initiative, referendum and recall; by proportional representation; by the abolition of the United States senate; by the abolition of the veto power of the president; by the abolition of secret diplomacy and one-man rule in our foreign relations; by the election of the president and vice president by direct vote of the people; by making the United States constitution amendable by the majority vote of those voting thereon; by the abolition of the usurped power of the courts to pass upon the constitutionality of laws of co-ordinate legislative bodies; by the election of all federal judges for short terms; and by the establishment of industrial democracy.
13. That when the peace conference comes, the nation shall stand unswervingly for the federation of the world, with universal disarmament and a world congress to settle international problems.

The committee was of the opinion, seemingly, that, inasmuch as it was preparing an anti-war proclamation, so much affirmative matter would not be compatible with the nature of it. However, it somewhat veered away from that position and, before finishing its work, put some affirmative proposals, not mine, in the document.

The committee split three ways, and three different reports were made to the convention, but the majority of the committee agreed upon the majority report which the convention adopted. In its preparation, a great effort had been made to secure unanimity. In so doing, concessions as to the wording were made to the impossibleists - a thing which, at the period of the second world war, would have been called appeasement. The impossibleists were the type of people who later became communists. If my suggestion, that the National Executive Committee frame the anti-war proclamation, instead of calling a special convention, had been adopted, while the proclamation certainly would have been couched in strong language, and we doubtless

would have been persecuted, some of the language in the St. Louis anti-war proclamation that got our members into the most trouble with the authorities during the war would not have been there. It was put in to appease the impossibleists and to come as near unanimity as possible.

Nevertheless, the anti-war proclamation adopted by the convention was a revelation of the hypocrisy of the war pretensions. If I had had a vote in the convention at the time when it was voted on, even though not satisfied with it, I would have voted for it.

After the convention we circulated large quantities of the manifesto from the national office, together with other anti-war literature in leaflet form and in our weekly official organ, The American Socialist.

At the time when the United States entered the war, the great majority of the American people were opposed to it. The administration and the newspapers undertook to sell the war to the people, and succeeded. A wave of war hysteria swept over the country. Only those who were psychologically fortified against it were immune. Of this minority I was one.

The St. Louis anti-war manifesto raised a storm of malignant opposition. We were denounced as traitors and pro-German. At first I was mystified by these charges. As I knew that I was working for the best interest of my country, its people, and the people of the whole world, I was conscious that I was the opposite of a traitor. And I could not imagine how anyone could be so stupid and illogical as to suppose that I was pro-German. I knew that I was neutral. I also knew that if I had permitted my emotions to govern me, I would have been pro-Ally from the outset of the war in 1914. My American ancestry runs back before the revolution. My great-grandfather was a captain in George Washington's army. I was born and raised in an Iowa farming community where the people were predominantly native American. I was saturated with Americanism from infancy. There were a scant few Germans in the neighborhood. One of them was the only drunkard who was at times found asleep in some fence corner when he failed to get all the way

home from an evening's drinking in the village saloon. Another, also too fond of drink, borrowed several hundred dollars from my father, a big sum for a pioneer to lose, and never paid it back. The only idiots I knew were two children of a German family who attended the district school where I received my early education. Poor little fellows, for several years they recited four times a day in the primer class, repeating the letters after the teacher, without ever learning the alphabet. These things were my introduction to Germans. They prejudiced me against them. I have never been able wholly to eradicate that prejudice from my mind. I was therefore prejudiced against Germans before the war and during the war, and I am still slightly prejudiced against them. But I did not permit my prejudices or other emotions to govern me. I was governed by my intellect, which told me that the war was a commercial affair, utterly without idealism, that both sides were wrong, and that it was the part of a true patriot to oppose it and work for peace. There was a kaiser on one side and a czar on the other. There was a mikado on one side and a sultan on the other. There were ambitious capitalist countries, looking for world markets, on both sides. Nazis and fascists did not yet exist. Hence my mystification when I found myself, along with all other opponents of the war, charged with pro-Germanism. It dawned upon me later that those who made the charges, in so far as they were not deliberately dishonest, were themselves governed by their emotions and that there was no reason or intellect in their attitude. I learned also that in every other belligerent country the truth-tellers were charged with treason. In Germany those who told the truth about the war were called pro-Ally. In allied countries they were called pro-German. In all cases those who hurled the charges were hysterical and irresponsible. We American socialists were heartened by the fact that ~~some~~ ^{worthy} persons in England, France and Germany were taking the same stand in their countries that we were taking in ours.

In May, 1917, ~~xxxxx~~ the chief editorial writer of the Milwaukee Leader,

a daily socialist paper of which Victor L. Berger was the editor in chief, and which was owned by thousands of working people, died. I was invited by Berger to take the vacant place. I accepted. On May 21 I became the editor of the editorial page. From that time onward, throughout the period of America's participation in the war, I sat before my typewriter and wrote anti-war and pro-peace editorials.

Congress passed the conscription act - euphoniously called the selective service act - on May 18. It was incredible but true. Then the infamous espionage act was passed, June 16, nullifying the civil liberty guarantees of the constitution. That was also incredible and also true. Free America temporarily dissolved and disappeared. A cruel tyranny took its place. Men and women were arrested and prosecuted for voicing their honest opinions about the war. The American Socialist was struck down and killed by denying it access to the mail. I had written articles for the paper ever since its inception and I loved it. The president could hardly have given me a more personal affront if he had struck me in the face with his fist.

At the headquarters in Chicago we undertook to help those who were being persecuted, mainly by furnishing legal counsel for their defense. When Russia withdrew from the war we were disturbed lest the American mission headed by Elihu Root should hold back the socialization of that country by the mensheviks and throw it further into chaos by persuading it to go into the war again. Russian socialists were returning to their native country from Chicago. With them we sent our views to the Russian comrades. By the same means we informed them that Charles Edward Russell, a member of the Root mission, did not represent the socialists of America.

I made a Fourth of July, 1917, speech at Kenosha, Wisconsin, on the subject, Democracy Begins at Home. Had the same address been given a year later, it might easily have netted me a prison term of twenty years, but apparently no sleuth listened to it. In August I repeated the address at the socialist chautauqua in Milwaukee. I also spoke at an anti-war meeting in the Milwaukee Auditorium, along with others.

The People's Council, having been driven out of Minnesota, applied for permission to hold a convention in Milwaukee. Surprises were everyday occurrences in those days: to our surprise, Governor Phillip forbade the meeting. Victor Berger called him over long-distance and tried to get him to change his ruling, but in vain. The convention was therefore scheduled for Chicago, in September. The Chicago papers railed against it. I was a delegate from the Newspaper Writers Union of Milwaukee. The convention met in Chicago's West Side Auditorium. Addresses were made by Rabbi Judah L. Magnes, former Senator John D. Works of California, and others. Committees were appointed; they met during the lunch period. In the midst of the afternoon proceedings of the convention a police sergeant strode upon the platform and told the delegates that he had orders to disperse the meeting. There were other bluecoats in the hall. He told us that if we would go away quietly there would be no further trouble. We went. Some of us, however, wishing to make a test case, and to have it made by someone living in Chicago, so that it would be less bother for him than for an outsider, suggested to Seymour Stedman that he offer himself for the sacrifice. He readily did so and was arrested and released on his promise to appear next day. But the arrest was canceled by the police, hence there was no test case.

The committess met in hotel rooms in the evening and were unmolested although there was no secrecy about them. I served on the committee on civil liberties and constitutional rights. Crystal Eastman was chairman of the committee. Jacob Panken, Roger Baldwin and Sara Bard Field were among the members. We prepared a rather long report. When someone wanted to add still more to it, Crystal laughed and said, "Let's put a parenthesis at the end saying 'This isn't all we know.'" From which it will be observed that we did not lose our sense of humor. The truth is that I had lots of fun during the war, in spite of the deep earnestness of my anti-war and pro-peace convictions and the constant danger of arrest and imprisonment.

Next morning we learned, from the newspapers, that, in the absence of

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the mayor, the order to disperse the meeting the day previous had been given to the chief of police by Governor Frank O. Lowden, by communication from Springfield, and that the mayor, having either returned or got otherwise in touch with the chief, had canceled the order and said we had a right to meet. The mayor was William Hale Thompson. While I shared the opinion which many had of the gentleman, that act on his part will have to be placed on the credit side of his record. Not slow to take the hint, we delegates again convened at the West Side Auditorium and heard and acted upon the reports of the committees. In the course of the forenoon an announcement was made from the platform that the governor was reported to be sending a regiment of troops from Springfield to stop the conference. We finished our business and adjourned sine die before the troops arrived, if they ever did. We went back to the hotel for lunch. While partaking thereof, wee slips of paper, each folded in a tiny bit, were handed to us. On them was written the address of a residence on the northwest side. We were invited to go there quietly after lunch. Accordingly some of us - a fraction of the delegates - gathered in small groups and took taxicabs to the given address. There we outnumbered the available chairs. I sat on the floor, as did several others. After an hour or two of talkfest, a telephone call indicated that the sleuths were searching for us. Probably some neighborhood snooper had done some informing. To avoid embarrassing our hosts we adjourned. This ~~this~~ was the only event in the entire war, so far as the socialists were concerned, which was not strictly open and above board. It was not an official meeting; we merely met to talk together before parting. All else was wide open to the operatives of the department of alleged justice.

That was the way in which I was in the habit, in those days, of referring to the department of justice in my editorials: "the department of alleged justice." It was fitting, for the department was wreaking the grossest injustice upon the sincere opponents of the war.

The department raided the Milwaukee Leader office twice, going through

the files and taking whatever it chose. There were spies and rumors of spies. A man whom I took to be a spy came in to see me one day. He was ostensibly trying to locate some article that had appeared in the paper. I treated him cordially. He did not try to probe me but merely sized me up. In October, 1917, like a bolt of lightning, the Leader's second class mailing right was withdrawn. At one stroke this cut off nearly all of the mail subscribers, leaving mainly those who received the paper by carrier or from the news stands. It was a hard blow, and it was immediately followed by another: a boycott by most of the larger advertisers. The paper called a mass meeting of readers. They responded nobly. The rich people were nearly all against the paper, but thousands of the poor were with it. They gave money generously, that it might live. Indeed they did it with wild enthusiasm. Women stripped rings from their fingers and threw them into the collection baskets. ^{Buech} ~~Oscar Ameringer~~ and Robert ^A collected money upstate. It all helped. Even so, for a time it was doubtful if the paper could survive the two stunning blows. It contemplated changing to a weekly. For several weeks I held myself in readiness to return to my home in Chicago. But the magnificent loyalty of the readers enabled it to pull through. In August, 1918, the right to receive incoming mail was also withdrawn. All mail addressed to the paper was stamped, "Mail to This Address Undeliverable Under Espionage Act," and returned to the senders if the senders were known, or otherwise disposed of if not. This was another severe blow. Again the readers came to the rescue and the paper continued publication.

I was disgusted with the hoopla of war; the liberty loan drives; the four-minute speeches; the movies; the sermons; the posters; the parades; the shrieking whistles; etc. Meatless days never touched me, for I was not a meat eater. Gasless Sundays suited me fine, for I did not then have to dodge autos. I wish the gasless Sundays might have been made a permanent institution - or a gasless some other day, not necessarily Sunday - as it would then be possible to say that the war had at least one good result. I sympathized with the conscientious objectors. I was a civil conscientious

objector myself. In the presence of the war fans I kept my mouth shut. If I had to go to the penitentiary I wanted to go there for my disseminated writings, not for some chance remark. One morning on my way to work I stopped at a small grocery to get some peaches to eat at the office. As the woman handed the sack to me she said, "When you have eaten these, put the seeds in one of the barrels along the street; our country needs them to make poison gas." To her I said nothing. To myself, although I am opposed to profanity, I said, "Like hell I will!" Upon leaving the store I had a good laugh. After eating the peaches, I carefully wrapped the seeds in a piece of newspaper. "Our country," I said - but not aloud for I was always on the lookout for dictographs - "I'm afraid you'll have to worry along without these peach stones," and I dropped them into the waste basket. Previous to the barring of the incoming mail, and afterward when addressed to individuals, there often came letters to my desk in which men and women, who did not realize the danger they were placing themselves in, expressed their honest opinions about the war. To protect them against possible persecution I carefully tore their letters into bits and put them in the waste basket, lest they might be found in my desk in case of another raid. As we believed that even the waste baskets were occasionally examined, I sometimes ran the pieces, or at least the torn-off signatures, down the sewer.

The Leader held about half of the population of Milwaukee city and county, and many upstate, in line against the war. They supported the war as much as the law required, but their minds and hearts were against it. Due mainly to the Leader, the war hysteria never swept them off their feet. As I was writing anti-war and pro-peace editorials continually, and was at the same time an active member of the National Executive Committee, perhaps it is true, as I have been told, that these circumstances made me the most effective war opponent in America. Eugene V. Debs, that great lover of humanity, was ill throughout the war and confined himself to a few speeches, one of which sent him to prison; he would have been the most active war opponent if he had

been well. Victor L. Berger did not write constantly, as he had so many other duties, but it was chiefly he who made it possible for me to write continually and to have my writings reach the readers. Thousands of men and women were being hounded, arrested, finger-printed, or sent to jail or prison, some for mere conversation, yet I went unscathed. Berger said it was because my name did not sound like sauerkraut, but he was joking, for many others with American names and ancestry were persecuted. A man who was somewhat familiar with psychology - Frank Metcalf - when I told him that I did not at any time believe that I would be indicted, said that my immunity was due to my mental attitude. He said that if I had Job's mental attitude - "That which I feared hath come upon me" - I would have been persecuted. Undoubtedly there is something in that, but I also lay my immunity in part at the door of the inefficiency of the department of alleged justice.

In the fall of 1917, as I was still a citizen of Chicago, the Socialists of Cook County nominated me for superior judge, as one of a number of pro-peace candidates for various offices. The candidates spoke to a packed house in Orchestra Hall on the Sunday before election. I denounced the war and said, "We want peace, and we want it now." The audience responded with cries of "Peace! Peace!" I said, "We do not stand for narrow jingoistic nationalism; we stand for internationalism and the brotherhood of man. We stand not only for the United States of America but also for the United States of the world - by which I mean a league of socialized countries, not a super-state." Even the Chicago Tribune admitted that this sentiment brought forth tremendous applause, indicating that a goodly minority in that city had not been caught by the war hysteria. We polled about 70,000 votes, which was approximately one-third of the total vote.

February 2, 3 and 4, 1918, a meeting of the National Executive Committee was held in Chicago. Just previous to the meeting I received a communication from the national office advising me to arrange for bail before leaving Milwaukee, as I would almost certainly be indicted by the federal

grand jury while in Chicago. I had the hunch, above mentioned, that I would not be indicted. I did nothing about bail. I believe that Berger, who had received a similar letter, called up some friend of his who doubtless would have signed for both of us if necessary. No indictments were made public during the meeting. We heard that the grand jury had by a close vote decided not to indict us. As a matter of fact five indictments were voted, at about that time, but they were not served until March. They included Germer and Berger. The latter was the only member of the Executive Committee who was indicted. It looked as if the indictment had been timed to come just when we were running him for United States senator in a special election in Wisconsin to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Paul O. Husting. Naturally I wrote my level best in behalf of Berger's candidacy. We had money enough only to circularize four counties out of seventy-one. Our proposed meetings out in the state were prevented by mobs or threats, we were refused space for posters, and the papers refused to carry our advertising. The war fans could get away with anything, knowing that no effort would be made to make them obey the law. At that, Berger got a whale of a vote - about 110,000. Had we been financially able to circularize the entire state he probably would have been elected senator instead of Irvine L. Lenroot. The five indicted socialists were out on heavy bail. Their trial was postponed, as the tedious I.W.W. trial was pending in Chicago.

At the February meeting of the National Executive Committee we sent a message to the president and congress urging that this country accept Russia's invitation to participate in the peace conference between Russia and the central powers; also urging that this country use its influence to get the allied countries to do the same. We sought the consent of Secretary of State Robert Lansing to permit us to send a cablegram - through Leon Trotsky, foreign minister of Russia - congratulating the socialists of Germany and Austria upon their recent revolutionary activities in behalf of peace. We issued a proclamation protesting against the denial of civil liberties in America. We outlined proposals for reconstruction after the war. We wanted

to send the cablegram to the socialists of Germany and Austria for the double purpose of helping them in their efforts for peace and demonstrating to the American people that the charge that we were pro-German was false. We were sorry that the bolshevik revolution had taken place but we did not know that the bolsheviks were anti-democratic and opposed to genuine socialism. A year later we found out, good and plenty.

The members of the Executive Committee at that time were Victor L. Berger, Morris Hillquit, Anna A. Maley, / Seymour Stedman, and your truly.

At the same time when Berger ran for senator we had a city campaign in Milwaukee at which we re-elected Daniel W. Hoan as mayor and also elected several aldermen. An attempt was made to have the government declare the city of Milwaukee under martial law, so as to prevent the people's choice for mayor from taking his seat, but the plan fell through. Of course I did my editorial best in behalf of the city ticket as well as the senatorial.

We opposed the passage of the new espionage act, in the spring of 1918, just as we had opposed the espionage act and the conscription act of the previous year. The new and worse espionage act was passed in May. Under both of the espionage acts I attempted to keep within the law and at the same time write against the war. It was not an easy task but it was a thrilling one. I knew that we were in constant danger of mob violence; also that the agents of the department of alleged justice might put in an appearance at any time and stop the publication of the paper. Justice was dead - well, at any rate, sound asleep. Anything could happen. Yet, although I do not profess to be a brave man, I felt no fear. A certain exaltation, which I cannot explain, seemed to buoy me up. I do not claim that I was one hundred per cent true to my anti-war and pro-peace convictions. I do not see how anyone could have been, and continue to live. One could not eat, for example, or mail a letter, without paying taxes which would help the war. I paid my direct as well as my indirect taxes. I ignored all war work and despised it. I ignored the first two liberty loans. By the time the third came around, the hysteria

was so great that I was concerned lest my wife and daughter in Chicago, where the solicitations were made, might be mobbed; hence, in each of the last two drives, I advised my wife to subscribe for one bond of the lowest denomination, in my name, and she did so.

In August, 1918, in Chicago, a meeting of the National Executive Committee was held in conjunction with the state secretaries and other officials. At this meeting a more detailed reconstruction program was adopted and made public. We knew the war would end sometime and that a reconstruction program would be a vital necessity if the post-war period was not to be merely muddled through. The muddling process was the one used.

After that meeting I took a short vacation, mainly at home in Chicago. On Labor Day I returned to Milwaukee. Two days later a bomb exploded at the north end of the federal building in Chicago. The object was a mystery. The I.W.W. trial had recently ended - in conviction. Bill Haywood was in the building, but Judge Landis was not, and the bomb was not placed so as to reach the court room and its vicinity anyhow. It killed four persons and injured several. That night, officers visited a large number of homes and other places. With its then customary inefficiency the department of alleged ~~had two of its officials waste their time by calling~~ justice ~~at my apartment~~ at my apartment. My wife and daughter had arranged curtains and screens so they could sleep on the back porch, and they were sound asleep when, about one o'clock, the doorbell rang. Mrs. Work went in and asked, through the tube, who was there. She did not understand the reply but opened the door anyway, a dangerous thing to do in Chicago. Two big fellows walked in. They asked if I was at home. Upon being told that I was not, one of them sat down at the dining table and took out a notebook. Mrs. Work sat down too, while the other man stood up and watched her intently. My daughter looked in through the back window and, as she later expressed it, was scared stiff. She thought her mother and herself were about to be attacked by the men. The man with the notebook asked my wife numerous questions about me, all of which she answered truthfully. Then he suddenly and sharply asked, "Are you alone?" Apparently he suspected that I was

hiding in the apartment somewhere. She told him she and her daughter were alone. As they seemed about to depart she said, "Now I have answered your questions and I want to ask you a question: what do you want with Mr. Work?" They evasively replied that they just wanted to find out that I was not there, and they took their departure leaving her mystified as to what pretext they could have for searching for me in the dead of night or at any other time. She had been so thoroughly disgusted with the pro-war proclivities of the Chicago papers that she would not give them the few pennies it would have taken to buy them; hence she did not know about the bombing of the federal building; but of course she would have been equally mystified if she had known, since we socialists never did such things. She was not in the least frightened by the presence of the men, but was clear grit, not realizing until afterward that she might have been in great danger. Next day she wrote me about the incident. In replying, as it was customary for letters of true patriots to be opened before delivery, I took pains to say, for the eyes of the sleuths, that my reputation as a law-abiding citizen was better than that of the average operative of the department of alleged justice. Of course I felt outraged, but that's all the good it did.

For several months previous to the time when the five Chicago indictments were returned - from June, 1917, until February, 1918 - I had understood that I was under the consideration of the federal grand jury in Chicago. In the fall of 1918 it became evident that a number of us were under the consideration of the federal grand jury in Milwaukee. We were subpoenaed to appear before it. I made two trips to the federal building before I found the grand jury ready to quiz me. As one takes an oath not to reveal what takes place in a grand jury room, I shall not relate my experience with the district attorney and the jury except to say that I gave them a tiny lecture on war hysteria. There wasn't any oath to keep still about what happened afterward, so I can say that I chuckled over the encounter, feeling that I was the winner in so far as logic and morals were concerned. Next day I was asked what I thought the grand jury would do to me. I lightly replied

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that I was only wondering if I would be allowed to wear lavender stripes in prison. I knew the grand jury had no ground to indict any of us, and I also knew that it could find more excuses to indict me than the others, yet I felt as indifferent as my jocular words implied; my hunch that I would not be indicted was still working. The grand jury indicted Victor Berger, Oscar Ameringer, Leo Krzycki, Louis A. Arnold, and the Milwaukee Leader. None of these cases ever came to trial. I went to the federal building and collected my witness fees. All over the United States the socialists and pacifists were being arrested and put to vast expense of time, energy, money, and mental distress, while I collected three dollars and fifteen cents from Uncle Sam! Do you wonder that I had a low opinion of the department of alleged justice? Of course I contributed time, energy, money and gray matter to the defense of the persecuted. Editorially I demanded repeal of the espionage act and release of the political prisoners.

In December, 1918, the trial of the five defendants indicted by the Chicago federal grand jury - Victor L. Berger, ^{editor of the Milwaukee} ~~Adolph Germer~~ Leader and National Executive Committeeman; Adolph Germer, national secretary; Louis J. Engdahl, editor of the party's official organ which had been called the American Socialist but which, after that paper was throttled by the administration, was called the Eye Opener; William F. Kruse, secretary of the Young People's Socialist League, and Irwin St. John Tucker, author of the leaflet, The Price We Pay - began in the court presided over by Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis. Among other things, Berger had been indicted for writing five editorials, four of which I had written. As he was the editor in chief and his was the only name on the masthead of the Leader, he got both the credit and the blame for what I wrote. I pulled off the Jean Valjean stunt in part. I went to see the chief counsel for the defense, Henry Cochems of Milwaukee, and told him I wanted to testify about the editorials. So, when I went home for Christmas he put me on the stand, the day before Christmas. I testified that I wrote the four editorials, and I read them proudly to

the jury. On cross examination I had a fine time matching wits with the district attorney. Previous to America's participation in the war I had seen Judge Landis, one day after a witness had testified, turn to the desk on the right of the bench and say to the marshal, "Hold this man to the grand jury." As I had testified to writing four editorials that were set forth in an indictment, he could have given a similar order at the close of my testimony, but he did not; and so I did not pull off the Jean Valjean stunt in full. My evidence ranged over much more territory than the five editorials. After I left the witness stand, the attorneys for the defense congratulated me on the effectiveness of my testimony. As I walked toward his hotel with Berger after the court adjourned, he asked me how I kept calm under the grilling of the cross examiner. I saw my opportunity. As he was hot-tempered, we were all afraid he would be lashed into a fury when cross examined. I replied, "All you have to do is to remember that the district attorney is trying to make you mad - and you won't let him." "Ugh!" he grunted, in his characteristic way. I saw that the idea had soaked in and I said no more on that subject. Later he was unmercifully grilled, for a far longer period than I had been, and he kept his temper. When I read my testimony in the transcription of the record as summarized for the purpose of the appeal to a higher court, I found that it had not been taken down at all accurately. It did not do me justice. Over eighty of my editorials were introduced in evidence.

The defendants proved their case and should have been acquitted as a matter of course, but in the prevailing hysteria there was no chance for them. They were convicted, on January 9, 1919, and were required to give higher bail. I was not present on February 20 when they were sentenced to twenty years in prison. Asked if they had anything to say before sentence was pronounced, each of them read a courageous and defiant statement. The judge, in his remarks, cited some of my editorials. In particular he commented sarcastically on one entitled Looking for a Place to Light - it was not in the indictment but had been offered in evidence - in which I called attention to

the fact that each side in the war claimed that God was on its side, and I said He was not on either side but was hovering over the trenches looking for a place to light. The defendants did not have to serve their incredible sentences, for the higher court threw the case out.

Victor L. Berger was elected to congress in November, 1918. When congress met in December of that year, it immediately passed a resolution providing for a special committee of nine members, appointed by the speaker, to consider the right of Berger to a seat in the house, and providing further that he should not be sworn in nor permitted to occupy a seat before the committee reported. The committee held hearings in the summer of 1919. Over sixty of my editorials were introduced in evidence. The committee reported adversely and Berger was ousted from congress. In December, 1919, a special election was held in the fifth district in Milwaukee to fill the vacancy. There was a short and hot campaign in which I did my editorial best and enjoyed it hugely. He was triumphantly re-elected. On election night the Leader got out an extra. A prominent Progressive Republican - William T. Evjue, editor and publisher of the Capital Times at Madison - was in our editorial room that night. He told me he had just been talking with the elder Bob La Follette and had said to Bob, "Don't you think it's about time for us to throw off the mask and come out squarely for socialism?"

The National Executive Committee of the Socialist Party elected me as a delegate to an international Socialist congress in Switzerland early in 1919. I applied for a passport and was to have sailed on the Rochambeau, but my passport was denied. The state department did not explain to me why it denied the passport, but a press dispatch, which came from Washington at the same time, stated that it was denied because Mr. Work was too dangerous a citizen to be permitted to go abroad. I got another good laugh out of that. I was sorry, however, not to go, for it was my wish to try to turn the international socialist congress away from debate as to who was to blame for the war and get it to make strong demands upon the Versailles peace conference for a genuine fulfillment of the promise of democracy - that is, for both industrial and

political democracy - in order that the war might not have been in vain. We had been promised a new world.

When Woodrow Wilson returned from Versailles I wrote an editorial entitled Nothing Fails Like Failure.

Naturally I am proud of my first world war record. I have been asked if it was worth while to oppose a madhouse. If not, I can only paraphrase a historic peroration, "God helping me I could do no other!" Still, I believe it was worth while. The stand taken by both the military and civil conscientious objectors in that war was so completely vindicated by later events that I think it helped to make many people think for themselves about great events and to make them more free of intolerant hysteria when the second world war came.

Had our advice been taken, there would not have been any second world war. The incredible blundering ⁱⁿ indulged in at and after the so-called peace conference at Versailles opened ^{ed} the way for nazism in Germany. The evil of nazism having arisen, there was no choice but to fight it, for otherwise the whole of civilization would have been destroyed - so I supported the war against nazism - but there was no need of letting it arise.

I also supported the defense against the communist aggression in Korea, although it would not have happened if the advice of the socialists had been taken. We socialists were onto the Russian desire to conquer the world and rule it with dictatorship and terror. We advised against permitting Russia to get control of eastern European countries and eastern Berlin; and we advised against letting Russia get into the war against Japan, which gave the communists control over Manchuria, upper Korea and China. If our advice had been taken, Russia would have remained weak. But our advice was ignored by stupid statesmen, and the world was in deep trouble again. Under these circumstances there was nothing I could do but to support the belated effort to stem the tide of communist aggression.

MILWAUKEE

In the chapter on The First World War, the chapter on Oodles of Editorials, the chapter on Books and Articles, the chapter on ~~and along~~ Miscellaneous, ~~the chapter on~~ ~~the chapter on~~ Experiments in Health Building, and the chapter on Religion, many of the facts and activities of my career in Milwaukee are given. This chapter on Milwaukee will be confined to such facts and activities as are not given in those other chapters.

Early in 1917 my work at the La Salle Extension University in Chicago began to taper off. I could no doubt have made it a more or less permanent position if I had been willing to use my acquaintance and influence in the socialist movement for commercial purposes. Soon after beginning my work at La Salle Extension University in 1913 I declined to lend the use of my name for a flamboyant campaign for the purpose of enrolling more socialist students in the law course. I explained that the movement was sacred to me and that I could not misuse it in that way. I had been engaged to help the socialist students who had already been enrolled in other ways. I gave them my very best service. By the spring of 1917, these socialist students had been pretty well taken care of. Some had finished the course. Others had dropped out. Thus my duties were drawing to a close and I was working part time.

I was a member of the national executive committee of the Socialist Party. So was Victor L. Berger, editor in chief of the Milwaukee Leader. One day in May, 1917, I happened to be in the national office of the Socialist Party. Berger happened to come in on the same day, as he often had business in Chicago in connection with the paper. He told me that James R. Howe, editorial writer for the Milwaukee Leader, had died a couple of weeks previous, and he offered me the job thus vacated. I inquired as to the duties. He said my duties would consist of writing editorials,

and nothing was said about any other duties. The offer came as a complete surprise to me. I said I would think it over and let him know by letter the following day. It was understood that if I accepted the job I was to give it a trial for six months. The next day I wrote to him accepting it.

I had been writing, gratis, as a labor of love, for the socialist papers, ever since 1902, and had not in any sense been doing it for the purpose of landing a job. Nevertheless, my articles, plus my writing of leaflets, a couple of booklets, and What's So and What Isn't, undoubtedly influenced Berger to think of me in connection with the vacant position. I saw that it was "right down my alley."

I had been in Milwaukee only three times. In February, 1904, as stated in the chapter on Touring for Socialism, I went there to make a few speeches in the municipal campaign. In August, 1911, as stated in the chapter on Chicago, I went there to attend the meeting of elected officials from over the country. In February, 1917, I went there to speak at an anti-war meeting. On the 1904 occasion I was "straight with the world" in Milwaukee. On the 1911 occasion I went there on a Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul train which was headed north when it left Chicago and was headed west when it stopped in Milwaukee, and I was "turned around" a quarter of the way. I was "turned around" on the streets and at the Republican Hotel, and at Brisbane Hall, then a new structure, where we held most of the meetings, and at the Auditorium where we held a meeting one evening. On the February, 1917, occasion I went there on the North Shoreline, arrived "straight with the world," and was "straight" on the streets but was "turned around" in the Republican Hotel and the Auditorium. I was not in Brisbane Hall that time but walked past it and tried to keep myself "straight."

When I found that I was to work in Milwaukee, I was anxious that I^{should be} "straight" at all points there, especially in Brisbane Hall, where the paper and the party headquarters were located. I remembered that I had

been "turned around" a quarter of the way in Monmouth, Illinois, where I went to college, because the train was headed south when it went out of Burlington, Iowa, and was headed east when it reached Monmouth. On the other hand, I had been "straight" in Washington, D. C., in Chicago, and in most of the places which I had visited on my lecture and organizing tours.

On Sunday, May 20, 1917, I again went to Milwaukee on the North Shore line. I was "turned around" at the Republican Hotel. I walked a good deal on the streets in the late afternoon and evening and was "straight." I ardently hoped that I might be "straight" in Brisbane Hall the next day, since I was to work there. On Monday morning, May 21, it was raining. I thought it might be a foxy idea for me to go into Brisbane Hall at the side entrance on Sixth Street instead of the front entrance on Chestnut Street - maybe I could keep myself "straight" in that way. From the Republican Hotel I walked east across the river, then north to Chestnut (afterward changed to Juneau Avenue). I did this in order to avoid the streets where I had once been "turned around." I walked west on Chestnut, back across the river again, to Third Street. I then walked a block north, to McKinley Avenue, then west on McKinley to Sixth Street, then south one block to the side entrance of Brisbane Hall. Up to that time I was "straight." I went into the building through the side entrance, using every effort to keep myself "straight." I entered the rear business office on the left. Immediately I became "turned around" a quarter of the way, just as I had been in 1911 - and I stayed that way ever after, in so far as Brisbane Hall was concerned.

I was directed to the editorial room on the fourth floor where I met the workers in that room. They said Berger was not due yet but would be at his room on the second floor in a little while. I waited. They kept in touch with his room by phone. When he arrived they told him I was in the editorial room, and he came up. He took me to room 303 at the south end of the hall on the third floor - only it seemed west to me. It was a

rather narrow room with a big south window and two smaller south windows. It had been James R. Howe's room. His name was on the door. Its walls were of the original plaster, never having been painted. It had a cement floor, guiltless of rug or linoleum. The room contained an old and rather small rolltop desk, an old swivel chair, an old ordinary chair, an old ordinary chair from which the back had disappeared, an old small table, ~~and~~ an old wastebasket. an old and still smaller table,^ There was a swinging typewriter leaf on the right end of the rolltop desk. On the leaf was an old typewriter.

Berger gave me a key to the room. He explained that I was to edit the editorial page. As he had, in Chicago, told me only that I was to write editorials, I was flabbergasted. It meant that I would be "tied" to a desk and that I would have two or three times as much detail work to do. I did not want to make a complaint the very first thing, so I said nothing and accepted the assignment. He took me to the composing room on the fourth floor and introduced me to the foreman, who spoke feelingly of James R. Howe. They had been chummy. Others spoke well of Mr. Howe from time to time. But of course they did not call him Mr. Howe - they called him Jim.

I got down to business at once. My editorials began to appear the day after my arrival. Berger was writing some editorials too. Without consulting one another I took my editorials to the composing room each day, and he sent his there.

I found a room on Cass Street, on the lower east side and moved into it from the Republican Hotel.

My work was hard - approximately equal to two men's work - but it was exceedingly interesting. There was a socialist page, separate from the editorial page, which appeared on Saturdays only. Berger asked me to edit it also, and I did so.

I became very fond of room 303. It was rather small but plenty big for my purposes. Its smallness might prevent anyone else's desk from being

moved in there, hence I felt rather sure of having it to myself. I had the lettering removed from the door and did not have any new lettering put on. This, I felt, would keep some folks out who did not need to see me, whereas those who needed to see me, and some who did not, either knew where to find me or could easily find out.

The south windows let in just as much sunshine as if they had not looked like west windows to me.

I used the backless chair to keep a pile of papers on. I set the smaller of the two small tables in the far corner and kept papers on it. I placed the larger of the two small tables back of my swivel chair and I spread the Chicago and Milwaukee papers on it as I read them each morning, and used it for other such purposes. I could swing right around to it, saving me a lot of steps. I devoted the big lower right-hand drawer of the desk to the raw fruit which I ate for breakfast. I got in touch with a dairy and had a quart bottle of milk delivered to me each weekday for lunch. I drank it slowly - sort of fletcherizing it - while going on with my work, but, whenever possible, I read things connected with my work during that period, instead of writing or clipping and pasting. The other drawers of the desk, and the pigeonholes, soon had each its special function. I had papers and a dictionary on top of the desk. Each day I clipped my own editorials and filed them away in one of the drawers. I put one copy of the Leader, each day, on a pile on top of my desk. Whenever the pile got too high I took a bunch of papers from the bottom of it and consigned them to the wastebasket after tearing off the editorial pages. I stacked up the editorial pages - in inverse order, the oldest at the bottom - on the little table in the far corner.

In accordance with my custom, I drove my work ahead of me instead of letting it drag me. I did not have a typewriter at my room on Cass Street, but I spent most of my evenings reading things for purposes of clipping and reprinting or for purposes of editorial writing. The deadline meant very

little to me because I was always ahead of it... Of course one cannot do that if one's work lies in the news columns, since a daily paper wants to print the news that happens right up to the deadline, but I could do it on the editorial page, and I did.

I got along well with Victor Berger. Personally we were about as nearly opposites as two men could well be, but we were in agreement on most of the public questions and also on party tactics. We did not hold regular editorial conferences. Neither did we hold irregular editorial conferences except occasionally and informally. I did not see him more than once in two or three weeks - sometimes not that often. He had general charge of the business of the paper as well as the rest of it. The business offices were on the first floor and his room was on the front of the second floor. His main activities were on those two floors. He seldom came up to the third and fourth floors, but others often went down to see him. He received proofs of my editorials. On one of the first few days of my service on the paper he changed the wording of one of my editorials. I took it that he did this in order to impress me with the fact that he was in authority. I do not remember of his having ever again used his authority in that way. He genuinely believed in freedom of expression. It is altogether possible that he sometimes allowed me to write and print things which he did not agree with, but I think he agreed with nearly all I wrote.

He was a specimen of the bossy type and was easily irritated, yet those characteristics almost never came into action in my case after I began working on the paper. Perhaps the fact that the editorial page was very popular with the readers had something to do with it. He may have thought the paper would lose me if he did not treat me right. A few times he told me good-naturedly that I wrote too much of what he called "theory." By this I gathered that he meant that I did not always base my editorials on current events but sometimes ⁿlaughed into obvious socialist propaganda or educational matter, telling how socialism would remedy this or that. I

did not consider it theory. My notion of theory was heavy books or articles written in such a way that they were hard to read and understand, whereas I, as always, specialized in trying to make things easy to understand. The readers who did the most valuable service in sustaining the paper - the active socialists - liked the editorials, so I guess Berger became resigned to the fact that I indulged in what he called "theory." Anyhow, when he had occasion one day to introduce me to a visiting congressman, he told the gentleman that I was one of the best writers in America.

Under date of July 4, 1917, I joined the Newspaper Writers Union, which had been originated in Milwaukee by the socialists back in the days of the weekly Social Democratic Herald, and which was a subsidiary of the International Typographical Union. No one in Milwaukee except employees of the Leader belonged to it. We paid the regular International Typographical Union dues, including the pension and mortuary dues, also some very heavy assessments when a lot of the typographical unions were on strike.

On the afternoon of the Fourth of July, 1917, at Kenosha, Wisconsin, I spoke at an outdoor meeting the object of which was to petition that the conscription act be submitted to a referendum vote of the people of America, and that the administration should state the object of the war and that it should state definite terms of peace. The title of my talk was Democracy Begins at Home.

July 6 and 7, 1917, I attended a meeting of the national executive committee in Chicago. When Berger and I met there, he somewhat solicitously asked me if I had left enough copy to keep my page going until we returned to Milwaukee. I said, "Sure - that's all taken care of." He was satisfied, and when, on later occasions, we were both in Chicago at the same time, he never repeated the question. While he did not have all of the qualifications of a first-class executive, he certainly had that one. A good executive, when he finds that he can trust one of his assistants to do things right, proceeds to trust him, and thus throws the matter off his own mind. A poor executive keeps on worrying about it and asking about it.

again
August 11, 1917, I spoke, on Democracy Begins at Home, at the Lincoln Chautauqua, held under the auspices of the socialists, at Pabst Park in Milwaukee.

August 20, 1917, I made an anti-war speech, along with Max Eastman, at a meeting in Plankinton Hall in the Milwaukee Auditorium, under the auspices of the People's Council.

Not knowing whether my job in Milwaukee was to be permanent or not, I had retained my citizenship in Chicago. In that city, in the fall of 1917, I was the Socialist Party candidate for superior judge.

The repressive tactics used by the national administration against the Leader made it hard to find enough of the right kind of material to print. At my suggestion, Berger, a few months after I went on the paper, discontinued the socialist page. The same type of matter was being printed on the editorial page right along and there was no need of having a separate page for it. The separate page had been a great burden to me. After it was abolished I was still doing a lot more than one man's work, but the suspension of the separate page eased things up considerably.

December 16 and 17, 1917, I attended a meeting of the national executive committee in Chicago.

February 2, 3 and 4, 1918, I attended another meeting of the national executive committee in Chicago - the one at which we prepared a reconstruction program - and the one at which the conversation with Anna A. Maley, mentioned in the chapter on Religion, occurred.

We held the last meeting of the five-member national executive committee in Chicago in May, 1918. The committee was changed from five members to fifteen members and was elected by districts. I was elected a member of it by referendum vote in the third district. We held the first meeting of the larger committee, off and on, from August 8 to 14, 1918, in Chicago, adjourning part of the time to attend the conference of state secretaries, executive committeemen and other party officials.

prepared and
The conference adopted a more detailed reconstruction program than ~~was the one~~ the one we of the national executive committee had prepared and adopted in February, 1918.

Eugene V. Debs attended the conference. He was not well. His trial was coming on in September. Of course the comrades talked with him a lot when the conference was not in session. I do not remember his taking any part in the proceedings except once when he was called upon to speak. He then made a moving talk, and, when he finished, the meeting just naturally adjourned itself without the chairman saying anything about an adjournment or a recess, for the comrades crowded up to shake hands with Gene. A woman from Milwaukee, who never had met him, wished to be introduced. We waited until the crowding subsided, then I introduced her to him, and of course he greeted her with his usual kindly warmth. She said, "Mr. Debs, they all seem to love you." He replied, "They love me because they know I love them."

After the meeting of the conference and the national executive committee were concluded, I took a vacation, at home in Chicago, where my wife and daughter were still occupying the little apartment on Rosedale Avenue, about eight miles north and a little west of the loop. Others wrote the editorials and edited the editorial page while I was gone. I mention this because, in later years, it happened a number of times that the only way I could get a vacation was to do all of the work in advance. My vacation ended on Labor Day. It was soon after that when the incident, related in the chapter on The First World War, occurred, our little apartment being raided by the incompetents who did not know any better than to try to connect me with a bomb explosion in front of the Chicago federal building.

In his Canton speech, for which he was indicted and tried, Gene Debs mentioned me as a sample of the way in which one becomes a socialist, even though opposed to it, if he honestly investigates it. That ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~part of the speech~~ ^{was} struck out of the editions later

- I do not know why - but it circulated, ~~intentionally~~ appeared in the first edition. Undoubtedly Gene spoke extemporaneously on that occasion, as he always did, and he could not be expected to get everything exact. Anyhow, in his address, he located me in the wrong state at the time when I became a socialist and also did not have the facts correct as to why I investigated socialism. I investigated it because I contemplated preparing a lecture against it, not because any minions of capitalism were using me against it - and I lived in Des Moines, Iowa, not in Wisconsin, at the time.

Early in June, 1918, Victor Berger began writing a front-page column, entitled Current Topics, in the Leader, and he did not write many editorials for the editorial page after that. He wrote his front-page column until and including Saturday, December 7, 1918, when the Chicago trial of himself and the four other defendants was about to begin, and he did not have time to write it. On Monday, December 9, 1918, Oscar Ameringer began writing Victor's column. He wrote it during the trial and also a good deal of the time in 1919, when the court had ordered Victor not to write while the case was being appealed.

This writing of Oscar's was done after the war, but, in his autobiography, If You Don't Weaken, written many years later, he seemed to think that he wrote the editorials in the Leader during the war, or that he wrote a front-page column during the war, whereas I wrote the editorials previous to June, 1918, except those that Victor Berger wrote, and Victor wrote the front-page started in that month. column. Oscar did lots of good work for the cause, and his autobiography is very entertaining, but the portion of it which deals with things familiar to me is not very accurate. To keep history straight, perhaps I ought to mention a few inaccuracies. The book says that Berger and all the members of the national executive committee of the Socialist Party were on trial in Chicago. At the time when the indictments were made, the national executive committee consisted of five members, and only one of them, Berger, was indicted. At the time when the trial took place, the national

have been introduced in evidence at both the Chicago trial and the congressional hearing, for he was just as anti-war as the rest of us. As my name was rather conspicuously left out of his book, I do not know for sure that the impression he gave regarding the writing of editorials was due merely to poor memory, but I prefer to believe so. He and McAlister Coleman were close friends, and my name is also rather conspicuously left out of Coleman's book, Eugene V. Debs, A Man Unafraid. Of course it is a matter of slight importance^r that my name does not appear in those two books, and it ~~is also~~ is also a matter of slight importance whether or not I get the credit for the editorials I wrote. But it is desirable to keep history straight. Anyhow, both Oscar and McAlister did splendid work for the cause. If either or both of them had a grudge against me, it is one hundred per cent forgiven.

Other Milwaukeeans who testified for the defense at the Chicago trial, besides myself, were Edmund T. Melms, Louis A. Arnold, Leo Wolfsohn, George Hampel. F. W. Rehfeld, Mildred Haessler, Carl Haessler, and Edmund J. Meczyski. Of course Berger testified in his own behalf.

At the time when the United States entered the first world war, in April, 1917, the members of the national executive committee of the Socialist Party were Victor L. Berger, Morris Hillquit, Anna A. Maley, John Spargo and myself. ~~They had~~ We had been elected by referendum vote in 1916. In May, 1917, John Spargo resigned from the^{national} executive committee and from the Socialist Party because he did not agree with the party's anti-war stand. ^{Therefore,} Seymour Stedman was elected to take Spargo's place. ^{When} the indictments were made, in February, 1918, the members of the national executive committee were Berger, Hillquit, Maley, Stedman and myself. The indicted comrades were Victor L. Berger, editor of the Milwaukee Leader and member of the national executive committee of the Socialist Party; Adolph Germer, national secretary of the Socialist Party; Louis J. Engdahl, editor of the American Socialist and its successor the Eye Opener; William F. Kruse,

national secretary of the Young People's Socialist League; and Irwin St. John Tucker, author of the leaflet, The Price We Pay. The constitution of the Socialist Party was amended so that the ~~committee~~ national executive committee consisted of fifteen members. The new and enlarged committee took office July 1, 1918, and held its first meeting in August as before stated. The personnel of the national executive committee of fifteen was as follows: Victor L. Berger, Stanley J. Clark, George H. Goebel, Emil Herman, Morris Hillquit, Dan Hogan, Fred Holt, L. E. Katterfeld, Frederick J. Kraft, Walter Thomas Mills, James Oneal, Seymour Stedman, A. I. Shiplacoff, A. Wagenknecht, and John M. Work. The committee consisted of these fifteen members when the Chicago trial took place in December, 1918, and January, 1919.

At the time of the trial, and for over four years preceding that time, the national office of the Socialist Party was located in the Mid-City Bank Building, at 803 West Madison Street, Chicago. It had eighteen rooms, one whole floor.

The Chicago trial ended January 8, 1919, with a totally unwarranted verdict of guilty, reached by means of hysteria, not by means of facts and reason. A motion for a new trial was made, to be argued some time later, and the sentences were not meted out until February 20.

The prohibition amendment of the constitution of the United States was ratified January 16, 1919. Although it was not to go into effect for one year, namely, ~~January~~ January 16, 1920, Victor Berger, back at his desk in Milwaukee, called me up and suggested that I write something about it. Since I was lukewarm on the subject - opposed to the liquor evil but in doubt as to whether prohibition was the right way to tackle it - I replied that I thought it was a subject which he could handle more to the satisfaction of the readers than I could. He acquiesced and said maybe he would get Oscar Ameringer to write it. A short editorial on the subject appeared in the paper on January 17, 1919. As it was, in accordance with

Victor's custom, sent to the composing room without going through my hands, I do not know who wrote it. Rather mild in wording, it did not appear as if it had been written by either Victor or Oscar, both of whom had vigorous rather than mild feelings on the subject. Neither of them was, like myself, a teetotaler.

January 18 to 21, 1919, I attended a meeting of the national executive committee in Chicago. This was the meeting at which we discovered that the Russian bolsheviks were conspiring to either capture or wreck all of the socialist parties and unions in the world. At that meeting the translator-secretaries of some of our foreign-speaking organizations - who theretofore had always treated the national executive committee in a comradely manner - came into the room where we were meeting and arrogantly told us just what, in their opinion, we must do. We were puzzled until we began to realize what was going on. They virtually ordered us not to send any delegates to the international socialist congress in Switzerland. Of course we disregarded their boorish instructions. That was the meeting at which Algernon Lee, James Oneal and I were elected as delegates to the congress in Switzerland. As stated elsewhere, I was denied a passport. At least one of our own committee members was, unknown to us, in on the conspiracy.

The national executive committee of fifteen was too big. Not all of the members attended. Through the national secretary, the executive committee had charge of the pending new election of members of the committee. The communistic translator-secretaries and others of communistic inclinations charged that we of the executive committee were designing to keep ourselves in power. We decided to circumvent the charge by declining the nomination, except that we would have one of our number, James Oneal, accept the nomination in order that there might be a link between the old committee and the new one. This of course would and did put me off the national executive committee.

My folks moved to Milwaukee in the spring of 1919, and we secured a small apartment at 188 Knapp Street. I transferred my citizenship from Illinois to Wisconsin.

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While the decision to decline the nomination for re-election - by those of us who were present at the January, 1919, meeting of the national executive committee, except Oneal - served the purpose of undermining the charge that we were conspiring to keep ourselves in office, nevertheless we probably would not have done it if we had known as much about the utter perfidy of communists as we learned later.

May 24 to May 30, 1919, I attended a meeting of the national executive committee in Chicago. We had proof that the communists had stuffed the ballot boxes in the referendum ~~election~~ for the election of a new national executive committee. Some locals had cast more ballots than they had members. We suspended the communist-dominated foreign-speaking organizations from membership pending an investigation of the frauds. We appointed a committee of comrades who did not belong to the national executive committee to make the investigation. The ~~committee~~ investigating committee reported the frauds to a special national convention of the party, held a few weeks later. The communists were defeated in the convention and left it. Thus a party split took place. We had come through the war persecution with flying colors, but the communists split the party in two after the war was over.

After December 11, 1919, there was no front-page column in the Leader until July 8, 1920, when Berger began writing such a column under the title of Findings.

During the winter of 1920-21 I gave a lecture on The Brotherhood of Man at the eleventh and fourteenth ward branch meetings in Milwaukee.

I was one of the speakers at the May Day celebration in 1920, held at the West Side Turn Hall in Milwaukee. The main speaker was Otto Branstetter, who at that time was national secretary of the party. He and his wife, Winnie, were at our apartment for supper previous to the meeting.

For a little while Benton Mackaye was an editorial writer on the Leader. He wrote the right-hand column while I wrote the left-hand column

and edited the remainder of the page. He had the kind of a job I had thought I was to have, namely, writing editorials, without any other work to do on the paper. He was a kindly man and I got along well with him. He had his desk in another room on the third floor.

I pasted all sorts of pictures and statistics, etc., on the bare plaster on the walls of my room. It gradually grew into quite a display and it attracted a good deal of attention on the part of those who had occasion to enter the room. When, after several years and without any urging on my part, those in charge of the building decided to paint the walls while they were doing some other painting, I was sorry to have to lose the display.

When visiting newspaper men visited my room they were amazed at the orderliness of it. They expressed surprise that there were no newspapers strewn over the floor and that my piles of papers had even edges. They said, "This can't be a newspaper office!" And when they asked me how it happened that the piles of papers were in order, I replied, "I don't do anything about it - they keep themselves that way." Which was just another way of saying that I was of the orderly type and couldn't keep them any other way.

I could have been deep in the financial worries of the paper, for, early in my period of service, Victor asked me to raise a thousand dollars and put it in the paper and then become a member of the board of directors. I told him that if I did anything like that, I would want to be the manager of a Chicago edition of the paper, but that it was better for me to have no connection with the management, as I could not do my work right if I had to worry about meeting payrolls and other bills.

Perhaps my attitude in that matter was the reason why Victor seldom consulted me. But he did so sometimes. There was one occasion when he consulted me and then went exactly contrary to my advice. The national office of the party found that it could not keep the weekly Eye Opener

going. Victor consulted me as to whether or not he should bring the paper to Milwaukee and have it operated by the Social Democratic Publishing Company as a weekly with a state circulation. I advised against doing so. The reason I gave was that I thought we ought to concentrate our efforts on the daily. He brought the Eye Opener to Milwaukee, nevertheless, and he also brought Mahlon and Mabel Barnes to run it. They had the same room on the third floor which Benton Mackaye had occupied. The paper lost money continually and after a little while Victor wanted to suspend it but he could hardly throw ~~BEN~~ Mahlon and Mabel out of their jobs after bringing them to Milwaukee. It happened that I was offered the secretaryship of the Socialist Party in Chicago. As I preferred my editorial job, I advised the Chicago comrades to make Mahlon Barnes their secretary. They did so. That gave Victor an "out". He suspended the Eye Opener. I understood, but am not sure, that the loss was somewhere around thirteen or fourteen thousand dollars.

Although not otherwise connected with the management of the Leader, I later bought a small amount of stock and attended the annual meetings of the company. In its later years, after Victor Berger's time, I gave a lot more money to the paper than he had asked me for.

The lack of esprit de corps on the Leader was one of the first things I noticed when I went to work on it. I had had a most splendid esprit de corps among most of the members of the national office force when I was national secretary. No doubt that experience caused me to notice the lack of esprit de corps on the Leader more than I otherwise would have done. My page came to seem to be almost an institution by itself, so little co-operation was there on the paper. Of course my page really was not an institution by itself, but it often seemed that way. I did my level best to make it a liberal education for the readers, and I had ample evidence that there were many readers, all over America, to whom it was the main feature of the paper.

I was not a delegate to the special national convention of 1919 in Chicago - the one which approved of our course, on the national executive committee, in suspending the communist-controlled foreign-speaking organizations. I visited it the first day, however, and then went back to my work in Milwaukee. Thinking matters over on my way to Milwaukee I decided to write a letter to the convention. I did so, and it was read to the convention by National Secretary Adolph Germer. My old habit of giving advice and making recommendations was strong upon me. I advised an increase in dues, a decrease in the number of national executive committee-men, and the abolition of secret caucuses, slate-making and electioneering for party positions. I also advised making a working agreement with the newly-born Labor Party and the Non-partisan League. Germer afterwards told me that there were some boos when he finished reading the letter.

The Labor Party had been fathered by John Fitzpatrick, president of the Chicago Federation of Labor, and others. It was later called the Farmer-Labor Party. By 1920 it was reported to have about a thousand local unions affiliated with it. I was too busy to attend the 1920 national convention of the Socialist Party in New York, but I wrote a letter to it on this subject alone. I advised the making of a working agreement with the Labor Party and the Non-partisan League, and I advised that an arrangement be made whereby the Socialist Party and the Labor Party would have the same candidates for president and vice president. The Labor Party wanted this and it tried to get the Socialist Party to agree to such an arrangement.

I sent a copy of my letter to the New York Call - the socialist daily. On the day before the opening of the national convention, the Call published my letter on its front page.

The next morning, when the convention opened and Morris Hillquit was, as usual, elected temporary chairman, he, in his opening address, took pains to squelch the recommendation I had made in my letter. The convention

did nothing about it, although the Labor Party wanted to get together as to candidates and would undoubtedly have supported Eugene V. Debs for president. Having been rebuffed by the Socialist Party, it had its own candidates. Gene was our candidate for president. He was in prison and of course could not make a speaking campaign. Seymour Stedman was our candidate for vice president. He made a fine campaign. We polled nearly a million votes. The Labor Party polled a much smaller vote. Thus rebuffed and discouraged, it disintegrated and died.

Hillquit had made a brilliant campaign for mayor of New York in the fall of 1917, and he was slated to be one of the chief attorneys for the defense of the victims of war persecution, but he was stricken with tuberculosis and had to retire to Saranac Lake for approximately two years. He had already taken part in some of the defenses, but he had to retire from the other cases. He got well in time to handle the cases of the socialist members of the New York legislature who were barred from that body. He was an extraordinarily able attorney and would have been a great help in the cases in which illness prevented him from appearing.

In connection with the socialist national convention of 1912 I mentioned a major mistake made by Hillquit. His second major mistake lay in his turning down the opportunity to make a working agreement with the Labor Party in 1920. It was a bona fide labor party. Beginning in 1921 and ending in 1925, Hillquit tried valiantly to retrieve his error by taking an active part in the Conference for Progressive Political Action. The Socialist Party officially took part in it. But the big opportunity had been sinned away in 1920, and nothing came of the later efforts.

While living in Chicago I had learned to play tennis, and I played it a little in Milwaukee. My daughter Josephine and I played occasionally in Lake Park. Now and then at Washington Park I played with Leo Wolfsohn, who worked in the editorial room of the Leader, and sometimes with others whom we met there. I found it a very pleasurable game. In Chicago I had

also learned how to row a boat, and in Milwaukee I occasionally went rowing in the Washington Park lagoon. It was not nearly as large and tree-lined as the Jackson Park lagoon in Chicago where I had rowed many times.

My father died July 4, 1921, and I attended the funeral at Washington, Iowa. After the death of my mother, my brother Marion and his wife Ella had moved into the home in Washington, and father lived with them. Up to a little over a year before his death he was in good health. Then he began to fail and was bedfast most of the time for more than a year before his death. The last time I saw him was in April, 1920, when I went to Washington for that purpose. It was soon after he had taken to his bed. Just before I left, sitting beside his bed^{and} feeling sure that I would not see him again in the flesh, I said to him, "You have been mighty good to me and I want to tell you that I appreciate it." He sobbed a little, and, upon regaining his composure, he said, "You have been a good boy." There seemed to be some doubt whether he was born in March, 1824, or in March, 1825, but the 1824 date seemed to be the accepted one. If so, he was about 97 years of age when he died. He was a kind-hearted and patient man. In old age he did not develop any irritability, but quite the contrary. The folks told me that he almost lost the use of his vocal organs some weeks before his death. When asked how he was feeling he framed the words "Just fine" with his lips, although he could not utter them.

In August, 1921, the Milwaukee Association of Commerce called an unemployment conference. It consisted of about 75 persons, most of them either employers or representatives of employers. Each newspaper was given two delegates. Victor Berger designated Leo Wolfsohn and myself to represent the Leader. There were five other labor men who were delegates. Leo and I met with them and the seven of us, calling ourselves the labor group, framed a set of proposals. Some of the proposals were of minor importance. Two of them, framed by myself, were more far-reaching. These two were as follows:

We request that a committee of ten be appointed, five by the Association of Commerce and five by the Federated Trades Council, to secure the reduction of hours necessary to absorb unemployed workers who are residents of Milwaukee County, and to include the payment of a weekly living wage.

Resolved that we petition congress to enact an unemployment insurance law which will make industry liable for the sustenance of all workers, just as it is now liable for accidents to workers.

The labor group's proposals were duly presented to the conference when it met, and they were virtually the only definite propositions placed before it. The conference decided to have the president of the Association of Commerce, who was the chairman of the conference, appoint a sub-committee of fifteen to consider all proposals and report to another meeting of the conference. I was not a member of the sub-committee. On September 9 the second and last meeting of the conference was held. The sub-committee reported a program consisting wholly of minor matters. I moved that the following two propositions be added to it:

That the permanent committee of fifteen be directed to bring about the shortening of work days, work weeks or shifts in all industries in Milwaukee County to the point where all men and women now living in this county, who desire employment, shall be employed.

That this conference urge the congress of the United States and the national unemployment conference to see to it that shorter work days, work weeks or shifts shall be applied nationally to the point where all willing workers will be employed.

My proposals received no support at all except from me - not even a second. But I made a speech in favor of them anyhow. It was one of the very few opportunities I had ever had to speak to employers and their representatives, and, although I knew that I was giving an exhibition of audacity, I never would have forgiven myself if I had not taken advantage of the opportunity. I told them that I was in favor of abolishing the social order that caused unemployment but that I was only asking them to make their system work. I told them that they were the managers of the system and that it was up to them to make it work, since they were unwilling to abolish it and establish a brotherly social order. They were plainly troubled, but nothing was done. I consoled myself by writing editorials on the subject.

On the paper and otherwise we constantly plugged for amnesty for political prisoners in general and for the release of Gene Debs in particular. Gene was not the type that wanted any special favors for himself, however. Of course the relentless Woodrow Wilson would do nothing about it. Warren ^{grant} Harding would not ~~grant~~ a general amnesty either, but he released the political prisoners piecemeal. I certainly was not an admirer of Harding, but I give him credit where credit is due - just as I certainly was not an admirer of Mayor William Hale Thompson of Chicago but give him credit for having used his authority to let the People's Council hold its meeting in 1917, as described in the chapter on The First World War. However, I thought Harding should have been considerate enough, since he released Gene Debs in holidays, to release him in time for him to get home for Christmas. Not to do so, but to release him exactly too late for it, seemed unnecessarily cruel.

In the Leader we continually backed up the efforts of the socialist mayor, the socialist aldermen and the socialist members of the county board and the school board and the state legislature to bring about better conditions. At election periods we said if we were given enough subscribers we would deliver the election. It was not an idle boast. We delivered the election in so far as we had readers. We carried on vigorous election campaigns both on the editorial page and on the front page.

In April, 1922, Mayor Daniel W. Hoan appointed me a member of the board of trustees of the Milwaukee Public Library, and I took an active part in the proceedings of the board. Of the nine trustees, three were socialists: Alderman Carl Dietz, Alderman Arthur Shutkin and myself. The library contained nearly half a million books, and it had branches and distributing stations all over the city and county, bringing the books within easy reach of all the people in the county. I had been a patron of public libraries ever since I first had a chance to be one - that is, ever since I entered Washington Academy when I was nearing eighteen years of age.

June 16 and 17, 1922, I served as a delegate from the First Ward Branch of the Socialist Party to the state convention, held in Odd Fellows Hall on Tenth Street in Milwaukee. In the convention I served on the committee on party administration and was secretary of it. My main activities in the convention, however, were outside of that committee.

When the platform committee reported, one item consisted of the first sentence of the plank given below, and that item stemmed from some of my previous writings on the subject. I secured the adoption of two additional sentences so that the plank read as follows:

9. For a constitutional amendment abolishing the usurped right of the supreme courts to kill laws passed by the elected representatives of the people. In the meantime, congress should command the supreme court to cease usurping the power to pass upon the constitutionality of acts of congress. All judges, national, state and local, should be subject to recall.

A liquor plank was reported by the platform committee as follows: "Against prohibition and for the use of light wines and beer." I had no trouble in convincing the convention that, although not so intended, this plank urged the use of these beverages, instead of merely favoring the right to use them, as intended. I also had no difficulty in convincing the delegates that the expression "against prohibition," though not so intended, would be construed to mean that we also stood for the return of whisky and other hard liquors. I preferred to have the plank struck out entirely but on account of the prevalence of Germans and Poles and brewing industries in Milwaukee and Wisconsin I knew this could not be done. So, feeling sure that the delegates would not object to a plank which a preceding socialist state convention had adopted, I took one out of a preceding socialist platform as given in the Wisconsin Blue Book, and offered it as a substitute, explaining that it had been in the Wisconsin state platform of the Socialist Party for several consecutive years, before the days of prohibition. The first sentence, ~~in~~ the substitute I offered was taken, ^{in substance,} from the plank the committee had offered. The rest was from the Blue Book. As soon as I offered it and explained its source, Victor Berger got up, with

a characteristic grin on his face and said, "Do you know who wrote that? It was written by a man by the name of Victor Berger." My plan had worked. The substitute was adopted. It was as follows:

10. For the legal right to use light wines and beer. We hold that intemperance in the use of liquor is largely the result of the present economic conditions. With the growth of a people in psysique, intellect and morals, intemperance will gradually disappear and temperate habits in all things prevail. Until the profit system has been abolished and a more harmonious economic order has been established, the attempt of well-meaning people to introduce temperate habits by law will prove only an evasion of the real issue.

A motion was made in the convention - by Victor Berger if I remember correctly - to refrain from nominating a candidate for United States senator ^{against} Robert M. La Follette, senior; who was being opposed by all of the reactionaries in the Republican Party although running on its ticket. The motion was debated for about ~~four~~ hours. I made one of the speeches in favor of leaving the place blank on our ticket. It was a peculiar situation. In September, 1919, I had sent to the Socialist Party national convention in Chicago the letter about the Labor Party and urging a change in the party constitution which would enable us to make working agreements with other organizations so as to avoid the duplication of candidates. I had also sent the letter to the 1920 convention in New York which was published in the ^{daily} Call and afterward referred to the committee on constitution in the convention without being read to the delegates. In 1921 the ^{daily} ~~national~~ Call had a symposium or series of articles about the then coming ^{national} convention in Detroit, so I contributed an article in which I again advocated this move. By this time, the opinions of many comrades, including Morris Hillquit, had changed. No amendment of the constitution was made, but the national executive committee was empowered to call a conference of the interested organizations and report back to the next convention. The consultations which followed resulted in the sixteen railroad brotherhoods calling a conference for progressive political action which met in Chicago in February, 1922. I attended it as a visitor. Many of those present were in

favor of forming a federated political party along the lines of the British Labor Party. But the majority favored attempting to capture the old party primaries. The socialist delegates told them they could not assist in a program of that kind but were in sympathy with the desire for unity on the political field and would be glad to keep in touch with them and meet with them again - in the hope that they would then be ready for independent political action. So, it was decided to hold another conference in December, 1922, after the November election.

Meanwhile, in May, 1922, the Socialist Party national convention in Cleveland amended the constitution so as to permit working agreements or federations with other working class organizations. The Republican Party was a capitalist party - and La Follette was running on the Republican ticket. Our constitution as amended expressly forbade refraining from making nominations to aid in the election of any Republican or Democratic candidate. Our national executive committee considered the La Follette case, and made it an exception - probably on the ground that he was really not a Republican, since he was outlawed by the Republican Party organization. Thus the matter came up in our state convention in June.

In my talk to the state convention I said, among other things, that I believed La Follette to be consumed with personal ambition, and that I did not desire to aid him, but that I favored leaving the nomination blank because most of the workers all over the country idolized La Follette and we would be likely to injure our influence in the December conference if we put up a candidate against him.

The convention decided to refrain from nominating a candidate for that office.

When, about 1919, Glenn E. Plumb achieved fame because of the Plumb Plan of railway management, I thought he must be the same Glenn Plumb with whom I had gone to the country school when I was a little boy. But I was not certain about it. I had not seen him for over thirty years. A little

later, in 1920 I believe, he spoke in the Auditorium in Milwaukee. I attended the meeting expecting to see him at the close. but he went out in the midst of it, probably to make a train. Again, November 22, 1921, he spoke in Conservatory Hall in Milwaukee. After attending another meeting I went there expressly to see him. As the meeting closed he came down from the platform and was talking with some railroad men. I waited for them to finish their conversation. Upon concluding ~~with~~ ^{with} them he hastened back across the platform and into the wings. I went out the side door to meet him but he got away without my seeing him. Probably he was rushing for a train that time too. The next day I wrote to him as follows:

I was going to say hello to you at the close of your Milwaukee meeting last evening, but when you finished talking with some railroad men you made such a quick getaway that I missed you. What I wanted to ask was whether or not you went to school forty odd years ago in a shack on the semi-prairie in Washington County, Iowa. If so, your splendid mother was my first teacher - she taught me to read - and I remember you and Ralph well. I guess you're the same boy all right, for today I looked you up in Who's Who in America, and it says you were born in Washington County. If you care for an outline of my career you will find it in the same work. Since the Plumb Plan was broached I have followed your useful activities with much interest. I often reprint editorials from Labor.

The Ralph mentioned in the above letter was his brother who died in boyhood. Under date of December 5, 1921, I received the following reply:

I am very sorry that I did not see you in Milwaukee. I am the same chap that you knew in Washington County forty-five years ago. I have heard of your work on the Leader and of the position you have established for yourself in the present economic movement. I am glad to hear from the boy who lived on the farm adjoining the place where I lived there many years ago. With kindest regards.

He died prematurely, August 1, 1922. I wrote a half-column article about him for the editorial page of the Leader and also sent it to the Washington Journal, Washington, Iowa, which printed it. The title of the article was A Good Man Gone.

In November, 1922, before the Ha-Kodimo Club in Milwaukee, I made a talk on Farming and the Farmers' Problems.

At the end of February, 1923, we moved from 188 Knapp Street to 2042 Hampstead Avenue, in the Garden Homes co-operative housing project.

For a while previous to the first world war, or previous to America's entrance into it, Ernest Untermann had worked on the Leader. In the former half of the twenties Victor Berger brought him back on the paper, and he staid on it until about the middle of 1929. He wrote a column of editorials, mainly on international affairs, in the right-hand double-column^{of the editorial page,} and he also worked on the news pages, making translations from foreign publications, etc.

The board of trustees of the Milwaukee Public Library elected me to go as a delegate to the annual convention of the American Library Association, at Hot Springs, Arkansas, in April, 1923. As the city had not allowed the library sufficient money for the purchase of books, I asked and obtained leave to refrain from going, in order that the money might be used in the purchase of books.

In May, 1923, I made a talk, before the North Side Young People's Socialist Circle, on The Purpose of Intellect.

The tract of land containing the Garden Homes co-operative housing project was annexed to the city of Milwaukee in 1922, but, on account of a flaw in the annexation, the common council rescinded it in May, 1923, in order that it might be done over again. It took several months to go through the red tape of annexation. Accordingly, at the June meetings I notified the library board that I was temporarily living outside the city. It was decided to put the question up to the city attorney. He ruled that I was disqualified to serve on the board. So I sent my resignation to the mayor. I suggested that he fill the vacancy, but he left it open, and he re-appointed me to the library board early in February, 1924, when the tract had again been annexed to the city.

In February, 1924, Bertha Hale White became the national secretary—temporarily called national executive secretary - of the Socialist Party. The party never before had had a woman as its national secretary. Bertha was one of the loyal members of my office force when I was national

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secretary. At that time she was in the woman's Department, of which Caroline Lowe was the head. Later, ^{Bertha}~~some~~ became the secretary to the then national secretary - after I was out of that position. A few months previous to her elevation to the national secretaryship the national executive committee had given her the title of assistant national secretary. Thus she had worked her way up and was thoroughly familiar with the duties of the position. Bertha had a sense of humor. Looking back to the time when I was defeated for re-election as national secretary, she said the office force "fairly bellered" when I was defeated. Like nearly everyone else who met him, Bertha admired Gene Debs. Often, when talking to someone, Gene put his face close to that of the person he was talking to. Bertha said to me, "You know, a person needs an umbrella when talking with Gene." But she laughed genially as she said it, which took the stinger out of it. Bertha's maiden name was Bertha Hale. She married and became Bertha Hale Brown, which was her name when she entered the national office during my administration. I had lived in Milwaukee quite a while when she married Dan White and became Bertha Hale White. Of course the change from Brown to White was an opening for all sorts of puns. I wrote her a note in which I said she was the only person I knew who could change from brown to white and still remain hale. She replied that she had thought all the changes had already been rung but that that one was original. When she became national secretary I wrote an editorial entitled The New Secretary. The New Leader, of New York, lifted the editorial, attached my name to it, credited it to the Milwaukee Leader, and reprinted it.

Ernest Untermann had a little room to himself on the rear east side - south to me - on the fourth floor. He and I got along well. I often disagreed with things he wrote in his column, and most likely he often disagreed with things I wrote in my column, but we did not talk about those things - we just let them go. He and Berger discussed their disagreements, however, and he sometimes was unhappy about it. In such cases I advised

him to fall back on his sense of humor. This, to be sure, is easier said than done, but I am sure he tried to do it and that it sometimes helped him. Nevertheless, the disagreements finally "got his goat" so that he resigned his job just a few weeks before Berger's death.

There was a vacancy on the library board. I went down to Mayor Hoan's office and advised him to appoint Flora Menzel to fill the vacancy. She was a prominent teacher and a Theosophist. He appointed her. She served on the board of trustees for about sixteen years - until after Hoan's successor took office. She was one of the best trustees the library ever had, for she was deeply interested not only in the library itself but also in the welfare of those who worked in the library.

There was a move to raise the salary of the librarian, Matthew S. Dudgeon, from \$5,000 to \$8,000 a year. - if I remember the figures correctly. I spoke and voted against the raise. It was adopted by the board. Dudgeon was a good librarian and a fine man, and I liked him, but I did not approve of such a disparity of incomes between the librarian and the workers in the library.

Mr. Dudgeon, fortunately, was earnestly in favor of ~~deeply interested in~~ adult education, and he took occasion to help it along, with supplies of library books, wherever possible.

In May, 1924, I served as one of the delegates of the Socialist Party to the state meeting of the Conference for Progressive Political Action, at Madison, Wis.

The communist daily in New York often slandered the socialists. In my editorials I seldom answered their slanders, preferring to ignore them, but one day I mentioned the fact that the paper made it a practice to slander the socialists. Leo Wolfsohn told me that a woman had expressed, to him, doubt as to the truth of my statement, and that she had said she would like to be shown. So I clipped a little sheaf of the slanders and gave them to him to give to her. I also told him to tell her that if I had known she wanted them I could have clipped many times as many of the slanders.

J. Louis Engdahl, who had been one of the five defendants in the Chicago trial in December, 1918 and January, 1919, had gone over to the communists. He covered a meeting of socialists in the hall in Briabane Hall, presumably for the communist daily. I think it was in June, 1924. He was seated at ~~the front~~ a small press table in front, with his ^{side} ~~back~~ to the audience, so ~~however~~ it was feasible for him to look back over it. I was seated in the rear. At one point in the meeting I was aware that he was looking at me, through the rows of heads. Perhaps he wanted to catch my eye and nod to me. I am not the type that ignores anyone's existence, as some people do. If I had met him I would have greeted him. But I did not see any reason to exchange nods and smiles the full length of the room in the midst of a meeting. At the close of the meeting I went to my room and did not see him. I do not know whether or not he was miffed at my failure to single him out and greet him. At any rate, on July 7, 1924, there was an article in the communist daily, signed by him, in which my name appeared. The title of the article was Beware of the Champions of Honesty. It made some uncomplimentary remarks about me, and it took exceptions to an editorial of mine entitled Common and Uncommon Honesty which, he said, "is an attack on the communists." If telling a little bit of the truth about them constituted an attack upon them, it was true. He followed the reference to my editorial with a reference to Norman Thomas, ~~as follows~~ ~~as the~~ as the author of an article he had already mentioned as having appeared in Justice, the official organ of the International Ladies Garment Workers Union. He wrote, "The article in Justice, with the heading Working Together, appears under the name of Norman Thomas and is also given over in great part to slandering the communists not only in this but in other countries." Having thus established Norman Thomas and myself as co-champions of honesty, he proceeded, for something like a column and a half, to malign us and other socialists. He mentioned the fact that the German republic had put down a few uprisings. The uprisings had undoubtedly been instigated

by communists. Of course the republic had to put them down. If the republic had not been so gentle with the communist and nazi enemies of democracy, possibly there might not have been any third world war - at least there would not if the allies had used a bit of common sense in their attitude toward the German republic. In its too gentle handling of the enemies of the republic, a few persons were killed. According to the Engdahl article, this was murder, and, according to him, Norman Thomas and I were also responsible for it. After various acrimonious remarks he wound up the article with the following paragraph, set in bold type: "When you talk of 'honesty,' Mr. Work and Mr. Thomas, look at the warm blood of the workers that reddens your hands."

My emotional attitude toward the Engdahl article was one of pity rather than anger. He had once been a good worker for ^{socialism.} ~~humanism~~ I also got many a good laugh at the absurdity of Norman Thomas and myself being linked together as murderers. I was well aware, even at that early date, that communists were professional murderers as well as professional liars - professional murderers wherever they dared, and professional liars everywhere.

It happened that when Gene Debs came out of prison and folks simply would not let him alone and give him a chance to get well, I had written editorials asking them to let him alone so that he could recuperate. Then, after he went to the Lindlahr Sanitarium at Elmhurst, Illinois, the first ^{and} time, ^{and} he said in a letter to David Karsner that there did not seem to be any hope of getting any rest, Mrs. Work and I had written a letter to the Sanitarium asking it to keep people away from him and give him a chance to get well. He was there again early in 1924. Having spent three vacations at the Battle Creek Sanitarium, with good results, and having learned favorably about the Lindlahr place on account of Gene having gone there, I thought perhaps I could learn something additional about keeping well if I would spend my 1924 vacation at Lindlahr's. I was to have my vacation in

the latter half of September. I decided to run down there over Sunday and Labor Day in order to see if I would like to spend my vacation there. I had read somewhere that Gene was leaving there a little before Labor Day, but I was not sure about that, and I knew that it was up to me to live up to the advice I had given to others about not bothering him if he was still there. If still there, he would, I thought, be confined to his room most of the time. As I entered the main sanitarium building, he was coming out, apparently for a walk, and he said, "Good evening," without really looking at me, hence not recognizing me. So I replied, "Good evening" and went on in. When, on Sunday, he came in from a walk or a sunbath or something, and I was sitting with other people on the screened porch, I did not look at him nor show the slightest sign of recognition. I felt his eyes upon me - but he went on into the building. I knew that he had thought it was I and had then decided that he was mistaken. I encountered him several times that day and Labor Day - once in the sunbath, where, when it clouded over, he said we'd have to make our own sunshine - and I got away with it. On Sunday evening, as he was ^{going to leave} ~~on the point of leaving~~ the sanitarium soon, they had arranged for him to speak in the parlor. All of the guests - at least all of those who were well enough - were there, including myself. At the close of his talk and poetical recitations, most likely by request he stood at the door and received the greetings and thanks of the guests as they went out. I shook hands with him and told him I had enjoyed his talk very much - and I still got away with it. Early the next morning I left so as to get back to my work before noon. I wrote an editorial entitled Gene Is Well Again, not expecting that he would ever see it. The editorial was as follows:

Gene Debs was ill, from having overdone his strength, before he went to prison, and his prison experience almost finished his earthly career.

After his release he went to a nature cure sanitarium and in a few months recovered his strength. He was then put through a grilling grind of lecturing, and last winter his lecture tour had to be canceled because he had again exceeded his strength and

suffered a breakdown. In the spring he again went to the nature cure place. There he pranced around in the dewy grass with bare feet in the mornings, took sun and air baths in the altogetther, lived on a meatless diet, had treatments which were a composite of all schools of healing, and he has again recovered his health - as you will be glad to hear. He looks as well as he ever did, if not better, and should have many years of usefulness before him.

Monday evening he made the first speech he has made since last winter when the lecture tour was canceled. This time he did not have a vast throng, as is his custom, but spoke to the patients, the guests, the nurses and attendants, in the parlor of the sanitarium. He paid a tribute to the significance of Labor Day, likewise a tribute to the sanitarium folks, and then philosophized and recited poetry - at which he is a master. Proving that he has not lost his wit, he said he wished the mosquitoes were vegetarians too. He leaves there in a few days.

He said the reason he broke down last winter was because he had not learned his lesson - the lesson, presumably, being that if a person gives out more vitality than he takes in, he is bound to have a bust-up or a breakdown or whatever you choose to call it. He implied that he has learned that lesson now - but he will need the help of his friends to profit by it. They can help him by not unnecessarily consuming his vitality - by not unnecessarily imposing their presence upon him, by not unnecessarily writing letters to him, and, if he goes out lecturing, by not overwhelming him with attentions when he needs to rest. It must be hell to be famous.

It happened that J. Mahlon Barnes, who, in the national office of the Socialist Party in Chicago, was acting as campaign manager of the La Follette campaign for president, read the above editorial and inferred from it that I had been to Elmhurst. The result was that, under date of September 5, 1924, on the stationery of the national office - which was then located at 2653 Washington Boulevard - I received the following letter from Gene:

My dear John Work: Why in the world did you not let me know? I knew you at sight but your utter silence and reticence deceived me and I can hardly forgive myself for allowing you to escape me. As I looked at you I said, "There is John Work's double; a dead-ringer for our John of the Leader," but I did not dream it could be you. I continued as I said to myself, when I see John I'll tell him that there was a man at Lindlahr's at Elmhurst that looked enough like him to be his twin brother. Of course there is but one John Work and this could not have been he, for he would certainly have given me the inexpressible joy of putting my arms about you and telling you that I love you in the same old way. I am reproaching myself now to have been so utterly dull and stupid as not to have known that it was ~~you~~ you beyond doubt, for it could have been no one else.

Not until I came to Chicago and Comrade Barnes asked me about you did I have the faintest intimation of your being out there. Comrade Barnes insisted it must have been you but I

stoutly denied it. I told him there was a man out there who looked like you very decidedly but that it could not have been you or you would certainly have spoken to me. I understand it now perfectly and blame myself for it all. Comrade Barnes read to me your perfectly beautiful editorial which touched me almost to tears. Your kind, generous, loving tribute so characteristic of you, went straight to my heart. When I arrived at the sanitarium in the city here they told me you were there and that cleared up the mystery and made the matter clear to me. I am having to leave here and must close abruptly. There is much more I would like to say to you. If I am able to make a single speech in the campaign I have assured Comrade White that it would be in Milwaukee.

Permit me to say that you are in the right place and that if you will only do yourself the justice to remain there and to follow the treatment scrupulously you will be completely restored to health. It is the only scientific curative system there is. Nature is the only healer. The cause of disease is sought out there and removed by the simple process of getting into harmonious relation with nature and obeying her laws.

With all my heart and with every good wish I know, I am as ever, dear John, your loving comrade,

Eugene V. Debs

Under date of September 7, 1924, I answered the foregoing letter as follows:

Dear Gene: Since you found me out so quickly, I guess I might as well have let you know.

You see, when you returned from Atlanta and folks simply would not give you a chance to get well, it struck me as being a bad situation and I protested editorially against their bothering you. Later, when you went to the sanitarium, and your letter to Karsner, saying there did not seem to be much hope of getting any rest, was printed in the Call, my wife and I wrote a joint letter of protest to the sanitarium, as I have no doubt others did, asking them to protect you from people. Naturally it is up to me to live up to the advice which I give. If persons like myself, who have the pull to get by, would not use self-restraint, others could not be expected to. If you had spotted me, I intended to tell you why I was there, and that you were not to bother about me.

Although not ill, I have a habit of spending my annual vacations at a sanitarium, having spent the last three at Battle Creek, as the diet suits me, and I take the examinations and treatments the same as if I had to. Have found it very helpful. I was at Elmhurst to see if I wanted to spend this year's vacation there, and I think I shall.

It would be fine indeed if you should find it feasible to speak in Milwaukee. The preservation of your health should come first, however. You can do much good by writing. I use your articles on the editorial page, though I sometimes have to shorten them, as a daily cannot use as long articles as the weeklies. Your loving comrade,

John M. Work

Under date of September 16, 1924, on the stationery of his brother, Theodore Debs, Terre Haute, Indiana, I received the following from Gene:

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Dear John: A thousand thanks for your kind letter of the 7th. I comprehend and appreciate every word and above all the spirit in which you write and which always determines your attitude. If I had been sure of you at Elmhurst we should certainly have spent some happy moments together regardless of regulations. You could not possibly have wearied or worried me in the least. You would only have interested and refreshed me. But when I was there before, the callers came daily in such numbers that I was almost obliged to leave there, and some of them simply would not leave and were angry when told they could not see me. But this year it was different. The doctors applied the rule strictly and callers by telephone and in person were politely asked not to interrupt my treatment, and save in one or two instances they understood and left quite satisfied. I need not try to tell you how much I appreciate the solicitude of you and your good wife in addressing your request to the sanitarium authorities to see to my protection. That was certainly most thoughtful and considerate and I am deeply and gratefully sensible of such kindness and the characteristic modesty with which it was shown.

I had to do the little I could at Elmhurst to help the cause with my pen but it was not much and it did not strain me. On leaving, the doctor urged me most earnestly not to become active for two or three months for fear of a relapse of my heart weakness and nervous exhaustion. Comrade Hoan was kind enough to tender my wife and me the use of his cottage in northern Wisconsin and we fully intended going there, but unfortunately the day before my return, my wife, in doing her household work, had a fall in which she was seriously injured and she has been under the care of a doctor ever since. She is resting as well as we could expect, but the wound in her leg which penetrated the bone will be slow healing. Considering the nature of the accident it is a miracle that she escaped as she did and we feel correspondingly well over it.

I hope you will allow yourself every hour of vacation you are entitled to and that you will keep yourself as well as possible, for there is certainly big work ahead and John Work will have a big part in that work.

The loving greetings and kindest wishes of Mrs. Debs and myself and Theodore and his wife go to you and Mrs. Work and all of your household. Please extend our greetings also to Comrade Victor and Meta Berger and Miss Thomas and also to Fred Heath and his wife. Believe me always yours loyally,

E. V. Debs

It ~~was a surprise~~ ~~that~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~latter~~ ~~part~~ ~~of~~ ~~September~~ would seem that my careful ruse, in attempting not to bother Gene at Elmhurst, did not save him very much trouble, since he went to the trouble of writing me two letters after he found out about the editorial that I never expected him to see. Anyhow I cherished the letters.

In the latter part of September, 1924, I spent my two weeks vacation at the Lindlahr Sanitarium at Elmhurst. One evening a few of the other guests and I walked up to the main street and went into a drugstore where they were getting some films developed. It was warm. I told them I would

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wait outside. So I stepped out of the store to the sidewalk, and as I did so I was accosted with the salutation, "How do you do, Mr. Debs!" The person addressing me, with whom I at once shook hands, was Rev. Karl M. Chworowsky, whom I had known since 1917 when he worked in the editorial room of the Milwaukee Leader. Later he was in the habit of dropping in to see me a few minutes whenever he came to Milwaukee, after leaving there in 1918. So, when he saluted me as Mr. Debs, I thought at first that he was joking. Then I saw that he wasn't. Something - I guess it couldn't have been the devil for I don't believe in that guy - maybe my guardian angel was playing pranks - anyhow in a split second I decided that I would see if I could palm myself off as Gene Debs. Mr. Chworowsky proceeded to introduce me to one of his parishioners as Mr. Debs, and I duly shook hands with the gentleman. Mr. Chworowsky then inquired if I intended to take any part in the presidential campaign. I answered that perhaps I would but I wasn't sure. He invited me to come to tea at his home some day, but I begged off, on the ground that I needed to get as much rest as possible. Then he told me a story - I've forgotten what it was about, but I was glad to have him do as much of the talking as possible, since I wasn't very sure that I was acting the part of Gene Debs very realistically. All this happened without his noticing his mistake, although, if he had happened to have a thought of Milwaukee and the Leader, he would have known me perfectly well. Soon I was rescued by my sanitarium companions coming out of the drugstore. I shook hands with Mr. Chworowsky and his friend, and bade them goodbye and good luck. As we walked back to the sanitarium I guess my companions must have thought I was slightly dippy, for I kept bursting out laughing. In fact, I kept on laughing until I fell asleep that night - and I woke up laughing in the morning. It seemed all the more incredible that such a mistake could happen, in view of the fact that I had been bareheaded, with a heavy growth of iron-gray hair, while Gene had blond hair and was bald. Gene and I both were slender,

but I think he was over six feet tall whereas I was five feet ten. And our faces did not look alike. I thought perhaps if the weather happened to be bad on the following Sunday I would attend Mr. Chworowsky's church and, after the service, if he still mistook me for Gene, would acquaint him with his error. But Sunday was a nice day, and I worshiped the sun^god, in the sunbath, instead. When I returned to Milwaukee, at the close of my vacation, I wrote a letter, under date of September 30, 1924, as follows:

Dear Mr. Chworowsky: Perhaps it has dawned upon you that it was not Gene but John whom you met the other evening in front of the drugstore where some of the san folks were getting pictures developed. I expected every moment that you would notice the error, and when you did not I guess it was boyish roguishness that made me act the part as well as I could. I am now easing my conscience by letting you know about it. It was quite a compliment to be mistaken for Gene Debs.

I was at the health resort on my two weeks' vacation, and, as I said, was packing as much rest as possible into my stay. Debs left there soon after Labor Day.

Hoping that my sins ~~will~~ be forgiven, and with kind regards to you and Mrs. C., I am yours sincerely,

John M. Work

Under date of October 2, 1924, and on the stationery of The New St. Peter's Evangelical Church, ^{at Elmhurst,} I received a reply, as follows:

My dear Mr. Work: Mrs. Chworowsky and I haven't quite recovered from the fit of laughter resulting from the reading of your letter of Sept. 30. About the only alibi for my "poor sight" that I can offer is that I had my glasses changed that day.

Now as to granting you absolution for that impish trick of yours, I suppose I shouldn't hesitate a moment in practicing the most charitable form of my "priestly prerogative," but I do think you should be punished, and since you seem so willing to submit to some form of penance, be it herewith imposed:

You shall be forgiven on the condition that upon your next visit to Chicago or Elmhurst you pay a visit in St. Peter's parsonage, tea or no tea. If a man of your age and experience can still play such tricks on an unsuspecting cleric (?-are they ever?) he should have his soul looked after. (!)

Now do that, won't you, Mr. Work? We would be so happy to have you.

Hope to see you ere long when in Milwaukee.

Sincerely yours,

Karl M. Chworowsky

As I was not again in Elmhurst I did not have a chance to pay the penance. The public library and the public museum were located in the same

building. Neither of them had enough room. The library board thought it would be well to let the museum have the whole building by securing the

erection of a new public library. I wrote a resolution asking the city to put to a referendum vote a proposed bond issue of \$2,500,000 for the purpose. The resolution was adopted November 15, 1924. The board selected, as a site for the new library, the entire block bounded by Sixth and Seventh Streets and Wells and Cedar Streets - the name of Cedar Street was later changed to State Street. The block was nearly vacant at the time. ~~The city did nothing about it.~~ My resolution asked that the matter of the bond issue be put to a vote of the citizens in the spring election of 1925. The city was still issuing bonds for such things - later adopting its plan of getting out of debt. It did nothing about the library matter, and the library continued to stay in over-crowded quarters.

February 8, 1925, I represented the Newspaper Writers' Union as a delegate to the state convention of the Conference for Progressive Political Action - held in Milwaukee. I took a stand in favor of the formation of a federated, or group, party at the forthcoming national convention of the same body - as distinguished from an individual membership party, although individuals who did not belong to any affiliated organization might be admitted. However, as a compromise between conflicting views - since ~~the~~ some of the state union officials were opposed to having their unions as such join a political party - all reference to the form of organization was left out of the resolution which was adopted favoring the formation of a new party.

The national convention of the Conference for Progressive Political Action met in Chicago, February 21, 1925. I was not a delegate but I attended it as a visitor and editorial writer. The socialist delegates wanted to form a new party, but the railroad brotherhoods and ^{La Follette's} ~~his~~ elder son and namesake, and other so-called progressives, did not. The delegates who wanted to form a new party were in the majority, but they mainly represented only themselves rather than organizations. The minority having pulled out, the majority met again the next day - a heterogeneous group

plus the socialists. It was a rather fuzzy-minded bunch of liberals and, although it decided to form a new party at some future meeting, the socialists decided not to go along. No such new party materialized. Thus the railway brotherhoods and the progressives stymied the 1925 move for a new party, whereas the socialists had stymied the 1920 move. The elder La Follette was ill at the time of the February, 1925, conference. His vote in the preceding November had been almost five million - a splendid showing. He had definitely and finally repudiated and denounced the two old parties. Yet, as soon as he was sick and unable to proceed, his nearest associates threw the whole thing overboard. It was a grand opportunity lost.

After the debacle, the socialists held a convention of their own in Chicago. In the evening a banquet was held in honor of the seventieth birthday of Gene Debs. His birthday did not come until the following November, but the banquet was given in honor of the birthday anyhow. He was the main speaker. I was not a speaker but I sat at the speakers' table. Beside me sat Leo M. Harkins of New Jersey, a member of the national executive committee of the Socialist Party. He told me that he was converted to socialism, over fifteen years before, by reading my book, What's So and What Isn't. A bit later he was called upon to take charge of the raising of funds to push the work of Socialist Party organization and education. He raised about five thousand dollars in cash and pledges. Naturally I reflected that I had a little to do with the raising of the money, since my book had converted him. I thought of an extract from Longfellow's poem, The Arrow and the Song: "I shot an arrow into the air, It fell to earth I knew not where."

While it was okay with me to have the banquet announced as being in honor of Gene Debs, I did not like the idea of having it in honor of his seventieth birthday. Gene was very considerate of others but he very seldom indeed asked anything for himself. However, he had, some time

before, made one request. He had earnestly requested that he should not be called a grand old man. He said he was neither grand nor old. He was young in spirit. When a person does not feel old, it is a shock to his sensibilities to be called old. It is not only needless to call anyone old, but it is or may be very injurious, for the reason that it gives him a wrong suggestion. Gene understood this. I wonder how many other people understood it. At least I did, and I wrote an editorial asking folks to respect his wishes in the matter. At the banquet, Gene remarked that he was not seventy - that he was twice thirty-five. I understood what he meant - he did not relish having it said that he was seventy. Naturally I lived up to the advice given in my editorial - as nearly as I could. But William Ellery Leonard, of Madison, a professor in the state university, had written a poem about Debs. It was entitled The Old Agitator. It concerned the trial of Debs. The word "old" appeared in the title of the poem and in four places in the text, two of the latter being applied to Gene and the other two to the justices of the supreme court. I do not know whether or not Leonard knew of Gene's request at the time when he wrote the poem. In any event it struck me as being unfortunate and superfluously cruel - even though intended to be laudatory. Anyone who knew anything about Gene would have known that he was not old in spirit. Meta Berger, wife of Victor Berger, sent the poem to me with request to print it on the editorial page. I stuck it in a pigeonhole hoping she would forget about it. But, after a bit, she called me up about it. I explained why I was not printing it. She was one of those who were too obtuse to understand his request, and she wanted the poem printed. As she was the wife of the editor in chief, I printed the poem - very much against my will.

The elder La Follette died in June, 1925. There was to be a special election to fill the vacancy. Victor Berger came to my room in Brisbane Hall - something he seldom did - and asked me if I would accept the nomination. The request came as a surprise, but I consented. July 18, 1925, the

Wisconsin state executive committee of the Socialist Party nominated me for United States senator.

The following day, which was Sunday, the Socialist Party held its annual state picnic, and Gene Debs was billed to speak. The annual picnics were always attended by thousands of people. That one was held at the state fair grounds, west of the city a short distance. The meeting was to be held in the open air, at the grand stand. Of course there were lots of other features - mostly money-making features, to raise funds for the party treasury, and lasting from morning until late at night. The speaking was billed for the afternoon. After dinner I went out there and looked up the headquarters of the picnic, at the administration building. In a little while Gene Debs appeared. I took him into a room which I suppose was used by some official of the fair during the annual state fair periods. There we could be alone for a little and protect him from the crowd. We talked. He told me how he had trimmed a communist who had tried to heckle him at a meeting in the twin cities. He had no use for dictatorship and terror. He was a genuine democratic socialist. Like many others he had been temporarily taken in by the pretensions of the second Russian revolution, but he had repudiated the communists as soon as he learned the truth about them. The deception, intrigue and dishonesty of the communists were abhorrent to him, for he himself was the very essence of honesty and uprightness. Well, after we had talked a while the Bergers arrived. Before the war, Gene had sometimes been a guest at their home when in the city. Mrs. Berger asked when he had arrived, and, finding that he had spent the preceding night in a Milwaukee hotel, she took him to task for not having come to their home. I don't know whether they had, by letter, invited him to come or not. At any rate, it was obvious^{to me} that he had gone to a hotel because he knew that his health was precarious and that he needed to get a good rest instead of being entertained. But he did not say that.

At the grand stand, Victor Berger made a short speech, I made a short speech, Heinrich Bartel, editor of the weekly Vorwearts, made a short speech in the German language, and Gene was the principal speaker. Then Mrs. Berger had her way about taking him to their home. She also invited me to go along to their home for supper, but I begged off, on the ground that I had been on a strain and was too tired.

The ~~attracted~~ younger Robert M. La Follette - "Young Bob" as he was called - and the father had unfortunately often been called "old Bob" - was the Republican candidate for United States senator in the special election. There was an independent Republican candidate, a Democratic candidate, and a Socialist Labor Party candidate. The special election was to be held September 29. I edited my page, made some speeches in and out of the city, wrote daily press releases to be sent to all the daily papers in the state, and did Ernest Untermann's work while he was on his vacation. I did not have the assistance of Victor Berger during the crux of the campaign, for he went to the international socialist congress in Europe, and, as requested by him, I wrote letters to him telling him how we were progressing. Of course I assailed "Young Bob" ~~for~~ and his associates for going back into the Republican Party which his father had vigorously repudiated - also for helping to prevent the organization of the new party which was to have been formed after the 1924 election.

On the evening of July 23, I spoke on the subject, The Labor Press, at a banquet held in connection with the international convention of the Stereotypers and Electrotypers Union, in Milwaukee.

August 9, at a picnic in the afternoon, I spoke at Wausau. William Coleman, state secretary of the Socialist Party, drove me there.

September 4 I spoke in Haymarket Square in Milwaukee, at a meeting held under the auspices of the Second Ward Branch of the Socialist Party.
on a Sunday evening

One meeting, late in September, was held in one of the halls of the Milwaukee Auditorium. Gene Debs was there and spoke. He had made a speech

in the afternoon, at Racine or Kenosha. After our speeches were made and the meeting had adjourned, I told him that he ought not to be called upon to make two speeches in one day, especially in different cities, and that if I had known he was being billed for two speeches I would have protested against it. He insisted that he was all right. As an interlude in my talk that evening I said I once had the honor of being mistaken for Gene Debs - and I told about the incident at Elmhurst the year previous. Gene and the audience laughed together, and he ran his hand over his head to indicate how little we looked alike so far as hair was concerned. He made the closing talk and as usual it was a good one. We shook hands warmly in parting - and that was the last time I saw Gene.

The next evening I spoke at the normal college in Whitewater. The meeting was arranged by Professor Joseph R. Cotton, and I stopped at his home. It was an open forum and all of the candidates for United States senator, it seems, had promised to be present, but I was the only one who showed up. The Democratic candidate, however, sent a substitute, who, I believe, was the chairman of the Democratic state committee. So he and I had a debate. The students gave me a very warm reception. In fact, they inspired me so that I made one of the best speeches I ever made in my life - Professor Cotton, who was transferred a little later to the Milwaukee normal school, afterward called the Wisconsin State College, and still later called the State Teachers College, often spoke of it in after years. My nerves got so "inspired" that I did not sleep a wink that night. On the train the next forenoon, going back to my work, I got a few winks of sleep.

The state office of the Socialist Party and I were busy, sending out releases to the newspapers, etc., before the primary, which was held on September 15. But the Socialist Party in Milwaukee County did not wake up until we polled a light vote - 5,959 - in the primary. It then got busy, but two weeks were not enough. We lacked funds, while the Republicans seemed to have plenty of funds. Besides, the name of their candidate was

La Follette, and anyone by that name could have been elected so soon after the death of Robert M. La Follette, Senior. William Coleman, state secretary of the Socialist Party, kept so busy that he became ill a week or more before the special election. His work in the campaign was taken over by Ed Melms, the county secretary. When the special election was over, it seemed to me that I was cell tired in every ~~part~~ of my body. After a bit, I had my vacation at Battle Creek.

The results of the special election were as follows: La Follette, Junior, running on the Republican ticket, 237,719. Dithmar, Republican running on an independent ticket, 91,318. Myself, on the Socialist ticket, running independent if I remember correctly, 11,130. William George Bruce, Democrat, 10,743. Bauman, Socialist-Labor, et, running on an independent ticket, 795. Scattering, 430. Total, 352,135.

The result showed that there were over 200,000 progressives in the state who were dissatisfied and did not vote - for Robert M. La Follette, Senior, running for president in the fall of 1924, although he ran on an independent ticket, and was therefore handicapped, received 458,678 votes in the state of Wisconsin.

The Garden Homes co-operative housing project was financed by business men, at Mayor Hoan's solicitation, because of the housing shortage. But the business men wanted to get their money out of it. And, as the residents had not been selected but had been taken hit or miss, many of them had no particular interest in co-operation. These two factors resulted in the co-operative feature being destroyed. The houses were turned back to private ownership, in 1925. The residents had the first choice in buying the houses in which they lived. I could have had the house in which I lived, and would have profited financially if I had taken it, but I had gone there for the purpose of helping to build up a co-operative housing project, and, when the co-operative feature was abolished, I was so disgusted that I moved out. We residents had held a number of meetings in the temporary school house at the project.

We moved to the second floor of a duplex at 220 Glen Avenue in Whitefish Bay, a few miles north of Milwaukee. Shorewood was directly north of Milwaukee and Whitefish Bay was directly north of Shorewood. As I did not drive a car, and the streetcar ride to and from my work was long, the place was too far out for my convenience. Our tenancy there began October 1, 1925.

Under date of October 3, 1925, I sent the following letter to the librarian of the Milwaukee Public Library:

Dear Mr. Dudgeon: As I have moved outside of the city limits of Milwaukee, and am therefore no longer eligible to serve as a member of the board of trustees of the library, I have sent my resignation to the mayor.

It has been a great pleasure to me to be associated with you and the other members of the board. Sincerely yours,
John M. Work

Under date of October 5, 1925, I received the following reply to the foregoing communication:

My dear Mr. Work: I think every member of the staff who has come in contact with you in any way will greatly regret that you are not to be any longer a member of the board of trustees. Certainly, as secretary of the board, , and librarian, I will miss you. I have always felt that you understood fully the purposes we had in mind in conducting the library and were in complete sympathy with them.

I will, of course, present the notice of your resignation to the board at its next meeting. Yours truly,
M. S. Dudgeon, Librarian.

Under date of October 14, 1925, I had the following additional letter from Mr. Dudgeon:

My dear Mr. Work: Let me assure you that the enclosed resolution which was adopted unanimously by the board at its October monthly meeting yesterday expresses not only a perfunctory appreciation and regard on the part of the board, but the genuine feelings of the board as to your services and the necessity which causes you to resign. Yours truly,
M. S. Dudgeon, Librarian.

The resolution which he sent to me along with the above letter was as follows:

Whereas, the Honorable John M. Work, owing to the removal of his residence beyond the limits of the city of Milwaukee, has found it necessary to resign as a member of the board of trustees of the Milwaukee Public Library, and

Whereas, the members of this board recall his regularity of attendance, his knowledge of the needs of the library growing out

of his extensive use of its resources and a study of its service, his interested attention to the affairs of the library, the thoughtful and helpful counsel which he has always furnished to the board and to the staff, and the uniform consideration and courtesy exhibited by him in all of his relations with the library; therefore, be it

Resolved, that the members of this board record their keen appreciation of the high service which he has rendered as a trustee and express their regret as individuals and as officials that he has found it necessary to sever his connection with the board; and be it further

Resolved, that a copy of this resolution, duly signed by the president and the secretary, be sent to Mr. Work, and that another copy so signed be sent to the mayor of the city of Milwaukee.

Archie Tegtmeyer, President.

M. S. Dudgeon, Secretary.

Under date of October 22, 1925, I replied to the foregoing with the following note:

Dear Mr. Dudgeon: I was away on my vacation when your letters and the resolution arrived. They touched me deeply and I appreciate them most gratefully. Sincerely yours,
John M. Work

I meant every word of that note of appreciation, but there was one word in the library board's resolution, namely the word "Honorable" prefixed to my name, which resulted in an editorial, entitled The Love of Titles, printed November 23, 1925, as follows:

When the revolution of 1776 had successfully run its course, Americans were supposed to have thrown the flummery of European nobility overboard. The snobbish love of titles was thought to be a thing of the past so far as this country was concerned.

Yet, rich Americans go to Europe and spend money like water to get a stand-in with the nobility. They fairly worship counts and countesses, dukes and duchesses, lords and ladies. A baron, marquis, earl or viscount titillates them to the point of ecstasy. As for royalty, the mere sight of a prince or princess, king or queen, quite overcomes them.

Nor are the rank and file of Americans guiltless of this failing. They run after every prince and "nobleman" who comes to America.

They also invent and make use of senseless substitutes for titles of nobility and royalty. "Excellency," "honorable," "general," "colonel," "judge," "senator," "doctor," ~~etc~~ and so forth.

Why call a president or governor "excellency," when there are others more excellent who never have occupied and never will occupy the executive chair? Why refer to legislators of all kinds as "honorable," when they are as a rule no more honorable than other folks?

Why is it necessary to prefix a title to a general, a senator, a judge, or a doctor? Why not let people find out their occupations as they do the occupations of others, instead of flaunting

those occupations to the public by means of titles?

Is it of any more importance to the world to know that Smith is a doctor than to know that some other Smith is a carpenter, a painter, a barber, a lawyer, a teacher, or an editor? If we say "Dr. Smith" for the physician, why do we not also say "Cr. Smith" for the ~~painter~~ carpenter, "Pr. Smith" for the painter, "Br. Smith" for the barber, "Lr. Smith" for the lawyer, "Tr. Smith" for the teacher, and "Er. Smith" for the editor? If we must have titles, let's carry them to the logical conclusion.

"Mr." and "Mrs." are about the only titles for which there is some excuse - and their use, too, is overdone, especially in print and in correspondence.

As for "Miss," some women are advocating its abolition. They say all men, married and unmarried, are called "Mr.", and why should an unmarried woman have her unmarried status heralded to the world by way of a title? They want all women, married and unmarried, to be called "Mrs." and let the world find out whether or not a woman is married, in the same way in which it finds out whether or not a man is married.

Have we by this time exhausted your patience and outraged your traditional ideas? Oh well, never mind - this outburst will have as much effect as blowing our breath against a blizzard. But we got it off our chest anyhow. The American love of titles and the American propensity for hero-worship arouse our disgust, and we have to say so once in a while.

On that occasion, August 8, 1925, when William Coleman, the state secretary of the Socialist Party, drove me to Wausau so that I could speak at the picnic there the following day, we stopped along the way to talk with a farmer whom Bill Coleman had known in the legislature, and we also stopped quite a while at Green Bay. Thus we were belated. With so much riding, to which I was not accustomed, my back was inclined to hurt a little occasionally. We did not reach Wausau until about ten o'clock at night. From the time when darkness came on until about ten o'clock we drove mostly between ~~the~~ stretches of thick timber on either side, and we had to get out at crossings to inspect the signs so that we would not get on the wrong road. About nine o'clock Bill asked me, "Well, how do you feel now?" I replied, "I've long since passed the stage of feeling: you could stick a pin in me now and I wouldn't feel it." He replied, "That's just the way I feel."

In the spring of 1926 one of the socialist branches placed me in nomination for congressman from the fifth district. As Victor Berger was the congressman from that district, naturally I declined.

May 1, 1926, I was the principal speaker at a May Day celebration at the Workmen's Circle Labor Lyceum, corner of Kedzie and Ogden, Chicago. The meeting was held under the auspices of the Socialist Party of Cook County, the Jewish Verband, the Workmen's Circle, and the United Hebrew Trades.

On the evening of May 27, 1926, I made a talk, on Experiences of an Agitator, before the Seventh Ward Branch of the Socialist Party, in Milwaukee, at its meeting place at the corner of Clarke Street and Teutonia Avenue.

Previous to the 1926 state convention of the Socialist Party of Wisconsin I served on the preliminary platform committee and helped to draft a platform. The idea was to save time by having a tentative draft of platform ready. As a member at large, and the only member, besides Mrs. Work, in the village of Whitefish Bay, I was a delegate to the convention and served on the platform committee elected by it to complete the draft of the platform. The convention was held June 12 and 13 in Brisbane Hall.

During one of his campaigns for congress - I think it was in 1926 - Victor Berger made one of his infrequent visits to my room, 303. In the course of the conversation I asked him what he thought his chances of election were. At the moment we were standing at the south windows - west to me - of the room. The usual motley pedestrians were going along, in both directions, on the south side of Chestnut Street - later Juneau Avenue. Victor ^{pointed at them,} gazed at them through his spectacles and said, "Well, to be elected I have to get a majority of that." In that election he got "a majority of that" - but not two years later. On all of the occasions when I ran for public office there was not the slightest chance of getting "a majority of that." I ran for educational purposes only.

The editorials which I wrote when Eugene V. Debs died, in October, 1926, are given in the chapter on Odds of Editorials. I also gave an interview, at the request of the Leader, as follows:

I am just the opposite of a hero-worshipper, and I know Gene Debs' weaknesses about as well as anyone, but they were so obscured and overshadowed by his great qualities that they did not seem to exist.

Usually it is not safe to make predictions immediately after the death of a prominent man, inasmuch as, at such a time, one is likely to be swayed by emotion rather than reason, but I have been appraising the career of Debs for some years, and it is therefore not a sudden impulse that makes me say I believe his name will go down in history alongside the names of Wendell Phillips and William Lloyd Garrison.

Gene Debs sprang to the rescue of everyone who was oppressed. He was intrepidly courageous and unqualifiedly self-sacrificing. In both character and ability he towered above the men who sent him to prison. He towered above those tiny men so far that he did not even hate them. He said many times after leaving prison that he did not hate any human being, but he hated tyranny and injustice with an intense hatred.

His great hatred of injustice and his great love of humanity spurred him on to active effort when his broken body was no longer able to stand the strain. His all-embracing love was a foretaste of the beauty of the socialist commonwealth of human brotherhood to the realization of which he devoted the last thirty years of his life.

On the editorial page, both in editorials and otherwise, I gave continual support to the activities of the socialists in the city hall, the county board, the school board, the state legislature, and the various boards and commissions. The Leader was a stimulation of aggressiveness and a bulwark of defense to them in the varied methods by which they lifted the city to the high position of the admittedly best governed city in America. It was the same to them in their activities in the county, the school affairs, the legislature and the boards and commissions. The opposition dailies were more circumspect than they would otherwise have been, in their criticisms of the socialists, for they knew that false statements and false reasoning would bring immediate and vigorous comebacks in the Leader.

I attended the socialist aldermanic caucuses in the mayor's office and thus heard the discussions and knew the plans in advance, so that I could write understandingly about them. Socialist members of the other bodies often attended these caucuses, aiding me in keeping tab on them too. When I could spare the time I attended meetings of the common

council, as the city council was called. At first I sat in the visitors' section of the council chamber, but later I sat at the press table even though I was not a reporter.

Of course I would have had time to attend more meetings of the various bodies if the original purpose for which I was engaged - namely, to write editorials only - had been adhered to, so that I would have been spared the all-but infinite detail of editing the rest of the editorial page.

I don't mean to imply that the socialist officials never made any mistakes. They made some, but their mistakes were minor.

Neither do I mean to say that they did everything I hoped they would do. Sometimes they did not push important matters - such as attempts to secure the public ownership of public utilities - nearly as aggressively as I would have liked to see them do. And I often saw them overlook opportunities for socialist education, and consequent publicity for the cause, on the floor of the common council. But they did so much better than the other officials, the non-socialist officials, that there was no comparison. Without criticising the socialist officials I made continual educational propaganda, on my page, for the things I hoped they would do - and also for complete democratic socialism, which it was not in their power to establish, since the control of state and nation would have been necessary for that, whereas, most of the time, they did not even have control of the city and county.

September 5, 1928, I made a talk to a group of striking members of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America, at their daily forenoon meeting at Metropolitan Hall, which was located at Sixth and Clarke Streets, Milwaukee. In the course of my talk I said that of course strikers should never indulge in violence. So far as I was aware, none of them had done so, but I wanted to record my opinion on the subject right where it might do good. It seemed to me that one or two of my listeners looked rather self-conscious when I mentioned the subject.

October 8, 1928, I made a talk on the national issues of the Socialist Party before the history and English classes at the State Teachers College in Milwaukee. The invitation came from Professor Cotton. He often sent students out to interview various people about various subjects. For a number of years he sent students to interview me, from time to time, on socialism or on matters connected with war and peace. I encouraged them to come in the afternoons, after the paper was out, and I gave them all the time they needed, no matter how busy I was, and encouraged them to ask questions, for I knew that if I made them feel at home they would get much more good out of the interviews than if I had made them feel that they were imposing upon a busy man's time.

Having received a letter from James D. Graham, of Helena, Montana, a fine socialist whom I had known for a long time, concerning Ruby Herman, widow of Emil Herman, and her children, I prepared the following letter, dated January 18, 1929:

Dear Comrade: As you are aware, our good comrade, Emil Herman, died a few months ago, leaving a widow and two children, the eldest fourteen.

Emil, as you know, served part of a ten-year prison sentence for alleged violation of the espionage act. At the time of arrest he owned a home, but to meet expenses incidental to the trial the home was mortgaged and when he went to prison it was lost. We are told that he was also disinherited and thereby lost about fifteen thousand dollars which he otherwise would have received.

He worked for the party, state, district and national, off and on, after his release. In the northwest district, with steep filing fees, he paid a good deal of party expenses out of his own pocket. In his work for state and national, he not only paid his own way, by means of money collected, but he turned many hundreds of dollars into the party treasuries, besides doing intensive organizing work and making success of various Debs and other meetings.

Last summer he was taken sick while working for the party in Minnesota, and the campaign committee paid the hospital bill. After returning to the state of Washington he again went to work for the party, over-exerted himself, and died, making the supreme sacrifice for the cause.

At the time of his death he was making payments on a home. The sickness and death left a debt of about five hundred dollars. A letter from Comrade Graham says: "Mrs. Herman has to raise one hundred dollars before the first of the year, and another before February first, then she will have a breathing spell. In fact, the family is hard up, no fuel in the house and has not been for a while, the house being heated by the gas stove, and she is behind in gas payments. If the N. E. C. can take care of the immediate need, we

out here will try to take care of the balance."

The party can do nothing, because of debt. Technically it does not owe anything in this matter; but in good morals and comradeship the movement does owe it to the widow and children of one who served it loyally and efficiently, thereby making it impossible for him to secure lucrative employment, to do something. We wish it understood that this is not a matter of charity, but a bill which the movement in reality owes but which the organization is not able to pay.

One Milwaukee comrade has subscribed five dollars, another ten, another fifteen, others smaller sums. We are sending this letter to a limited number of comrades from coast to coast, asking each of them, unless they too are in the grip of hardship, to send what he or she can to the treasurer of the fund, Al Benson, County Secretary, Socialist Party, 528 Juneau Avenue, Milwaukee, Wis. Receipt will be duly mailed.

Sincerely and fraternally yours,

Victor L. Berger	Al Benson
James D. Graham	Emil Seidel
Frederick Heath	John M. Work
Ernest Untermann	

I got the various signers to consent to have their names attached to the letter, and the county office of the party sent it to something over a hundred addresses, some furnished^{ed} by Graham, most of them furnished by myself. It, together with twenty dollars which Ernest Untermann and I had sent to Mrs. Herman for Christmas, brought her a little over two hundred and fifty dollars.

In her letter acknowledging the Christmas gift, Mrs. Herman said, among other things, "Of far more value, to me, than the undeniably welcome money was the Milwaukee Leader editorial you enclosed. It is good to know that there are those who saw him as he was and who appreciated his character and the value of his work."

The editorial to which she referred was one entitled Emil Herman, which I had written for the Leader of October 16, 1928. It follows:

Emil Herman, who died recently, was a real socialist.

There is significance in that statement, for there are people who call themselves socialists but who do not have the genuine socialist spirit of kindness and brotherliness without which one can only be a fraction of a socialist no matter how sincerely one may believe in the principles of socialism.

Herman not only possessed the socialist spirit but he possessed the courage to stand by the socialist principles.

He did the hard work of an organizer, and he did it right. That is, he did it intensively, not merely making speeches and organizing locals, but going to see "prospects" personally at their homes and places of occupation, talking to them, encouraging

Twice the Leader questioned its readers about the various features in the paper. The first time was along about 1926 or 1927. Among other questions they were asked, "Are you interested in our editorial page? Are you satisfied with our editorials? What improvement would you suggest?" Of those answering the questions, about ^{ninety-seven} ~~95~~ per cent expressed satisfaction with the editorials. Among the expressions used regarding the editorial page were: "Best what gives; excellent; best there is; you bet; decidedly; absolutely; most ^{truthful} ~~thoughtful~~ of any paper; ~~best editorials on paper~~ Among the expressions about the editorials specifically were: "Best editorials on paper; very interesting; not always; absolutely; not entirely; essentially; you bet; unexcelled; immensely; fearless; keep them going and don't stop; first class; yes, sir; too patently propaganda." The second time was in February, 1930, when a fifty-word contest was conducted regarding the best features in the paper. In it the contestants, instead of answering questions as in the first ~~scenarios~~ instance, did not express themselves about all the features but mentioned those they liked best. The editorials and the editorial page came out at the top, with forty per cent ^{mention} on the part of those writing in. Other features scaled downward from that point, some features not being mentioned at all. Those mentioning the editorials and the editorial page gave them the highest praise, as in the previous questionnaire. Naturally, as I was the editor~~ial~~ of the editorial page and wrote most of the editorials, this was gratifying to me.

My oldest brother, Marion D. Work, died March 7, 1930, at his home in Washington, Iowa. I attended the funeral on the ninth day of March. He and I had been the executors of the estate of my father. As he lived where the property was located, naturally he had attended to it. Upon his death, the estate of my father not having been closed, I became the sole executor. T. L. Brookhart was the attorney for the estate, and he became the attorney for my own interests there, as well as the guardian of my other brother, Harry A. Work, whose head had been injured when he fell off a load of hay or grain when in his teens.

As related earlier in this chapter, I had, in 1921, as a member of the labor group in the unemployment conference called by the Milwaukee Association of Commerce, got a proposal for the shortening of the hours and unemployment insurance, of labor, included in the labor group's proposals, the other proposals by the group being of a minor nature, but when a subcommittee of the conference left these proposals out and I moved, at the full conference, to put them in, I did not get a second from any member of the labor group but made a speech anyhow. So far as I know, I was the first person to suggest, anywhere, that a general shortening of the hours of labor, and unemployment insurance, or mitigate remedy unemployment. In view of the 1921 experience, I was somewhat surprised, ~~in~~ in 1930, the crash of 1929 having greatly increased the number of unemployed, to find labor men advocating a shortening of the hours of labor. The Wisconsin State Federation of Labor, for example, at its annual convention in July, 1930, adopted an unemployment program in which, among other things, it advocated the shortening of the workday to not exceeding six hours, and a five-day week. Of course I editorially advocated this also, but I likewise urged the socialization of enough industries to employ the unemployed.

Under date of July 30, 1930, I received an invitation from the Milwaukee Electric Railway and Light Company to go to its Lakeside power generating station, at its expense, and to partake of a dinner, also at its expense, to be followed by an inspection of an addition to the plant. The invitation was sent generally to the newspaper men of Milwaukee, through the Milwaukee Press Club, of which I was not a member. It seemed to me to be very obviously an effort on the part of the privately owned company to curry favor with the newspaper men, and, as I did not want to place myself under any obligations to the company, I did not go, although I would have been glad to inspect the plant.

The main reason why I was not a member of the Milwaukee Press Club was that, during the first world war, it had expelled Victor Berger from membership because he was anti-war. That caused me not to want to be a member.

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At the end of August, 1930, we moved from 220 Glen Avenue, Whitefish Bay, to Apartment 6, at 1805 East Elmdale Court in Shorewood. Both of these places were "Milwaukee" so far as mail address was concerned. The place in Shorewood was on the third floor of a heated six-apartment building. In Whitefish Bay and in Garden Homes we had to do our own heating. The Shorewood place was nearer to my work, more convenient and more comfortable.

On Monday, October 13, 1930, which was unusually warm for that time of the year, I left the office about two o'clock and went to Lake Park in order to read out of doors. Admiring the beautiful autumn leaves and reflecting that some elderly people are much like them, I turned a curve in a lane lined with shrubs and saw an elderly male acquaintance of mine, ^{Horace L. Combs,} accompanied by a woman, coming toward me. ^{He} ~~was~~ was holding in his hand a slip of paper from which he had been reading aloud to the woman as they walked along. He saw me and exclaimed, "Well, whaddaya think of that!" Not knowing what he meant I laughed and replied, "What do you think of it?" He introduced me to his companion and then showed me the slip from which he had been reading to her. It was a clipping of an editorial of mine which had appeared in the Leader the Saturday previous, and he had liked it enough to clip it and then to take the opportunity to read it to the woman. I can't say that it was precisely one of my "masterpieces," but, such as it was, with the title He's Class Conscious, it was as follows:

If you were to ask a gold coast parasite whether or not he intends to vote the Socialist ticket, and if he had sufficient candor to tell the truth, he would answer substantially as follows:

"The nerve you display in asking me that question touches me deeply, for I am long on gall myself and I admire it in others. No, son, I am not going to vote the Socialist ticket. I am looking out for Number One - that's me, see? I have a nice pile of money salted down in stocks, bonds and real estate. I got every damn cent of it by taking the earnings of others away from them. The private ownership of the big industries is what gives me this graft. You cussed Socialists want to take away my graft by making the big industries collective property so that those impecunious wretches called the common people will get what is coming to them and I will have to work for my own living. Do you s'pose I'm going to vote for that? Not

on your sweet life. I have plenty of newspapers to fool the Dubbs into voting with me for the old party candidates of my choice. The idiots always fall for it. Henry Dubb is my best friend - on election day. So long as I can keep him from reading the Milwaukee Leader and listening to Socialist speeches my graft is safe."

November 5, 1930, was the seventy-fifth anniversary of the birth of Eugene V. Debs. On that date I reprinted, in the editorial column, with appropriate explanation, the editorial which I wrote at the time of his death in October, 1926. Thus reminded of the anniversary, the Young People's Paole Zion organization celebrated it on the evening of November 7, and invited me to speak, which I did.

The depression that began in 1929 and lasted ten years soon hit the Leader. Occasionally we held a meeting of all the employes, and the various unions of employes held meetings to consider the situation and to vote on requests for help. For a while we gave ten per cent of our wages to the paper. Many of us also made regular monthly donations to it for a while. Some of us took cuts in wages. Sometimes some of us went without our wages, so that back wages began to accumulate. As I always worked for the cause primarily, and only secondarily for the wages, naturally I was one of the first to be asked to do without wages when anyone had to do without them, and I consented if specifically asked, but more often it was taken for granted. Now and then I canceled some of the back wages that were due to me, for one reason or another - as a Christmas gift to the paper, for example.

May 18, 1931, at a meeting of the socialist public speaking class, I made a short talk on the activities of Eugene V. Debs in the socialist movement.

On the evening of October 8, 1931, I presided at a meeting addressed by Vincenzo Vacirca, Italian socialist deputy who was exiled from Italy because of the fascist regime there.

In May, 1932, the national convention of the Socialist Party was held in Milwaukee. I was not a delegate. As usual the national executive

committee held a meeting right before the convention. I visited its meeting, at a room in the Randolph Hotel, May 20, 1932. Among others I greeted Morris Hillquit cordially. I noted that he greeted me coldly. I wondered why. A little later it developed that Norman Thomas and others had worked up a campaign to make Dan Hoan the national chairman in place of Hillquit. Then I guessed that Hillquit probably thought I was one of the conspirators, that I was trying to take vengeance on him for his attack on me when I was sick in 1912, and that this was the reason he was cold in greeting me. I had long ago forgiven him for the 1912 attack. I was opposed to secret caucuses, also to electioneering^{for party positions,} and I had not even heard of the campaign against him. It was my opinion that it would have been quite all right to nominate someone against him in open convention without working up a campaign about it beforehand, but I would not have taken part in the electioneering campaign if I had been asked to. In the convention, when the matter of the election of a national chairman came up, Hillquit was attacked when he was ill. Although I had forgiven him for attacking me when I was ill in 1912, naturally I had not forgotten, and I thought of it when I saw him attacked when he was ill in 1932, exactly twenty years later. I wondered if, in the hidden workings of the law of cause and effect, there was any causal relation between the two occurrences. He was re-elected national chairman, but much bitter feeling was aroused.

I served as a delegate to the state convention of the Socialist Party in June, 1932, and was a member of the platform committee.

In July, 1932, a socialist chorus was organized and it held a few meetings for practice. I certainly was not much of a singer, as I never had had any training and never had had the nerve to try to sing except that I attended singing classes for a while at the Shorewood Opportunity School - an adult education school with evening classes. Nevertheless, I joined the Socialist chorus. We practiced a few times, and we sang at the Socialist Party picnic. But, for lack of attendance, the chorus soon

passed out of existence.

In the spring of 1933, when Franklin D. Roosevelt was inaugurated as president of the United States and he signified his intention to do something about the depression and unemployment, I tried hard - as stated in the chapter on Oodles of Editorials - to get his administration to go in **for** the socialization of enough industries to employ the unemployed. Nothing adequate was done. We supported the good measures - such as social security, so-called, although it really was social insurance, the insurance of bank deposits, the Tennessee Valley development, ^{the other power developments,} the labor relations act, the aid to farmers, etc. These and other good measures we supported because they were good in themselves, but we continually tried to get the administration to go to the root of the trouble and socialize enough industries to employ the unemployed. It would not. **A few subscribers canceled their subscriptions because they thought we criticised the president.**

I also tried editorially to get the organizations of the unemployed to demand the socialization of enough industries to employ the unemployed.

It is "passing strange" that they would not.

In 1934 another national convention of the Socialist Party was held - in Detroit. My recollection is that in 1932 I had accepted the nomination for delegate, in the local referendum, ~~and~~ because the convention was to be held in Milwaukee and I could attend without too much neglect of my work. But I had not been very active in the party organization, and others, who also wanted to attend because the convention was to be held in Milwaukee, accepted and were elected, and I was defeated. In 1934 I declined the nomination because I would have had to sacrifice half of my annual vacation in order to go to Detroit, and, from a health point of view, I could not afford to do so.

Sunday, September 3, 1933, I visited the Century of Progress exposition - a world's fair - in Chicago.

September 28, 1933, I was on the program to take part in a symposium on "Public Ownership and the Press," at the biennial conference of the Public Ownership League of America, in Chicago. As it was not feasible for me to go, I sent a letter to be read in the symposium.

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In February, 1934, the estate of my father, John H. Work, was closed, at Washington, Iowa, and I was discharged as executor.

In May, 1934, a letter came to the Milwaukee Leader from Arthur Roberts of Kansas City, Kansas, stating that he and other comrades were copying my editorials in their own handwriting, or typewriting, signing their own names to them, and sending them to the letter column of the Kansas City Star. He also enclosed some letters which he had received from readers of the Star complimenting him on his letters. One said his letter was better than all the editorials that had appeared in the Star in the last seven years. Naturally I got much amusement out of this, and I encouraged the practice, as it was a good stroke for the cause.

In the spring of 1934, although I was not to be a delegate to the national convention of the Socialist Party, I served as chairman of the local committee on international relations, to consider and report on that part of the agenda for the national convention. We held two membership meetings to discuss the ^{agenda} ~~national~~ and I did a lot of work on the matter. Possibly it might have got somewhere if I had gone to the convention to present our views - I don't know as to that. At any rate, the convention adopted a declaration of principles one part of which was **virtually** totalitarian. This threw the party into needless turmoil. At the national party referendum on the subject the declaration of principles was adopted by a narrow margin. I voted against it.

At one of the local membership meetings the subject of starting a weekly socialist paper came up. I argued against it, on the ground that it would take finances and other support away from the daily. Andrew J. Biemiller, Al Benson and Carl Hampel argued for it. The weekly was started. As nearly as I could make out, it was started for the purpose of making a berth for Biemiller, ^{who became the editor.} It was called the Wisconsin Leader. Just as I had supported the Eye Opener when it was started against my advice, so I also supported the Wisconsin Leader when it was started against my advice. When

the editor asked me to write an article about Eugene V. Debs, I did so. I also made the paper a gift of a hundred clothbound copies of my book, What's So and What Isn't, to use as premiums for subscriptions. I understood that the paper raised about four thousand dollars to keep itself going. In any event, when its money ran out and it began to pile up a deficit, it suspended publication. The money and the labor put into it were lost, and the daily was injured just as I had forecast.

In June, 1934, I served as chairman of the pre-convention platform committee which prepared a state platform to be submitted to the state convention platform committee. The latter used most of it.

In July, 1934, when I returned from my vacation, Dorothy Axt, who worked in the editorial room, handed me the following poem which she had written:

Comrade, I salute you
For your smile and the serene front you give the world.

You combine the steel of undaunted courage
With flower-petal sweetness,
Tho' at times you have been desperately unhappy,
And tho' you have learned what it means to be lonely in crowds.

Your courage and sweetness are splendid, Comrade.
They stand out like shining banners 'midst the smoke of these slums.

But, Comrade, I salute you
For your smile and the serene front you give the world.

[Naturally I appreciated that poem. And perhaps I had better add that I was not one of her boy friends. She had boy friends of her own age, who probably never knew that she sometimes consulted me about them. In the early forties she was happily married and became Mrs. Mickelson. April 24, 1935, along with lots of others, I went to Madison to take part in the demonstration and hearing on the Wisconsin Production bill which, if passed, would have enabled the state to take over the idle factories and put the unemployed to work. I sat in the press box during the hearing and absorbed plenty of food for editorials.

On the evening of November 15, 1935, I made a talk on war and peace before the Sixth Ward Branch of the Socialist Party in Milwaukee. We socialists were always trying to abolish the causes of war.

I participated in several party membership meetings which preceded the unity conference of farmer and labor organizations held in the Gold Room of the Hotel Wisconsin, November 30 and December 1, 1935, at which the Farmer-Labor Progressive Federation was formed. At one of the membership meetings the delegates to the conference were elected, and I was the first alternate. At the conference I was seated as a delegate about half the time. Including our own, nine state-wide organizations were represented. They said they wanted to get together for united political action. Possibly we socialists should have reflected that Governor Philip M. La Follette and Tom Duncan, his secretary, had not supported the Wisconsin Production bill, thus missing a golden opportunity, and perhaps we should have declined to enter the conference. We were reluctant but we entered it. We got the platform we wanted, including production for use. We wanted the candidates, ^{whenever nominated,} to be run on the Socialist Party ticket, but the conference decided to run them on the Progressive Party ticket. Duncan was active in the conference. None of the La Follettes were there. We socialists had been unable to carry the state, or ~~to~~ get more than a rather small minority of the votes. We knew that if these nine organizations really would work together in good faith they could carry the state. After the conference had been held and the Federation formed, most of the other organizations fell away and did nothing at all. The socialists bore the brunt of the work in campaigns and the raising of funds, etc. In so doing they neglected their own Socialist Party organization, and it fell into decay. Perhaps the idea, in the first place, was to destroy the Socialist Party. I do not know for sure. I was a member of the Federation for a few years, and I supported it editorially. It was a flop.

The 1936 national convention of the Socialist Party was held at Cleveland. As usual, I could not spare the time to go, but I felt a sense of duty in the matter because I thought possibly if I were there I could serve as a mollifier and prevent the threatened party split. So, in the

party referendum for the election of delegates to the convention, I accepted the nomination for delegate. In accordance with my custom and my principles, I refrained from electioneering and ran on my merits. But I was known to be opposed to the foolish Detroit declaration of principles. The local membership had been misled on the subject and those who misled them had not yet got over the crazy idea embodied in the declaration. They had their own candidates, and they saw to it that I was not elected. That is, not as a full delegate. I was elected as an alternate. As not all of the elected delegates could go to Cleveland, I had a chance to go as an alternate, but I felt that, having only been elected an alternate, I would not have sufficient influence, so I did not go. On a torrid Sunday afternoon when the delegates in Cleveland were wrangling and making the split come to pass, I was lying in the sand at Bradford Beach, Milwaukee, taking a sunbath. But my thoughts were in Cleveland. The split became a reality, the dissidents forming another organization and calling it the Social Democratic Federation. I believed that the Socialist Party would get over this spell of "the measles," and I stayed in it - and my belief turned out later to be correct. But the damage had been done. In conversation on the subject I said that if about a dozen so-called leaders - jealous and ambitious leaders - could have been sent to the South Sea Islands for a good long vacation, the rank and file would have had no difficulty in keeping the peace with one another and preventing a split. That, too, was accurate.

The war in Spain - the fascist rebellion against the government - began in July, 1936, and lasted until March, 1939. In the paper, and to a lesser extent in meetings, I put in my best licks for the democratic forces and helped to raise funds ~~another support~~ for medical support, and tried to get the Roosevelt administration to cease taking the part of the fascists. If our advice had been taken, the plans of the nazis in Germany and the fascists in Italy would have been nipped in the bud, and the chances are that there would not have been any second world war.

The nine organizations which temporarily united to form the Farmer-Labor Progressive Federation were the Wisconsin State Federation of Labor, the railroad brotherhoods, the Farmers' Equity Union, the Wisconsin Co-operative Milk Pool, the Wisconsin Farm Holiday Association, the Wisconsin Workers' Alliance, the Socialist Party, the Progressive Party, and the Farmer-Labor Progressive League.

A socialist from England, Jessie Stephen, had been in the United States and had done some writing for the Leader for which she had been promised payment. The articles had been printed on my page, written after her return to England, but I knew nothing about the promise of payment which promise evidently had been made by the business office. She had tried to secure payment and had cut down the amount of the bill. In 1935 Ida Crouch-Hazlett was in England, and she suggested to Jessie Stephen that possibly she could get me to collect the amount for her. Jessie Stephen accordingly wrote to me about it and I tried to collect it. I had the promise of the business manager that he would give me the amount but he did not do so. As the Leader owed me fifteen or twenty times as much as it owed her, I offered to cancel a part of the amount owed to me if it would pay her. I guess the business manager did not think this would be advantageous, as he probably figured that I would never be paid anyhow, hence nothing would be saved by accepting that arrangement. After holding the matter on my desk as unfinished business for about six months I wrote to Jessie Stephen that it was impossible for me to collect it. She was much disappointed.

A couple of times when the Leader needed money I gave it a check and it gave me a postdated check in return. This helped it over a payroll hump. On January 16, 1937, the business manager asked me to loan him seventy-five dollars for four days - it would be repaid to me on January 20, he said. I gave him a check and he did not give me any postdated check. On the 20th he did not mention it. Nor did he ever mention it at any later time, and it never was repaid.

In July, 1937, the Milwaukee chief of police, on complaint by somebody, had his men seize a few copies of James T. Farrell's novel, A World I Never Made. On Saturday, July 10, I printed a signed article, written by myself, on Censorship of Books. It did not mention the Farrell incident. Nevertheless, on Monday, July 12, the chief abolished the censorship. I do not know that this was entirely a case of cause and effect, but I have no doubt that it was cause and effect at least to a large extent.

October 2, 1937, as a member at large, I was a delegate to a state conference of the Socialist Party at Kenosha, Wis. I did not attend on the second day.

October 16, 1937, I was a delegate from Newspaper Writers Union No. 9 to a housing conference held at the Plankinton Hotel in Milwaukee for the purpose of trying to get the city to take advantage of the federal housing act.

On St. Patrick's day in March, 1938, the Leader lost its soul by ceasing to be an out-and-out socialist paper. On that day I, as usual, went to the office early. It was my custom to get there so early that no one else connected with the editorial end of the paper had arrived, and I picked up the Milwaukee and Chicago papers in front of the door of the editorial room and took them to my room, or if the janitor had thrown them into the editorial room I let myself in with a key I carried for that purpose, and got them. But on that particular morning Armin Tews, who worked in the editorial room, was there. As I took the papers and started toward the rear door, which was near my own, I noticed a new desk along the south wall - west to me. I asked Armin how come. He said it belonged to some folks who were taking over the paper on that day. There had from time to time been rumors that the paper would be sold, but, as it had not happened, we of the editorial staff naturally discounted them. But it quickly developed that what Armin had said was only too true. A man by the name of Paul Holmes, and a few other men, took over the paper. Otto

Hauser, who was a member of the board of directors and was also Mayor Hoan's Secretary, told me that Tom Duncan made the deal that disposed of the paper, without the other members of the board knowing anything about it. I never knew the details. I had known all along that the paper was more or less in financial straits. I could tell that, if in no other way, by the fact that there were so much back wages coming to me.

The new regime said it was not going to make any changes in the policy of the paper. For a little I wrote socialist editorials as usual, but it soon appeared that, while I could write socialist editorials, I was expected not to make much use of the word "socialism." I staid on, knowing that I could still do some good for the cause, and not knowing but that the socialists might again get control of the paper. None of us in the editorial department knew whether we would be fired or not. When Leo Wolfsohn ask^{ed} me, a little later, how I felt about the matter, I said I felt like a soldier in the front line who had got so used to the danger that he didn't give a damn whether he was killed or not.

On the evening of April 1, 1938, I made a talk on How to Keep Fascism from America, at a joint meeting of the Young People's Socialist League and the Young Poale Zion Alliance, at the Young Socialist Educational Center, 1637 North 23rd Street, Milwaukee.

The corporation formed by the new owners of the Leader was called the Wisconsin Guardian Publishing Company. In April, 1938, it became the operating company, and the name of the paper was changed from the Milwaukee Leader to the New Milwaukee Leader.

In driving from Madison to Milwaukee one night, Tom Duncan had the misfortune to run into an elderly man, somewhere near the west limits of Milwaukee. The man died. Duncan was accused of killing him while intoxicated. He was tried. He brought medical authorities from Madison to testify that he was in condition to have mental lapses. It was his contention that he was in such a condition at the time of the accident, and

that he was not drunk. He assured me that such was the case. Although I was not sure, I took his word for it and ^{editorially} defended him. I had been writing and continued to write editorials urging that none but safe drivers be permitted to drive, but of course I did not want anyone to be falsely accused. His political enemies were a bit too gleeful about ~~prosecuting~~ ^{editorially} the matter, and that perhaps influenced me too. Anyhow I defended him. He was convicted and was sentenced to serve a term of one year in the House of Correction, with the customary deduction of time for good behavior.

June 25 and 26, 1938, as a member at large, I served as a delegate, with a voice but no vote, to the state convention of the Socialist Party of Wisconsin. It met at the West Side Turn Hall, 1034 North Fourth Street, Milwaukee.

To help out the new company financially we of the editorial department agreed to take layoffs in the summer of 1938, instead of vacations. I took mine from Monday, July 11, to Saturday, July 23.

I went out to see Tom Duncan at the House of Correction one ~~day~~ afternoon, but was told that all the inmates were looking at a moving picture and I could not see him. So I wrote a note to him which they said they would deliver.

In the fall of 1938, Paul Holmes asked me to take a month's layoff, and I started to do so. At about the same time some other things happened which aroused our union, Newspaper Writers Union No. 9, to action. We had a night meeting to thrash the matters out. It took a firm stand, and, among other things, it insisted that I go right back to work, which I did. The union also demanded ~~and requested that I have the~~ that I have the five-day week, which all the others had had for several years. I followed the union's directions and took the Saturdays off, although I edited my page the full six days as usual. As Mr. Holmes had been out to see Tom Duncan, it seemed to be the opinion of members of the union that the

1938

plan was to ask for layoffs and use that as a method to ease me and others permanently out of our jobs - also that it was ~~Sam~~ Duncan's ~~brilliant~~ idea. In any event, I felt that I owed the continuance of my job to the union.

In January, 1939, the name of the paper was again changed. It became the Milwaukee Evening Post. This was done in order to secure as many as possible of the subscribers of the Hearst afternoon paper, the Milwaukee News, which had suspended publication.

My brief biography began appearing in Who's Who and America in 1910. Every two years it asked me for any additions or corrections, and of course I gave them. It was not the kind of a publication that drums up trade by charging a fee for insertion, but was a legitimate reference book.

February 19, 1939, I attended an old timers' party, given by the socialists, at West Side Turn Hall, Milwaukee, and was called upon for a talk. I gave some of my experiences, in the field and during the first world war, speaking about half an hour.

June 17 and 18, 1939, I served as a delegate from the 18th ward unit of the Farmer-Labor Progressive Federation to the state convention of the same, at a hall in the Eagles Club in Milwaukee. I was a member at large of the Socialist Party, as there was no branch in Shorewood, but I belonged to the 18th ward unit of the Federation until the Socialist Party withdrew from it.

In the spring of 1939 Paul Holmes and his associates sold their interest in the Wisconsin Guardian Publishing Company to representatives of the Federated Trades Council, and the unions took over the control of the paper. The personnel of the unions had changed considerably and the socialists were no longer in control. If the unions had been socialist, they would have had the necessary spirit to make the paper a brilliant success, but they lacked the spirit. Most of their members did not even subscribe for it. The paper therefore had no distinctive individuality, and it languished.

Working on the paper became more agreeable and less nerve-racking, however.

From May, 1939, until February, 1940, I served as a delegate from Newspaper Writers Union No. 9 to the Milwaukee Federated Trades Council. Being a sort of an employe of the Council I took but little part in its proceedings. I listened, and I often made use of what I learned as an aid in writing editorials. One evening when the ~~Milwaukee~~ Milwaukee Medical Center, whose doctors had been expelled from the American Medical Association because they formed a group medical center, was under discussion, I went up front and made a talk in favor of the co-operative medical service which the center had established.

My delegateship to the Federated Trades Council came to an abrupt end in February, 1940, because the International Typographical Union was expelled from the American Federation of Labor and remained out of it for a few years before going back in. Our union was a part of the Typographical Union, hence its expulsion expelled ours too. The Typographical Union was expelled from the American Federation of Labor for having declined to pay a special assessment which it believed to have been levied for the special purpose of fighting the C. I. O. The I. T. U. claimed that it was only affiliated with, and was not subordinate to, the A. F. of L., and therefore could use its own discretion about paying the assessment. The A. F. of L. disagreed with that interpretation and expelled the I. T. U. Upon doing so, it ordered all central bodies to disassociate themselves from the I. T. U. Locally the I. T. U. and the Federated Trades Council were on good terms with each other. The Federated Trades Council could have refused to obey the mandate of the A. F. of L. to disassociate itself from the I. T. U., but it disassociated itself instead. Hence, the delegates of the I. T. U. and the Newspaper Writers Union were dropped from the council. So also were the delegates from the Mailers Union, which was also a part of the I. T. U.

161513

The first typewriter I ever used was a Hammond, in 1893, at Des Moines. It belonged to Marsh W. Bailey. A couple of years later I acquired an American Standard, using it until the summer of 1913. I ^{then} ~~later~~ lived in Chicago. I turned it in on a No. 5 Royal. This I used for home purposes until March, 1940, when, at Milwaukee, I traded it in on a Corona. For office work, in Chicago and Milwaukee, I used machines which did not belong to me - mainly the Royal and the Woodstock. Typewriters usually served me well, perhaps because I took good care of them.

In July, 1940, the unions, wanting to unload the paper as nearly as possible, made an arrangement for the employees to run it, leaving one of their own number on the board of directors. In September of that year it changed its name from the Milwaukee Evening Post to the Milwaukee Post. I was away on my vacation during the first half of September. When I came back I was told that Leo Wolfsohn had been made editorial director and editorial writer, and that I was to edit the remainder of the editorial page. No explanation as to why this was done was made to me, but inasmuch as the paper proceeded to support Franklin D. Roosevelt for president I took it that that was the reason. I was supporting the Socialist Party candidate, Norman Thomas. Although they had done it in a rather lousy way in my absence, Leo was a good friend of mine. [^] I was somewhat surprised to note how little I cared about the demotion. During the nearly a year that followed, I, for the first time on the paper, had only one man's work to do. Shortly after my demotion, the managing editor, Lynn Fredenburgh, sent me out to get an interview, which I did acceptably, but he did not follow this up with similar assignments, and I proceeded to bask in the leisure of having only one man's work to do. Leo had often told me that I was doing the work which it took five or six men to do on papers that had lots of money to hire help.

We received a number of exchanges, and they continued to be delivered to me. My editorials had always been generously reprinted in them. As Leo became the editorial writer I intended to mark the papers that

reprinted his editorials and hand them to him. He was an excellent newspaper man, in so far as the news pages were concerned, and I thought some of his editorials were good too. But apparently the exchanges thought differently. I was surprised when I found none of them reprinted.


Sunday evening, October 20, 1940, I was the guest of honor and the principal speaker at a Eugene V. Debs memorial banquet in Chicago. It was arranged by the Socialist Party and was held at the Workers Lyceum Hall, 2733 West Hirsch Boulevard. There were about a hundred persons present. Seymour Stedman was to have spoken a few minutes but his doctor advised him against attending. Ina M. White verbally transmitted a message from him. She was the party's candidate for state treasurer. Arthur McDowell, state chairman and candidate for governor, acted as toastmaster. In introducing me he gave me about the neatest introduction I ever heard any chairman give to any speaker. He said he was not going to introduce me but was going to let Eugene V. Debs do so, and he proceeded to read from Gene's Canton speech - the one for which he was persecuted and imprisoned - the few sentences which Gene spoke about me. Then he, the toastmaster, called on me to speak. The first thing I said was, "That was tops in introductions." A good many of those present were young. I took a show of hands and found that about two-thirds of the audience never had seen Debs. I spoke for about an hour and a quarter. At the close they were kind enough to give me an ovation.

At that meeting I asked those present who knew that the national executive committee of the Socialist Party had once established a memorial to Eugene V. Debs to raise their hands. Not one of them - not even one of those at the speakers' table - knew of it. I was not surprised. After his death, when the matter of a memorial to Gene was being discussed, I said editorially that he wouldn't want a granite or marble shaft but that he would want the memorial to be in some form that would help the cause. I suggested making the American Appeal - which he had worked hard to place

on a sound footing and to which he had been generous with money - the memorial. Alternatively I suggested that a national headquarters - which he had advocated - be erected and made the memorial - or the establishment of a school to train workers for the cause. When the national executive committee established a memorial, I did not think its judgment was good, but, because it was officially decided upon, I contributed to it like the others. The memorial was Station WEVD in New York City - on one edge of the country where no one could listen to the broadcasts except those living in that locality. Therefore, I was not surprised when no one at the Chicago banquet and memorial meeting of 1940 had ever heard of it. But then, of course, Gene's real memorial is the place he made for himself in history and in the hearts of people of good will and good motives by his unselfish service to humanity. For that reason it didn't matter so much that the lesser memorial, the official one, went awry, but I regretted it just the same.

I had written a good many signed articles for the editorial page, but I stopped doing so, soon after Paul Holmes and his associates took charge of the paper. After I was demoted from editorial writing, in the fall of 1940, I wrote some signed articles again. I had more time to do so. From the time when the paper lost its soul, in March, 1938, until its demise in 1942, I also wrote an occasional letter, ^{to the editor,} under an assumed name, and printed it, as the letter department was on my page and had been for many years.

In March, 1941, Leo was on vacation for a couple of weeks. During that time I wrote the editorials again. Toward the end of May, 1941, the board of directors asked me to write some editorials again, and it was suggested that I write one per day. I did so. The editorials took up the first column - a column and a half wide - of the page, and also a part of the second column, which was of the same width. In making up the page each day I made my editorial the last one in the second column so that if ^{editorials} Leo wanted to clip his, they would all be contiguous.



61613

As soon as I began writing editorials again, the exchanges began to reprint some of our editorials again. Invariably mine were the ones they reprinted. I showed the first two or three to Leo, but, after that, since none of his were reprinted, I kept silent about the reprints.

I had joined Newspaper Writers Union No. 9 in July, 1917. As it was a part of the International Typographical Union, the payment of the latter's pension and mortuary insurance assessments was obligatory. This made the regular dues high - and for a few months we paid strike dues that were far higher. I paid my dues regularly during the first ten days of each month, although they were not always sent to the international headquarters in Indianapolis on time. In 1939 and 1940 the wages paid by the paper became so far in arrears that most of the members of the union did not keep their dues paid up, although the union itself maintained its existence even though it was not in good standing with the international. The dues of those of us who paid were sent in, however, but often not on time. We arranged with the international that if the charter of our union should be withdrawn, any members who so desired could maintain their insurance rights by becoming members of and paying dues to the Milwaukee Typographical Union No. 23. In May, 1941, the charter of Newspaper Writers Union No. 9 was withdrawn, and I availed myself of this arrangement by becoming a member of the Milwaukee Typographical Union No. 23 and paying dues to it. I also continued to be a member of Newspaper Writers Union No. 9, which maintained its existence, even though not affiliated with the international, until the paper suspended publication in May, 1942.

In the summer of 1941, Joseph M. Coldwell, who had been in prison with Gene Debs, sent me a copper plaque of Gene, which had been made by a friend of his in Rhode Island, and wanted me to present it to the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, to be hung in the office of the grand secretary, a position Gene once held. I don't know why Joe didn't write to the brotherhood himself. Anyhow, I attempted to comply with his request. I

wrote a letter to the brotherhood's convention at Denver and offered the plaque. The convention was in a five-week session - long enough to look after lots of details. In about three weeks I got a letter from D. B. Robertson, president of the brotherhood, who apparently had not brought the matter to the attention of the brotherhood convention at all. He rejected the plaque on the ground that Debs "was charged with having undertaken to disrupt our brotherhood by the organization of the ARU in 1894."

I replied to Robertson in part as follows:

Debs was not only the most distinguished member the brotherhood ever had, but he was also its most useful member. During the years of his official connection with the brotherhood, in addition to his secretarial and editorial duties, he was an untiring organizer, turning up in engine cabs and meetings, here, there and everywhere. By unremitting and enthusiastic effort, he multiplied the membership. The brotherhood owes him a debt which it will never be able to pay. At the convention of the brotherhood, in 1892 I believe it was, when, over the unanimous and insistent protest of the delegates, he resigned, they were so sorry to see him go that the affectionate leave-taking was a memorable event in the annals of labor. After the American Railway Union was forcibly put out of commission, Eugene V. Debs attended conventions of the firemen and was received with open arms. Of course no man is perfect, and he made no pretense of being perfect, but he was noble and courageous, modest and unselfish. Furthermore, he was an idealist who looked forward and tried to make the world better for his having lived in it. He got down to fundamentals and did not spend all of his time on superficialities. All this will be readily and universally admitted as soon as a sufficient time has elapsed for narrow, mean little spites to dissolve.

I also told Robertson that I had offered the plaque to the convention, not to him, and that it was obvious that he had not given the real reason for the rejection. Thus I had the last word in the matter.

I reported the rejection to Joe Coldwell, asking him what he wanted me to do with the plaque, and suggesting that it might be given to a museum where it would be seen by lots of people. He replied that he would like to have it hung in the Milwaukee headquarters of the Socialist Party, as Victor L. Berger had availed himself of Gene's imprisonment in Woodstock jail to supply him with Socialist literature. This was done, and it was hung where Gene's gentle eyes looked upon all who entered.

As Leo was unable to get by with the small proportion of wages which we were receiving, he accepted a job with the Milwaukee Journal, beginning September 1, 1941, filling in there until he took a federal job in Washington, D. C., a few weeks later. At the first of September I accordingly took over the editorship of the entire editorial page again. The board of directors did not say anything about it - I just took it over as a matter of course. Leo was a splendid newspaper man and was merely misplaced as an editorial writer. However, ^{his} ~~Leo's~~ latest editorials reprinted in exchanges - the first ones I had seen. I clipped them and mailed them to him. My editorials continued to be frequently reprinted. I never before had kept any record of the reprints, but I decided to begin keeping such a record. In the period from September 1, 1941, until May 23, 1942, when the paper suspended publication, I saw 88 of my editorials reprinted either in the exchanges we received or in other publications that were sent to me. There may have been others which I did not see. Of the 88, there were 54 which were reprinted in Proletarec, a weekly Jugo-Slav socialist paper in Chicago which fairly reveled in reprinting them on its editorial page. It also reprinted a signed article of mine entitled A Plaque of Debs, which told the story of the plaque. The publications reprinting the other editorials were as follows: seven appeared in the Brewery Worker, four in the Kenosha Labor, three in the Sheboygan, Wis., Press, three in the Reading Labor Advocate in Pennsylvania, two in the Capital Times at Madison, Wis., two in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, two in the Fond du Lac, Wis., Commonwealth-Reporter, and one each in the Michigan CIO News, the New Orleans Times-Picayune, the Co-operative Builder, the Capital Press at ~~Waukegan~~ Salem, Oregon, the Wausau, Wis., Record-Herald, the Labor Forum at Evansville, Ind, the Portland Oregonian, the Voice of Freedom, Milwaukee, in part, the Union Postal Clerk, the Progressive Miner at Marissa, Ill, and the Congressional Record of April 20, 1942, in part. The last mentioned editorial appeared in the

paper April 10, 1942. It opposed the appropriation of funds by congress for the continuation of the Dies committee on un-American activities, and a piece of it was used or inserted in the Congressional Record by Congressman John M. Coffee of the state of Washington, without my knowledge. Of course I would have favored a real investigation of un-American activities, but I believed that some members of the committee itself were un-American, and that the committee was doing harm instead of good. The editorial reprinted by the Union Postal Clerk was one in which the facts had been largely furnished to me by the Postal Clerks' Union. It advocated the increase in salary which the union had asked for.

November 1, 1941, I attended a membership meeting of the Socialist Party of Wisconsin, held at the West Side Turn Hall in Milwaukee. The meeting decided that the party should withdraw from the Progressive Party Federation, formerly called the Farmer-Labor Progressive Federation, and run its candidates on its own ticket. I made a speech, not opposing this plan for immediate purposes, but outlining the advantages of turning the Socialist Party into an educational and pressure group at some future time. I was led to consider this idea by the fact that the jealousies and ambitions of leaders had kept the party, in the nation and in most localities, from growing into a successful party. In line with the action of the party I dropped my membership in the federation.

When Louis D. Brandeis was appointed to the bench of the supreme court of the United States in 1916, I wrote him a letter expressing the hope that he would take the stand that the court did not have any legal right to pass upon the constitutionality of acts of congress, and offering to give him my reasons, based upon a study of the proceedings of the constitutional convention of 1787, which framed the constitution. I did not receive any reply to the letter. In 1918 and 1919 I was much disappointed when Brandeis and Oliver Wendell Holmes, having acquiesced in the power of the court to pass upon the constitutionality of acts of congress, did not make any dissent against the use of the espionage act to send Eugene V. Debs and other

genuine patriots to prison, or otherwise persecuting them. His record in other respects was so good, however, that in 1937 I defended him ^{from the implications in the} Roosevelt court bill against elderly people as such. In general I liked the record of Oliver Wendell Holmes, too, but when he died I refrained from writing an editorial because he had written the opinion of the court against Debs, and when the business manager of the paper, by way of Leo, suggested that I write such an editorial, I still refrained and stated, to Leo, my reason for doing so. But when Brandeis died, I wrote an appreciative editorial, published October 7, 1941, in which I left out all reference to the things in his record with which I disagreed. Perhaps because those things were left out, the editorial was reprinted in the book entitled Mr. Justice Brandeis—Great American, which was edited by Irving Dilliard of the editorial staff of the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. Irving Dilliard sent me an autographed copy of the book. In acknowledging it I enclosed a clipping of another editorial, published January 15, 1942, about the book itself, and, not knowing the price of the book, I offered to pay for a copy for the Milwaukee Public Library. Instead, he sent me another copy of the book with the following written in the front:

To the Public Library of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, one of whose United States senators, Robert M. La Follette, was one of three Republicans to vote for the confirmation of Louis D. Brandeis in 1916.

With compliments
of John M. Work
and Irving Dilliard

I took the book over to the library and presented it. I also sent a dollar to Irving Dilliard, or rather to the Modern View Press, publisher of the book. It was in paper binding only and no price was given.

One afternoon in the fall of 1941, the business manager brought to the editorial room a man who represented some group that wanted to buy the paper. We members of the editorial staff suspected that he and his group were pro-fascist. A few of us, including myself, put him through a grilling cross-examination. We wanted our country to keep out of the war but we were vigorously anti-totalitarian. We hoped our grilling would

stop the negotiations for the sale of the paper to his group, but we did not know. We would have been glad to have the paper sold to some group in which we had confidence. Our fear that his group would get possession of the paper ^{was} ~~was~~ soon ended - by the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor.

As stated in the chapter on Oddles of Editorials, I sat down to my typewriter, at home, on the evening of December 7, 1941, and wrote an editorial about the attack on Pearl Harbor, to the scant news of which I, like millions of others, had been listening by way of the radio. This was in accordance with my custom of driving my work ahead of me instead of letting it drag me. The next day, Monday morning, December 8, the managing editor, Lynn Fredenburgh, and the business manager, Elmer Krahn, stepped into my room and said the Pearl Harbor attack had put a new face on things and it would be necessary to write something about it. I stated that I had written an editorial the evening previous and that I had been about to take it to the composing room. I handed it to them to read. They stood side by side and read it silently. Fredenburgh said he thought it was a fine editorial. Krahn acquiesced. I took it to the composing room at once and it appeared in the paper that day.

We had been trying to keep the United States out of the war, but we had been supporting the rearmament program and the aid to England. I knew that if the advice of the socialists had been taken during and after the first world war, there would not have been any second world war. But I also knew that, once Hitler had unnecessarily been permitted to rise to power in Germany, it was necessary that he should be defeated, else civilization would virtually be ended. I hoped he could be defeated by our sending enough planes to England so that it could defeat him by blowing up the industries and submarine stations in Germany. The essential industries in the United States, as well as many of the people, were not willing that this should be done. I was at odds with some of the socialists in this respect. It was not done - and our country got into the war.

0161612

Early in 1942 I registered with the civilian defense, at its office downtown, and gave writing and speaking as the ways in which I could best serve.

There were meetings of employees to try to save the Milwaukee Post from suspension. The Federated Trades Council evidently wanted it to suspend. It announced that it was going to start a weekly, and it gave out a statement that the daily was going to suspend, before any such conclusion had been reached. This of course created much confusion, even among the delivery boys. A week previous to its suspension, the business manager wanted to suspend it. I argued against this, and suggested that, as the Socialist Party was to hold its national convention in Milwaukee soon, perhaps we could make some arrangement with it or some of the delegates whereby the paper could be continued. But I succeeded only in securing an agreement that the paper would be continued at least one week. On the following Saturday I did not know definitely that it would be suspended until I reached the office and Lynn Fredenburgh told me that we were to publish the last issue that day. I went to work on the paper Monday morning, May 21, 1942. It suspended Saturday afternoon, May 23, 1942. In even weeks it was exactly twenty-five years.

At the first of the following week I applied for and received the unemployment insurance ~~benefit which had been made for me~~ to which I was entitled under the state law.

I also applied for and received the so-called social security pension to which I was entitled on account of the deductions that had been made from my wages. I had many times explained in editorials that social security was a phony name for it, ~~and~~ ^{genuine} that the right name was social insurance, and there would not be social security until enough industries were socialized to guarantee employment to all who wanted it.

My International Typographical Union pension, for which I had paid the dues since July, 1917, could not begin until the twenty-five-year period

0161613

expired, in July, 1942, but the secretary-treasurer of Milwaukee Typographical Union No. 23, August Guis, ^{ed}expited matters so that there would not be any delay when the time came. It began on time.

The national convention of the Socialist Party began about a week after the suspension of the paper. The sessions were held at the West Side Turn Hall. As I had been too busy to take an active party in party matters, and had not been attending the county central committee meetings, I guess no one had thought of nominating me for delegate. At any rate, I was not a delegate, and I was a bit sorry that this was the case, for there were very important matters discussed in the convention, and for the most part our delegation sat silent. A few persons who were not delegates were seated as delegates with voice but no vote. After there had begun to be some objections to that kind of thing, Edwin W. Knappe, who was a Milwaukee delegate, came back to where I was, sitting as a visitor and expressed surprise that I was not a delegate and asked about suggesting that I be given a voice but no vote. I am constitutionally opposed to special privileges, even when I am the one to receive them. Besides, some delegates had begun to object to the seating of so many persons with voice but no vote. So I quietly told Ed not to bother about it. But I will admit that I itched for the floor when the important questions came on for discussion.

I sat in the rear as a visitor throughout most of the sessions during the three or four days of the convention. On account of the 1936 split, most of the familiar faces were missing. Only a scant few of the delegates from outside of Wisconsin knew me or had the slightest inkling that I had been a delegate to the Unity convention of 1901 at which the party was born, a national organizer and lecturer, a long-time member of the national executive committee, the national secretary for a couple of years, one of those who took their liberty in their hand so to speak during the first world war, and that I had just finished a twenty-five year labor of love on the paper. I felt like a stranger in a strange land. Of course if I had been a delegate they would have found out, good and plenty, who I was.

On the last day of the convention, Maynard Kreuger, who had been absent, came and was elected chairman for the day. He came ^{to me} and suggested that he call on me to address the delegates. They were jittery because they had wasted so much time on the preceding days that they had a lot of work to put through in a hurry - the customary thing at conventions. I told Maynard this, and that it was no time to call me out when they were on such a nervous tension. Besides, I did not want to be called upon without being given a moment's time to think of what I might want to say.

Then and at other times I mused about possibilities. Of course I did not have to enter into that pact in 1919 which put me off the national executive committee. And I could have insisted that someone be designated to do my work on the paper so that I could attend conventions. I had chosen to make the editorial page ^{the spot} where I did my duty for the cause. Perhaps if I had remained on the national executive committee and had attended all the conventions I would have been selected as the successor of Eugene V. Debs as the party's regular candidate for president. Possibly I could have prevented the party from being split. Maybe I could have kept it going upward instead of downward. Naturally I don't know whether any of these things would have come to pass or not. Anyhow I had admittedly made the editorial page a liberal education to a lot of people. In so doing, I was "at home," and probably I did more good for the cause in that way than I could have done in any other way. In any event, I mused about these things.

June 27 and 28, 1942, I served as a delegate from Shorewood to the state convention of the Socialist Party and was chairman of the platform committee. In addition to that I wrote and secured the adoption of a resolution favoring the abolition of the closed-fist salute - which, after we sent this resolution to it, the national executive committee abolished. I also wrote and secured the adoption of a resolution favoring the collection and development of fitting songs for use in socialist meetings - songs that

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do not imply the use of violent methods in attaining socialism. I likewise wrote and secured the adoption of a resolution urging the national executive committee to lay all sectional prejudice aside, and, for the good of the cause, move the National Office and the Call to Chicago.

July 3, 1942, I gave ^{more than} twenty years of editorial pages of the Leader and its successor the Post to the Milwaukee Historical Society, to be preserved by it. Under date of July 5 I also wrote a letter to the Historical Society, for its files, telling about the editorial page. The pages I gave began with January 3, 1922, and ended with May 23, 1942. I explained in the letter that at the end of each month during the twenty-five years when I edited the page I had tore off the editorial pages for my file of the same - also that I had made so many clippings from that part of the file which preceded 1922 that it was discarded as being too incomplete to preserve.

I interrogated the Historical Society of Western Pennsylvania, ~~as to whether~~ located at Pittsburgh, as to whether, since my father and his folks were raised in Pennsylvania, it would care to preserve certain things, and, upon receiving a reply that it would be glad to have them, I sent them the following, on the 24th day of July, 1942: A receipt for thirty-seven cents, made out to Joseph Work, ^{father} ~~brother~~ of my father, and dated May 15, 1828; a couple of letters written by my father's brother, D. P. Work, while a soldier at the front in Mexico, in March and April, 1847, and addressed to his father, Joseph Work; a book entitled The Standing Use of the Scripture, to all the purposes of a Divine Revelation, by John Guyse, which had belonged to my father's brother, William Work.

In the years following the suspension of the paper I wrote several more books, both non-fiction and fiction. Not that all of them were published. Comment upon them belongs in the chapter on Books and Articles. I mention them here to indicate that I did not lapse into idleness after the paper went down. I got out of doors more, however, and I did not

have any set hours for writing.

The Wisconsin Guardian Publishing Company, continuing its work as a printing plant, made a few slight payments on the back wages for about nine or ~~ten~~ months after the paper suspended. Then, in March, 1943, the unions which owned most of the bonds wanted to get the company free of debt. So they went into the local federal court and asked for a reorganization. I was on a committee of the ^{ex-}employees and attended a number of meetings. As Bert Ryan had been president of our Newspaper Writers Union, we made him the head of the committee, which, however, represented all the other ^{ex-}employees as well, not merely the editorial ^{ex-}employees. We wanted to see if we could save anything for the ex-employees out of the wreck. Bert Ryan, Frank Haggerty and myself had something over six thousand dollars apiece coming to us, and the others ranged downward from there. Mine would have been several times that much if I had counted my overtime during the twenty-five years of service, but I had donated it as a labor of love. I filed a claim consisting of \$5,982.62 of back wages, plus \$100 which I had paid for a bond, total claim, \$6,082.62. I would have put in the \$75.00 that I loaned to the business manager in January, 1937, if it had not become outlawed. I sat in the federal court room for a little while on a number of mornings when the matter came up. After canceling most of the outstanding debts, it appeared that there was enough left to pay about 22% on the ourstanding bonds. Legally they came ahead of the back wages, but our committee went on the theory that since most of the bonds were owned by the unions, and unions were supposed to be interested in the welfare of workers, the available sum should be divided proportionately among the ex-employees and the bond^holders, in proportion to the amounts of their back wages and their bonds. This plan was scornfully rejected by the unions. ^{They stood on the letter of the law.} The back wages were lost completely. I received \$22 on my bond, and, like the other ex-employees, lost all of my back wages. The unions thus got the printing plant, free of debt. The matter had dragged

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along for more than a year and a quarter, the 22% on the bonds being paid in July, 1944, and the matter finally disposed of.

The weekly paper which the Federated Trades Council started was an ordinary union paper. The policy was adopted of having the unions pay for subscriptions for all of their members. This, of course, gave it a large circulation, and therefore it was comparatively easy to get advertising for it. Also, this was precisely the plan which I had tried to get the unions to adopt in order to make the daily a big success. They had re-
union leaders
jected the plan. That is, the responsible ~~ones~~ to whom I spoke about it had rejected it. They said they would oppose it if it were brought up.

In November, 1943, I was one of many who wrote to President Roosevelt asking that fair treatment be accorded to Alton Levy, a socialist soldier who had been demoted because he was in favor of treating the Negro soldiers without race discrimination.

In March, 1944, a Yipsel girl called me up and invited me to speak at a meeting of the Young People's Socialist League, to be held Saturday evening, March 11. I agreed. I outlined a speech which I thought might interest them and spent some hours going over it in my mind so as to put it as well as I could. On the way to the meeting I stopped at the editorial room of the Milwaukee Journal and handed in a couple of inches of extract from my speech, giving the time and place. Then I went to the supposed meeting. The one who called me up did not appear, and nobody else came, except that one male Yipsel came in late in the evening when I was about to start home. He and I conversed for a little while and then
in its Sunday edition.
went our separate ways. The Journal printed the couple of inches. It was outright socialist educational matter. Thus, although the speech was not made, I reached about a million readers with the bit of educational matter. None of the Yipsels ever spoke to me about the ~~affair~~ ~~action~~ or made any explanation. It was ~~one~~ of a number of things that have happened to me from time to time which never were explained.

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The civilian defense office never called upon me to do any of the things I had registered for. It let me know about a rent meeting which the Office of Price Administration had called, and I attended it and also an adjourned meeting of the same. Having long been attending classes at the Shorewood Opportunity School, an evening adult education project, I took the first aid course there in the fall of 1942. Throughout the war I meticulously looked after the ration books and refused to violate the rules regarding the same when asked to do so. I attended our block meeting and helped to elect the block chairman. I bought bonds in each drive. I knew we had to go through the war and lick the nazis and fascists in order to preserve civilization. But I remembered that such a botch had been made after the first world war that the second world war was invited - and I did not have any more confidence in Franklin D. Roosevelt than I had had in Woodrow Wilson. So, my enthusiasm was conspicuously weakened by the fact that I feared that we would lose the peace after winning the war - and the outcome proved that my worst fears in this respect were well grounded.

Each January I attended the annual meeting of the board of corporators of the Commonwealth Mutual Savings Bank. That body, at its meeting on January 10, 1944, elected me as a member of the board of trustees - a body consisting of nine members which met once a month to pass upon matters concerning the bank.

May 1, 1944, I was one of the speakers at the May Day celebration of the Socialist Party, held at the West Side Turn Hall. The other speakers were Frank P. Zeidler and Robert Buech.

May 13 and 14, 1944, I served as a delegate to the convention of the Socialist Party of Wisconsin, held in Brisbane Hall, and was a member of the platform committee. Approached on the subject of running for congress in the fifth district I declined but offered to run for United States senator or elector-at-large. The committee on candidates had, however,

already selected a candidate to be recommended by it for the nomination for United States senator, Walter Uphoff, and I was glad not to have to run. We just forgot about the matter of nominating me for elector at large.

September 7, 1944, I happened to meet Mrs. Jeanette Suppan on a street car. I had been in her Great Books class in the Shorewood Opportunity School, which class she was teaching in the absence of her husband who was in the war service. I had given her an autographed copy of my book, What's So and What Isn't, inscribed to her and her husband. On the street car she told me that she had been talking with Morris Fromkin and that the subject of me and the book had come up. She said that he told her that when he was a newsboy in New York City the place where he was welcome to go in and get warm, etc., was a socialist headquarters, that in gratitude for the kindness he bought one of the books on sale in the headquarters, that the book was What's So and What Isn't, that he read it, and ^{changed} ~~that it~~ ^{changed} his whole philosophy of life.

In November 1944, I received a letter from Irving Stone, the novelist who had written several successful biographical novels, saying that he was going to write a fictional biography of Eugene V. Debs, that he had spent some time at Terre Haute looking over the records and talking with Gene's brother, Theodore, that Theodore was strongly in favor of his making me a character in the novel, and that he intended to do so. He asked me to give him information from which he could cull whatever he might want in that connection. I wrote about 30,000 words of autobiographical matter and sent it to him.

January 9, 1946, at a meeting of the county central committee of the Socialist Party in Milwaukee I was nominated as a member of the county executive committee. I declined and told them that if they wanted me to serve on some committee they might put me on the auditing committee. They did so, and William Baumann and I audited the books of Emil Brodde, the assistant secretary-treasurer who ~~had~~ charge of same.

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January 11, 1946, at the annual meeting of the corporators of the Commonwealth Mutual Savings Bank, I was reelected for a three-year term as a member of the board of trustees.

February 4, 1946, at the request of Hazel Medway, head of the browsing room at the Milwaukee Public Library and also head of the Library Book Group, a group of women meeting ~~twice a month~~ two afternoons per month in a room on the second floor of the library, I was on the program of the group. I read my favorite poems for half an hour or so.

I served on the preliminary platform committee, appointed by the state executive committee of the Socialist Party of Wisconsin and helped to frame the state platform for submission to the 1946 state convention. The convention was held April 27 and 28, at the Republican Hotel. I served on the committee on resolutions. I was offered the nomination for United States senator but declined it.

May 31 and June 1 and 2, 1946, I was a delegate to the national convention of the Socialist Party, held at the Hotel Hamilton in Chicago. I was elected to and served on the committee on general resolutions, and I took a rather active part in the convention. If the headquarters had been located in Chicago I would have accepted the nomination for member of the national executive committee, but, as it did not seem feasible to make a railway journey every three months to New York or some other distant city, in the event of my election, I declined the nomination. I was the only delegate to the convention who had also been a delegate to the Unity convention of 1901, at which the party was born, but I was also the only one there who knew it. There was one other delegate, William A. Toole of Maryland, who, like myself, had been a delegate to the national convention of 1904. So far as I know, I was the only delegate who had been present at the national convention of 1908, the national congress of 1910, the national convention of 1912, and the St. Louis anti-war convention of 1917. I was a delegate to those conventions except that in 1912 I was not a

delegate for the reason that I was national secretary, and at the 1917 convention I was an alternate delegate. There was no convention in 1916 as we nominated the candidates by referendum vote.

The 1946 national convention lasted only three days, and there was so much wrangling over matters of procedure that it was difficult to get important questions properly attended to. Before going to the convention I prepared seven resolutions. One of them provided that the National Office and the Call should be moved to the Chicago area. The second urged the establishment of special socialized industries for elderly people to work in, and special adult education classes for them, etc. The third directed that the masthead of the Call be corrected so that it would accord with socialist principles instead of implying that the socialists want the social ownership and the democratic management of all of the means of production and distribution no matter whether they are used for exploitation or not. The fourth urged sufficiently rigid examinations for auto driving licenses to stop the unnecessary auto slaughter, and also provided for the socialization of industries to provide employment for the auto and other workers who would be thrown out of jobs by the consequent decrease in the number of automobiles. The fifth demanded that states cease to discriminate against Negroes and poor whites by means of poll taxes and otherwise, and that congress obey the fourteenth amendment and reduce the representation of states that discriminate. The sixth expressed admiration for the women who pioneered in the political emancipation of women, and recommended that the national executive committee give careful consideration to the issuance of some literature especially designed to educate women into democratic socialism. The seventh expressed disapproval of strikes that cause loss, inconvenience and suffering to large numbers of people, mostly workers, who are not engaged in the industries in which the strikes occur, and urged the unions to seek better arbitration machinery and better arbitration contracts with employers.

As there was no order of business under which resolutions could be introduced in the convention, I submitted the seven resolutions to the resolutions committee when we met on the night of the first day. The committee had lots of resolutions to consider and, in the short time at its disposal, could not reach all of them. Some of mine were lost in the shuffle in that way. Others were referred to other committees which lost them in the shuffle. ^{Three} ~~Two~~ of them - the one on race discrimination, ~~and~~ the one on elderly people, or ~~senior~~ ^{senior} citizens as I called them, ^{and} the one on strikes, reached the floor of the convention under a hurry-up order of business in which it was agreed that if there was any objection to any resolution it would be ~~be~~ considered later - which it never was. ~~Referred to the National Executive Committee~~ The one on race discrimination was read, and, as there was no objection, it was declared adopted. The one on senior citizens was read. Florence Rossi, a delegate from New York, objected, not to its contents, but to the fact that it did not cover the entire question of social security. There was no reason why it should cover the whole question of social security, but the objection kept the resolution from being adopted anyhow. ~~The one on strikes was referred to the labor interest committee.~~ ^{The one on strikes was referred to} ~~the labor interest committee.~~ Thus, one resolution out of the seven survived. Those that were ~~be~~ postponed were supposed to come up for discussion under a later order of business when controversial resolutions were to be considered, but that order of business never was reached.

However, although I do not think the minutes show it, at one point in the convention I introduced an amendment to a pending document, in which I moved that we disapprove of strikes that cause loss and suffering to large numbers of workers who are not engaged in the industries where the strikes occur. I argued for it and was interrupted, and I replied with vigor to the interruptions. One delegate interrupted to claim that I did not have a second to my amendment. Instantly Anna Mae Davis of Madison and George Helberg of Milwaukee - although they very likely did not altogether agree with what I was saying - seconded the amendment in order that

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I might have the right to say it. I said that such strikes were anti-labor and anti-social, and, amid further denunciatory interruptions, I said that, no matter what happened to my amendment, I would know that I was right. My amendment was overwhelming voted down. But my argument was not lost. The next day, Norman Thomas said, in milder language, much the same things I had said, and secured the reference of something or other to the national executive committee instead of its adoption.

It was proposed that the national constitution be amended ~~so~~ so as to enable the national executive committee to elect an advisory council of thirty-five members and to call meetings of such council. I explained to the convention that the cost of meetings would be so great that the council would have to be made up of persons living in or around New York, and I moved as a substitute that the members of the council be selected proportionately from all the organized states, that it should not hold meetings but should be consulted by correspondence, and that each member of it should regularly receive the minutes of the national executive committee and the national action committee. My substitute was adopted unanimously by the convention.

There was no time for us to have a banquet or a social gathering so that the delegates could get acquainted with one another.

Sunday, November 24, 1946, at Brisbane Hall, Milwaukee, I attended a general membership conference of the Socialist Party of Wisconsin. During the campaign I had helped to get out campaign literature. We talked things over. Among other things we discussed the possibility of starting a monthly or weekly socialist paper in the state. A committee consisting of Walter Uphoff, Frank Zeidler, William Hart, Aldric Revell and myself was appointed to look into the matter.

A tabloid entitled the Greenfield Roundtable, calling itself a "Monthly Magazine of Official Releases," was started just outside of Milwaukee, to the southwest, in December, 1946. In accordance with its plan

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to let each party, ^{each school,} each church, etc., have a bit of space, it invited the Socialist Party to contribute a short article each month. Our county central committee designated Frank Zeidler and myself to do so.

In February, 1947, Ottilia M. Gauerke, who had worked as a reporter on the Leader a couple of decades previous, called me up and wanted to know if, in her capacity as ^{news} editor of the ^{weekly} Shorewood Herald, the Whitefish Bay Herald and the Wauwatosa Times, all of which were published by one company, she could interview me. I said she could. She came to our apartment and we talked for an hour or more. She printed about two and a half columns in the three tabloids. It was more of a personal-interest story than an interview, but it included some statements of my socialist views, in a kindly way, also, although the Herald was a conservative paper, as were the other two papers.

In March, 1947, I was appointed as a member of the national advisory council of the Socialist Party, which, as described above, had been authorized by the 1946 national convention. I had not hesitated to give advice without being a member of the advisory council. Perhaps that was one reason why there was so long a delay in making me a member of it, as my advice often was not relished.

Whenever possible in the milder months it was my habit to get out of doors a good deal. Sometimes I took sunbaths in Lake Park. I followed my custom of reading quite a few books.

In August, 1947, the committee to consider the matter of a Socialist paper in Wisconsin met at the party headquarters in Milwaukee. As I had seen so many Socialist papers rise and fall, and did not want this misfortune to be repeated, I discouraged the proposal unless there was more demand for such a paper and more money in sight than there was at that time. The state executive committee, however, had decided to start a monthly and to call it the Wisconsin Commonwealth. I advocated striking out the word "Wisconsin" from the title so that we could make the paper the organ of

the Socialists of the middle west and seek a national circulation. This idea did not meet with favor.

In October, 1947, Thomas L. Brookhart, Of Washington, Iowa, who was my brother Harry's guardian, died. Early in November I went to Washington and arranged to have Attorney Richard A. Stewart appointed guardian.

December 7, 1947, an automobile ran into my daughter Josephine and broke a bone just below her right knee. At Columbia Hospital a plaster cast was put on. After a couple of days she was brought home in an ambulance. Her mother and I took care of her. For about thirty years, in editorials and otherwise, I had been advocating the abolition of the auto slaughter by the simple method of making the examinations for driving licenses efficient enough so that none but safe drivers would be permitted to drive.

During the year 1947 I attended the monthly meetings of the board of trustees of the Commonwealth Mutual Savings Bank, of which I was a member. Usually I also attended the semi-monthly meetings of the county central committee of the Socialist Party, of which I was also a member. In the fall, one evening per week, I attended the current problems class at the Shorewood Opportunity School.

In the local spring elections, previous to 1948, the Socialist Party, except during the period when it was fused with the progressive group, nominated its candidates and put them forth as the Socialist candidates, regardless of the fact that, under the state law, no party designations were allowed on the ballot in such elections. Late in 1947, however, the county central committee decided not to do this in the ~~late~~ spring of 1948 but to form a mixed committee to do the nominating and campaigning. It invited a number of former members of the party and a few liberals and a few organizations such as unions to aid in the formation of such a group. The tentative name given, in advance, to the group, was the Municipal Enterprise Committee. It met in accordance with the call, adopted the

suggested name, Municipal Enterprise Committee, and proceeded to hold frequent meetings. A municipal platform and program, written by Frank Zeidler, was adopted. It had been our intention, in the county central committee, that a full ticket should be nominated, but, once the Municipal Enterprise Committee was organized, it decided to put up only a candidate for mayor. Frank Zeidler was nominated. Several hundred thousand pieces of campaign literature were printed at Brisbane Hall and mailed out from our Socialist headquarters to names on the polling list. This was done mainly by volunteer Socialist workers. I helped with the proofreading, etc., of the literatures and contributed a little to the campaign fund. We did not put Zeidler forth as a Socialist candidate, but two daily papers saw to it that he was dubbed the Socialist candidate. I was glad they did so. He was elected by a handsome majority and became the mayor on April 20, 1948.

Late in April, 1948, the county central committee of the Socialist Party elected some delegates to the Socialist Party national convention which was to be held in May at Reading, Pennsylvania. I was one of those elected. I thought seriously of going, but, for several reasons, did not. One reason was that my wife was not well and my daughter had not yet, since her accident, learned to walk well and could not get out and around to do household errands. A second reason was that a railroad strike was threatened. A third reason was the long distance to Reading and the night travel. A fourth reason was that I was sure the convention hall and the committee rooms would be full of tobacco smoke and I remembered how my respiratory apparatus ^{had been damaged} while attending the national convention of 1946. A fifth reason was that the national office and the Socialist Call were located on the east coast where they could not properly serve the whole country, and the eastern delegates predominated, so that if I had any ideas differing from those of the eastern delegates such ideas would not have a ghost of a chance of being adopted, while if my ideas agreed with

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those of the eastern delegates such ideas would be adopted anyhow; thus, in either case, my presence would be useless although I might have been helpful in some other ways. A sixth reason was that I knew by experience how unsatisfactory it is for a hurry-up convention to try to make important decisions under high nervous strain. Nevertheless, if the convention had been held in a nearby city, Chicago for instance, the chances are that I would have attended.

After the city election of April, 1948, the Municipal Enterprise Committee held a meeting and, at least tentatively, decided to continue in existence. It had the chair appoint, with suggestions from the floor, a very large committee on constitution, to draft a constitution for the organization and to report back. I was made a member of the committee on constitution. There had been some talk of making the Municipal Enterprise Committee a sort of a general political organization, with power to run or endorse candidates on any partisan ticket. It seemed to me that this would cause dissention in the organization and divert it from the purpose of promoting the municipal program. On the theory that there is some advantage in going to a meeting with the documents in one's pocket, I drafted a complete constitution and took it to the meeting of the committee on constitution. No one else had brought any suggestions. I submitted my draft to the committee. In it there was one especially controversial provision, namely, that the committee should have the power to nominate or endorse candidates in non-partisan elections but should not have any power to nominate or endorse candidates in partisan elections, leaving its members free to do as they chose in such matters. This provision brought immediate discussion from those who wanted ~~the committee~~ the committee to take part in partisan elections. As only about half of the members of the committee on constitution were present we agreed unanimously to have my draft of a constitution multigraphed and sent to all of the members of the committee on constitution and then discuss it more fully

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at a later meeting of the committee.

By some misunderstanding, which proved to be fortunate, a full constitution committee meeting was not called, but the full Municipal Enterprise Committee was called instead, May 15, 1948, to consider my draft of the constitution. It was taken up section by section, with much discussion, and it was adopted with a few ~~xxx~~ changes of wording which did not change the meaning. I made several short talks about the various provisions, and I made a speech concerning the provision barring partisan politics, and it was adopted.

Thus, without being delegated to do so, I wrote the constitution and secured its adoption. This was a sort of a tour de force and it was not exactly in accord with my usual methods. I did it because I felt it to be important that the course of the organization should be charted in what I deemed to be the right direction.

June 5 and 6, 1948, I attended the state convention of the Socialist Party of Wisconsin, meeting in one of the halls in Turn Hall, Milwaukee, and served on the platform ~~committee~~ and resolutions committee. There was not time enough to do a good job. I suggested to the convention that in future the state executive committee should appoint a pre-convention platform committee with instructions to bring in a complete platform, and then not have any convention platform committee, but take up the pre-convention platform committee's report, ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ so that there would be an opportunity to give it proper consideration. I declined the nomination for membership on the state executive committee, as I had done on previous occasions.

I declined to have my name put forward as a candidate for United States senator, and later declined to have myself nominated for congress from the fifth district. I contributed financially to the campaign and furnished the National Office with clippings of the Norman Thomas articles which appeared in Milwaukee papers while they were being syndicated.

The Municipal Enterprise Committee changed its name to the Public Enterprise Committee. It put me on a committee^{of two} to suggest the changes in the constitution made necessary by the change of name. When I went to a meeting of the Public Enterprise Committee with the proposed changes, the other member of the constitution committee was not there, so I could not consult him. I turned in the proposed changes and they were adopted.

In the fall of 1948 I took the course in real estate, one evening per week, at the Shorewood Opportunity School.

Late in 1948 the Public Enterprise Committee got around to carrying out its mission as a sort of an educator on public problems and began to invite public officials and others to speak on the subjects in which they were especially interested. Early in 1949 the chairman named me to head the publicity committee of the organization, but I declined, as I felt that it would involve a lot of work without any commensurate results.

Early in January, 1949, I was one of the honorary pallbearers at the funeral of Charles B. Whitnall, who was known as the father of the fine public park system in Milwaukee County. Mayor Zeidler conducted the funeral services.

In January I joined the class in modern literature, at the Shorewood Opportunity School, and attended it, one evening every other week, until it was suspended in March for lack of sufficient attendance.

At the January, 1949, meeting of the corporators of the Commonwealth Mutual Savings Bank I was re-elected as a member of the board of trustees. Later in the month, at the meeting of the trustees, I was elected a member of the finance committee. The committee was misnamed, being in reality an appraisal committee, to appraise properties on which new loans or extensions of old loans were desired. There were several members of the committee but it was the custom to let Emil Brodde and William Baumann do the appraising unless they wanted the aid of some or all of the other members of the committee.

In the spring of 1949 I contributed a brief article to the Testimonial Album issued on Algernon Lee's seventy-fifth birthday. I had also contributed a testimonial on the occasion of his seventieth birthday, five years earlier. In both instances I contributed financially to the fund, the first one for the printing of pamphlets, etc., the second one apparently for the printing of the album. My contribution in 1944 was fourteen clothbound copies of What's So and What Isn't which the Rand School of Social Science's bookshop turned into cash by selling them. In 1949 my financial contribution was a postal note for five dollars.

I contributed toward paying the deficits of the New Leader and the Socialist Call, paid for a little space each year in the May Day edition of the Socialist Call, and contributed money to the cause in various other ways. The item I usually ran, over my name, in the May Day edition of the Socialist Call, was: Yours for Eternal Progress.

In April, 1949, my sister-in-law, Ella J. Work, of Washington, Iowa - widow of my brother Marion - died, and I went there and attended the funeral.

In the summer of 1949 Lucy went to St. Mary's hospital, which happened to be the one with which the doctor was associated, and Dr. Jerome M. Jekel extracted a few nodules from her left groin. Then, immediately after, she and Josephine and the doctor came home in his car. He stopped the car at a place where she either had to step in water or else try to step over it. She tried to step over it but fell and broke her right hip. Then she was in the hospital three weeks more, and Dr. Jekel and a medical friend of his pegged the hip, on account of her age, instead of putting on a cast. After coming home she used a wheel chair and could not put weight on the right foot. She was in pain a good deal of the time. We did not like to leave her alone lest she might fall and break the other hip while walking about with one foot and hanging onto whatever was within reach; so Josephine

and I arranged that we should not both go out at the same time. Josephine's accident, of December, 1947, had left her with somewhat of a limp in her right leg.

I was in the habit of attending the regular monthly meetings of Typographical Union No. 23 when convenient. They were usually held on the third Sunday afternoon of each month except in July and August when they were omitted. On the evening of Sunday, September 25, 1949, at the Pfister Hotel, the union celebrated its ninetieth anniversary with a banquet, which I attended. Counting many wives and other relatives of members, and a few invited guests, there were about nine hundred persons in attendance.

In the fall of 1949 I attended the class in foreign policy, at the Shorewood Opportunity school, one evening a week; also the class in economics of investment, likewise one evening a week. In each class, in accordance with the school's custom, there were questions or discussion, in which I participated.

In November, 1949, the national executive committee of the Socialist Party held a meeting at the Pfister Hotel in Milwaukee. I attended a discussion on economics and took part in it; also attended a round table exchange of ideas, and, on Sunday evening, November 13, a banquet at the Pfister. The local arrangements committee made me an invited guest at the banquet, and I was seated at the ^aspeakers' table although not ^{one} ~~an~~ of the speakers. In fact there wasn't any regular speaker except Norman Thomas who had to cut his talk short on account of another engagement, but a couple of others were called upon to speak briefly. Following my custom at banquets I left the big slab of steak untouched and declined the coffee. I had done the same at the union banquet and at other previous banquets or luncheons for about a third of ^a century. Usually no one noticed it, but if anyone noticed it and asked ~~about~~ it I explained that I did not eat the lower animals for two reasons, one of them physical, the other moral, the

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physical reason being that meat is a very poor and somewhat harmful food, the moral reason being that I did not want to be an accomplice in the fiendish slaughter. I gave the same two-pointed explanation at other times and places when someone raised the subject. The first national convention of the American Vegetarian Union took place at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, in August, 1949, and I very much desired to appoint myself a delegate, as anyone could do, and attend it, but Lucy's hospitalization and the aftermath of the same made it impractical for me to do so.

I continued to take an active part in the board of trustees of the Commonwealth Mutual Savings Bank. Occasionally all of the members of the finance committee went forth in an auto to appraise a number of properties for loans or renewals. Between such occasions Baumann and Brodde did most of the appraising. In December, 1949, the trustees appointed Schuffenhauer, Knappe and myself as a committee to prepare a report of the trustees to the corporators on a matter which had been referred to the trustees by the January, 1949, meeting of the corporators with instructions to report back to the 1950 corporators meeting. I wrote most of the report, endeavoring to write it in inoffensive language so as to keep the 1950 meeting from becoming a sort of a dog fight. It succeeded beyond my expectations, for the January, 1950, corporators' meeting turned out to be very harmonious, the critical member withdrawing his objections.

From January to the latter part of March, 1950 - the winter term - on Tuesday evenings, I attended the class in Applied Psychology in the Shorewood Opportunity School.

On my eighty-first birthday, January 3, 1950, there appeared a writeup of myself in the ^{daily} Milwaukee Journal. The reporter, Miss Pilarski, had been introduced to me, in a hall of the ~~high~~ high school, by Ottilia M. Gauerke, news editor of the Shorewood Herald, who had written the writeup of myself which appeared in the weekly Shorewood Herald and a couple of other weeklies early in 1947. Probably she suggested the Journal writeup to Miss

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Pilarski. At any rate the latter called me up, from the Journal editorial room, made an appointment, and brought a photographer along who took a laughing picture of me when I was not looking. I expressed my preference for an interview on current problems, leaving out the personal matter, but it was a personal writeup that the paper wanted, and that is what it was.

January 27, 1950, my brother, Harry A. Work, died. I went to Washington, Iowa, and attended the funeral, which was held at the Sherman Funeral Home, Monday afternoon, January 30, and was, at my request, conducted by Rev. George Kerr, pastor of the First United Presbyterian Church in Washington. I also made a little talk at the funeral in order to make it clear that Harry's trouble was not hereditary but had been caused by the injury to his head when he fell off a load of hay or grain in his teens. Although I preferred the cremation of bodies, I said nothing about it but complied with the usual custom in the community, and the body was buried in Elmgrove Cemetery alongside ^{the bodies} ~~of father, mother, Marion and Ella~~ of father, mother, Marion and Ella. To me, a person is the intelligence or spirit, and when it leaves the body, there is no person there; hence no one is ever buried; only the castoff bodies are buried. In my talk I explained that Harry had been very intelligent before the accident, but that the real Harry could not function through the injured body, and that in my opinion he was as intelligent as ever as soon as he was rid of the injured body. I arranged that Attorney Richard A. Stewart should serve as administrator of the estate Harry left. As Harry had never been married, and as father and mother were deceased, and as there were no living brothers or sisters except myself, I was the only heir.

In February, 1950, I was one of the sponsors of a testimonial dinner given to Norman Thomas in New York; and in April, 1950, I was one of the sponsors of a testimonial dinner given to August Claessens in New York. I was not present at either dinner.

May 25, 1850, William Baumann, former alderman, and, at the time of

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his death and for a long time previous, a member of the board of corporators and the board of trustees and the finance committee of the Commonwealth Mutual Savings Bank, died. On May 29, six of us trustees - Emil Brodde, Robert G. Schuffenhauer, Louis A. Arnold, Paul Schmidt, Edwin W. Knappe, and myself - served as pallbearers at the funeral. Later I wrote an appreciation of him which was adopted at the June meeting of the board of trustees. I also sent an appreciation of him to the Socialist Call, and part of it was printed.

I served as a delegate to the 1950 state convention of the Socialist Party and was on the platform committee. I could have been a delegate to the national convention at Detroit but did not go.

I continued my customary activity as a member of the board of trustees of the Commonwealth Mutual Savings Bank and the finance committee of the same.

I helped with the Socialist picnic program in the summer and the campaign publication in the fall.

During the autumn semester of the Shorewood Opportunity School I attended the class in Writing for Fun or Profit.

William Baumann and I had audited the party books a ^{few} ~~few~~ times. I knew enough about bookkeeping to keep a very simple account of my own finances, but I did not know the intricacies of bookkeeping. William knew more about it and I followed his lead and I typed our reports which he as chairman of the committee read to the county central committee. On account of his illness we missed the audit of early 1950. At the meeting of the county central committee in January, 1951, when the matter of electing an auditing committee came up, I declined the nomination on the ground that I did not know enough about the subject. I had originally, in 1946, asked to be elected to the auditing committee because they wanted to put me on some committee and I preferred it to the local executive

committee. In declining, in 1951, I guess I was also influenced by the tediousness of the auditing work and the fact that I was fed up with tediousness on account of having, shortly before that, made out my federal income tax report. The latter was a tedious task each year; so was the state income tax report. Perhaps their tediousness was largely ~~named~~ due to ^{the} the fact that I always tried to make them out correctly.

During the first half of 1951 the land in Washington County, Iowa, inherited and otherwise, was sold and paid for. There remained three and ^{vacant,} one-half ~~lots~~ in the county seat, Washington, Iowa, still to be sold, as it was hard to get any offers for them.

At the January, 1951, meeting of the board of corporators of the Commonwealth Mutual Savings Bank, Oscar Palm was elected as a member of the board of trustees to succeed William Baumann. March 9 we members of the finance committee made another loan inspection trip in order to decide upon the renewal of a number of loans and upon a couple of new applications for loans. We made another such inspection tour on June 11 and a third on November 20. On the first two, Paul Schmidt drove us around, and on the third Oscar Palm drove us. In between such inspection tours, after the death of William Baumann, it was the custom for Emil Brodde and Paul Schmidt to inspect properties on which applications for loans had been made, and report to the rest of the trustees and members of the finance committee before such applications were accepted or rejected. In September Paul Schmidt died. After that, Oscar Palm drove Brodde and himself around to make the preliminary examinations between inspection tours. I wrote a resolution of appreciation of Paul Schmidt and presented it to the October meeting of the board of trustees. It was adopted. As Paul Schmidt had been the second vice president of the bank, it became our duty to elect a new second vice president. I was nominated. I declined, and I nominated Edwin W. Knappe. He was elected.

I continued, as I had been doing for years, to make ^{modest financial} contributions

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to certain publications and to various organizations that were doing good work.

At the January, 1952, meeting of the corporators of the Commonwealth Mutual Savings Bank I was again re-elected for a three-year term as a Leonard Place was elected to fill the vacancy on the board of trustees. ~~member of the board of trustees.~~ At the meeting of the trustees, a week later, I was again elected as a member of the finance committee, which was in reality an appraisal committee.

In the spring of 1952 the three and one-half lots in Washington, Iowa, were sold and paid for. There was also a small item coming to me from the David McLaughlin Trust, at Washington, and this was paid in September. These transactions entirely closed my financial affairs there.

I attended the state convention of the Socialist Party. Previous to the convention I was asked to prepare a tentative state platform for use at the convention, and I did so. Frank Zeidler and I wrote most of the platform as it was finally adopted. ~~And, as usual, I wrote the state platform for the state platform program~~

In the fall of 1952 I joined the class in Masterworks of Political Thought, at the Shorewood Opportunity School, which met each Thursday evening and was taught by Adolph Suppan, of the Wisconsin State College, and his wife, Jeannette Suppan. As usual I took some part in the discussions after the lectures, when all class members had a chance to express themselves if they so desired.

We members of the finance committee of the board of trustees of the Commonwealth Mutual Savings Bank made three inspection trips during 1952 - on April 10, July 21, and December 3. Mainly we passed upon applications for renewals of loans, but there were a few applications for new loans. As a rule, new applications were passed upon by Brodde and Schuffenhauer and later by the board of trustees. Brodde and Schuffenhauer also passed upon lots of applications for renewal of loans which had been paid down to

small sums. On our tours we had only those applications for renewal which went above a thousand dollars, some of them as high as several thousand.

~~about a thousand dollars, and the applications for renewal were at least a thousand dollars.~~

Because Milwaukee and vicinity was a defense area, the government, in 1952, replaced it under rent control. The absence of rent control for a few years had been very disastrous to tenants. Any separate part of the area could decontrol, under the new law, if it wanted to. Some Shorewood landlords organized for that purpose and got the village board to call a meeting for the evening of December 1 to hold a hearing and to act upon decontrol. Thus the landlords were organized and prepared, while the tenants were unorganized and unprepared. The meeting came at the same time as the trustee meeting at the Commonwealth Mutual Savings Bank, so I was unable to attend the rent control meeting; but I wrote and delivered to the village manager a letter opposing decontrol. If I had been present I would have spoken against it. ^{Milwaukee} The newspapers, the next day, said no tenants spoke against it, and that the meeting was unanimous for decontrol. Evidently my letter was not read at the meeting, for, if it had been, there would not at the hearing. have been unanimity. After the hearing, the village board voted for decontrol. In that or any other area, decontrol struck me as being utterly selfish, placing tenants at the mercy of landlords, with no way to defend themselves. It was also inflationary. In my letter I advocated permanent everywhere, rent control, just as we had permanent interest control, everywhere. A little later, in my X-Rays in the Reading Labor Advocate, I strongly advocated rent control but also advocated such a tremendous public housing program that eventually it might be possible to decontrol rent without injustice.

A portion of the manuscript of this work, Glances at My Life, was still in the rough, single-spaced with no carbon copy. In December, 1952, and January, 1953, I copied that part, in double space with carbon copy - about 135 pages - so that the whole manuscript would be finished in this respect. From time to time I added whatever new matter was appropriate.

At the meeting of the board of corporators of the Commonwealth Mutual Savings Bank in January, 1953, the trustees whose terms were expiring were

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re-elected as usual, and there was no vacancy to fill. To the committee on new corporators I had suggested the name of Flora Menzel, and she was elected as one of the new corporators. She was a teacher in the public schools. During the administration of Mayor Hoan I had secured her appointment as a member of the Public Library board, and she had served very efficiently ^{being reappointed} from time to time, until a new mayor appointed someone else when her term expired. I had known her a long time because she was a member of the ^{the meetings of which I occasionally attended, and she} Theosophical Society ~~which~~ sometimes lectured or conducted classes there. At a previous meeting of the board of corporators I had secured the election of Johanna Schmidt as a corporator. She was a very competent employe in the bank ^{until 1953 when she got married.} I secured these elections in accordance with my usual custom of wanting the women to have more influence in affairs both private and public. There was only one other woman corporator, Mrs. Paul Gauer, whereas the board of corporators consisted of between forty and fifty members. The board of trustees had ^{nine} ~~seven~~ members.

At the trustee meeting, a week after the corporators meeting, we re-elected the same officers and committee members. I was again elected a member of the finance (appraisal) committee.

In January, 1953, at the Shorewood Opportunity School, I joined the class in Books That Changed Our Minds, taught by Adolph and Jeannette Suppan. As usual with such classes, it met one evening per week.

I continued my membership and dues-pay^{ing} and further contributing in the Socialist Party, and extended my membership in the Public Enterprise Committee. I also made contributions to this, that and the other good causes, as usual.

In the afternoon of March 11, 1953, the staff of the Milwaukee Public Library celebrated the library's seventy-fifth anniversary by having what it called a tea in honor of past and present members of the board of trustees, and, as a former trustee, I was invited and attended. It was very informal. I did not drink the tea, but I was interviewed by a girl reporter

for the Milwaukee Journal. The next day's Journal mentioned the fact that I had served on the board from 1922 to 1925, and it continued:

"Work, an author and former newspaper editorial writer, said he 'certainly hoped' the April 7 voters would approve the issuance of \$3,500,000 in city bonds for the construction of an addition to the library-museum building."

It went on to quote me as follows: "In 1924 I introduced a motion to the library board to ask the common council for \$2,500,000 to build a new library building. The motion was passed by the board, but the plan was turned down by the common council. The building was overcrowded even then."

As is customary in hastily taken interviews, the above statement was not in my exact words. What I really asked for, and what the adopted 1924 motion covered, was a request that the common council put to a referendum vote a proposal to issue \$2,500,000 of bonds for the purpose of building a new library. This happened before the common council and the mayor had decided not to issue any more bonds but to try to get the city out of debt, so it did not go against any standing rule. But the common council declined to put it to a referendum vote.

The Journal advocated voting affirmatively in the 1953 referendum, and other organizations and individuals also ~~advised~~ espoused the proposal. Happily it was adopted on April 7, 1953.

I regularly attended the trustee meetings of the Commonwealth Mutual Savings Bank once a month. About once in three months the finance committee - in reality an appraisal committee - was driven around over the city and suburbs, in a car driven by a member of the committee, in order to view properties on which renewals of loans were desired. At the close of each trip we met at the bank and passed upon the applications for renewal.

I attended the monthly meetings of the county central committee of the Socialist Party, the Public Enterprise Committee, and the Typographical Union, with more or less regularity, missing some of the meetings on account

of weather conditions or for other reasons. The union did not hold meetings, in the summer months, July and August of each year. Now and then it had an opportunity to vote on a national referendum on some question and I went to the union office and voted on it.

September 22, 1953, I registered as a member of the class in This Believing World, in the Shorewood Opportunity School. It met one evening per week, Tuesday evenings, and made a study of eleven present-day religions throughout the world. It was taught by Thomas Worcester Crook. The first half of each meeting was devoted to a lecture by him and the second half to group discussion. Opportunity School classes were held on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday evenings of each week. Tuesday evening suited me best because once a month I had a trustee meeting on Monday evening, and once a month a county central committee meeting on Wednesday evening, and once a month a Public Enterprise Committee meeting on Thursday evening. In the early part of 1953 the class in Books That Changed Our Minds was so interesting that I attended it in spite of the fact that it met on Thursday evenings and thus caused me to miss most of the Public Enterprise Committee meetings during that period.

When we moved to apartment 6 at 1805 E. Elmdale Court, September 1, 1930, the rent was \$77.50 per month. It was changed to \$75.00 on December 1, 1930; to \$65.00 on May 1, 1932; to \$55.00 on February 1, 1933; to \$50.00 on October 1, 1934; to \$55.00 on December 1, 1937; to \$63.25 on August 1, 1947; to \$71.50 on October 1, 1949; to \$85.00 on January 1, 1951; and to \$95.00 on October 1, 1953.

I attended and took part in the meeting of the board of corporators of the Commonwealth Mutual Savings Bank in January, 1954, and continued to attend and take part in the regular meetings of the board of trustees.

In the winter and spring terms of the Opportunity School the title of the class in This Believing World was changed to The Way of Faith. I continued to attend.

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On Sunday afternoon, May 16, 1954, at the regular monthly meeting of the local branch, No. 23, of the International Typographical Union, Paul Grummel, the president of No. 23, appointed me, along with Herman J. Schultz and Henry Fels, as a committee to pass upon the application of Fred Wall for admission to the Union Printers Home in Colorado. We retired to a side room, approved the application, and reported back by handing our approval to the Secretary-Treasurer, August Guis. It was read to the meeting, which also approved it, thus clearing the way for Fred Wall to enter the Home. Of course the committee did not have a chance to look into the merits, but Guis and Grummel had already done so and we had confidence in their judgment. This was the regular procedure; such committees were not expected to investigate the merits.

On Wednesday afternoon, May 19, I went to the local union office and voted in the international referendum election of officers and delegates. In some unions the officers are elected by national conventions, but in our union they are elected by referendum. I had voted on such and other referendums a number of times before. Union printers who are working at the trade have what is termed a chapel in the places where they work, and they vote on referendums in their chapels, but those not working at the trade vote at the union headquarters.

On June 8, 1954, we members of the so-called finance committee of the Commonwealth Mutual Savings Bank, with one exception, went on an appraisal trip, viewing some places on which renewals of loans had been applied for and one on which there was an application for a new loan. We approved all of the applications. It was our custom, after viewing the places on such trips, to go back to the bank and sign the approvals of the applications on those which we approved, which usually was all of them, for the size of the loans, and the security, were nearly always satisfactory. No appraisal trips were made from June, 1953, until June, 1954.

On Sunday, July 11, 1954, I attended a state convention of the Socialist

Party, at Brisbane Hall, and took an active part in the afternoon; was not there in the forenoon. The question of putting up candidates or not doing so was laid over to another such convention to be called later. A former platform was revised and various resolutions were adopted. On account of the terrible traffic slaughter I introduced a resolution to the effect that we favor denying driving licenses to careless drivers. The traffic slaughter, and the general public indifference to it, and the foolishness of the courts in merely fining reckless drivers or suspending their licenses for a month or two and then letting them go on driving, plus the giving of licenses to those who should not have them, had long disgusted me. I knew that in order to save tens of thousands of lives and prevent millions of wounds, in America, it would be necessary to have stiff examinations for driving licenses and to keep reckless drivers from driving. Being hastily written, the resolution did not go into details but it committed the party to the denial of licenses to careless drivers. It was adopted. I nominated Doris La Bundy Ehrhardt to be a member of the state executive committee, but in the ensuing balloting she was not elected. I was nominated to be a member of the state executive committee also but I declined the nomination.

Later the party decided not to nominate candidates. It held the annual picnic on Labor Day, September 6, 1954, and I attended as usual. In my article in the picnic program I advocated continuing the organization for educational purposes. The picnic was held at Jack Gilbert Park, at ^{North} 76th Street and West Fond du Lac Avenue. The attendance at the annual picnics had tapered off since the days when the party had been electing some of its candidates for local offices and the state legislature.

In October, 1954, my social security pension was increased from \$61.90 per month to \$67.70. Lucy's was increased from \$31.00 to \$33.90.

As both Emil Brodde, the president of the Commonwealth Mutual Savings

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Bank, and Robert G. Schuffenhauer, the secretary-treasurer, became ill, we held a special meeting of the other members of the board of trustees on the evening of November 23, 1954, and took such action as we deemed best so as to have the bank function normally during their absence. Schuffenhauer soon got well and was back on the job. Brodde remained in County General Hospital for several weeks. On January 17, 1955, we held the trustee meeting at which the by-laws required us to elect the officers for the ensuing year. In Brodde's absence we took it for granted that he would be well before long and we re-elected him as president.

In the fall of 1954, at the Shorewood Opportunity School, I joined and attended the class in World Affairs, one evening per week for a period of ten weeks, and took part in the discussions. There were three paper-bound books which each of us paid for in connection with our registration, and we read a portion of them before each meeting.

On the evening of January 18, 1955, I joined the class in American Foreign Policy, and we had the first of the ten sessions. Again there were three paper-bound books - virtually textbooks - for us to study.

On the evening of January 10, 1955, the annual meeting of the board of corporators of the Commonwealth Mutual Savings Bank was held. In the absence of Brodde, Vice-president Louis Arnold presided. The main business was Secretary-Treasurer Schuffenhauer's rather lengthy annual financial report. He and ~~Robert~~ Oscar Palm and I were re-elected as trustees. The meeting could have discussed various matters, taking advantage of the time to do so, but a rather early motion to adjourn was made. In order to get the floor before the motion was put, I rushed to my feet and moved that we send our kind regards to Emil Brodde with the hope that his health would be completely restored. The motion was lavishly seconded and unanimously carried. Then the motion to adjourn was put and carried. It had been my intention to bring up the matter of changing the designation of the bank's payments to depositors from dividends to interest, but the sudden adjournment prevented.

The class in American Foreign ~~Policy~~ ^{Association} was a discussion group. The two leaders, Gordon Haferbecker of the ~~University~~ ^{Wisconsin} State College and Dorothy Heederik of the Public Museum, did not give lectures. They started the discussion by asking a question, and if the discussion died down they started it again by asking another question. We members of the class did most of the talking.

January 26, 1955, I went to the union office and voted affirmatively on a referendum to establish pensions for local officials.

January 29, 1955, I attended the funeral of Emil Meyer, a member of the Typographical Union and a former member of the Socialist Party, at the Louis Kaufmann Funeral Home, 4803 West Burleigh. The services were conducted by an official of the Kenwood Masonic Lodge, and an official of the Knights of Pythias also spoke. I went there by way of the bus routes but was driven to Valhalla Cemetery and then home by Anthony King in his car, in which he did not have any other passengers.

Beginning in February, 1955, the International Typographical ^{Union} pension was increased from \$20.00 to \$22.00 per week, and, as it was payable monthly, I began to receive \$110 after each five-week month and \$88.00 after each four-week month, instead of the \$100.00 and the \$80.00 which I had been receiving since the preceding raise. The five-dollar pension paid by the local was continued.

The class in American Foreign Policy was really a continuation of the class in World Affairs, having the same leaders but a change in subject matter. In both of those classes smoking was allowed. Although only three or four members of the class smoked, and they did not smoke all the time, it was enough to make the class disagreeable to me. On May 4, 1955, which was several weeks after the end of the class period, I, without mentioning that particular class, wrote the following letter to the Opportunity School:

I have ample reason to praise the Opportunity School, and I have often done so, but at present I want to make a suggestion. I recommend that smoking be forbidden in the classrooms. It is disagreeable and harmful.

Tobacco is a drug; smokers are drug addicts, and, like all other

drug addicts, they want to use the drug regardless of the rights, comfort and health of others. Smoking causes lung cancer, tuberculosis and heart disease, and thereby causes thousands of deaths. It is harmful to those who have to breathe the second-hand smoke as well as to the smokers themselves, and it sets a bad example to the young and everyone else. If it were forbidden in the classrooms this would not only be a blessing for the non-smokers but it would also be a blessing for the smokers because it would help them to get rid of the harmful habit which shortens their lives and makes them a nuisance to others.

Please forbid smoking in the classrooms.

I received a reply from H. M. Genskow, director of the Opportunity School, explaining that they did not allow smoking in the regular high school classrooms because they could not be properly aired in time for the next day's classes, but that smoking was allowed in the great book and discussion group classes because outside organizations cooperated in them and requested rooms in which smoking was allowed. He implied that this was to be continued.

On the evening of May 5, 1955, in a room on the second floor of Hotel Medford, I attended a banquet of alumni and alumnae of Monmouth College living in the Milwaukee area. Louis S. Gibb, director of public relations of the college, was there, and he spoke and showed a number of college pictures on a screen after the supper was concluded. Leone Fidler Smith, a 1933 graduate, arranged the banquet and presided. She insisted upon my sitting at the end of the speakers table and after the eating she called attention to me, as I had graduated earlier than any of the others, and asked me to rise. I arose and bowed and smiled at each of the two tables that slanted back from the speakers table, and I was lustily cheered by the clapping of hands. There were in the neighborhood of twenty-five persons present, about two-thirds of them women. Mr. Gibb gave me a copy of a book entitled "Monmouth College, The First Hundred Years, 1853-1953," written by a professor by the name of F. Garvin Davenport. A few days later I sent a gift copy of my new book, X-Rays on Human Affairs, to the college library and also a gift copy to Mr. Gibb.

With a few exceptions I attended the monthly meetings of the

Typographical Union Number 23, held at Prospect Hall, corner of Third and Wright Streets. It met on Sunday afternoons, which suited me better than evening meetings. On June 19, 1955, Paul Grummel, the then union president who immediately after became secretary-treasurer, to which office he had just been elected, asked me to administer the oath to the large number of officers and committee members who had recently been elected. I had done it once before, a year or two previously, and, as it was new to me, I felt a bit of trepidation about it. But I went up front ^{and} faced the two long lines of those elected and held up my right hand and asked them to hold up theirs, which they did, and I read the oath, a few words at a time, and they repeated it after me. I did it with much more confidence than on the previous occasion.

During the earlier part of the meeting I had seconded a motion of appreciation to August Guis for his service as secretary-treasurer, as he had declined the nomination for re-election, a few weeks before, in order to retire. In favor of the motion I stated that I thought we ought to give him a big hand on account of his long and splendid service. The members gladly responded to this suggestion and we gave him a big hand of loud applause. Someone moved that we have a committee arrange a banquet in his honor. He objected to the motion. As his remarks were such that I believed him to be sincere in not wanting the banquet, I joined a few others in voting against the motion; but it was carried.

I continued to attend ^{many of} the monthly meetings of the County Central Committee of the Socialist Party, and the Public Enterprise Committee, held at Turner Hall, 1934 North Fourth Street.

As the New Leader often published things which gave a bad impression of socialism, I had a letter in the June 20, 1955, issue, based on ^{expression} an article which had referred to Russia as "the country of socialism." I explained that Russia had fascism and that socialism is a thoroughly democratic and cooperative social order. The editor added a note after my

letter saying that the author of the article had used the expression sarcastically; but the article itself had not shown any indication that such was the case.

On the afternoon of the ninth day of August, 1955, at the Ritter Funeral Home at 53rd Street and West North Avenue, I attended the funeral of the wife of Robert G. Schuffenhauer, secretary-treasurer of the Commonwealth Mutual Savings Bank. The funeral address was made by Heinrich Bartel. A while afterward, thinking it might be a solace to him, I gave Schuffenhauer a copy of my book, X-Rays on Human Affairs, and called his attention to the last chapter, entitled "Yes, We Survive."

On Sunday, September 4, 1955, at the annual Socialist Party picnic, held at Tony Club 36 Picnic Grounds, South Thirty-fifth Street and Howard Avenue, Mayor Frank Zeidler made a fine speech. In the opening part of it he singled out several of us for special mention, praising us. He ~~also~~ praised me and he also praised my books, Letters to a Lady and X-Rays on Human Affairs. He praised them very highly. After the speech, Doris Erhardt, the former Doris La Bundy, wanted to buy the two books. I told her I would send her gift copies of them, and a couple of days later, after Labor Day was over so that I could get at an open postoffice window in order to stamp the package, I did so. She lived at Fort Atkinson, Wis. Later she wrote me a long letter praising the books and expressing her views on some of the subjects mentioned therein.

In September, 1955, in order that Josephine might get a little more business experience, I sold my old Windermere bonds and stock for \$929.20 and added a check for \$75.80, making a total of \$1005.00, and let that amount be used by her for the purchase of forty shares of stock in Kerr-McGee Oil Industries, Inc., the same in her name and owned by her.

Early in 1955, when the League for Industrial Democracy, located in New York, was arranging to celebrate its fiftieth anniversary, I contributed five dollars and enclosed a ^{ling} greet - "Yours for Human Brotherhood", with my signature added - for the Golden Anniversary Journal. A bit later I

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contributed five dollars to a special fund for Harry W. Laidler, the executive director of the league. It had a golden anniversary banquet on April 23, with Clement Attlee^{of England} as the main speaker. In connection with it, a four-page leaflet was issued, in which my name was printed, along with dozens of others, as a member of the committee of sponsors. Being too far away, I did not attend the banquet.

In the fall of 1955, at the Shorewood Opportunity School, I joined the class in Philosophy for Modern Man, taught by Adolph Suppan and meeting on Monday evenings. As the board of trustees of the Commonwealth Mutual Savings Bank, of which I was a member, met on the first Monday evening of each month, I had to miss the class on the evenings when the board of trustees met.

In January, 1956, I joined the class in Philosophy of Plato, same teacher. As the Corporators of the Commonwealth Mutual Savings Bank held their annual meeting on one Monday evening and the trustees held a meeting on the next Monday evening, I joined the class on its third evening, January 23. Monday evening was definitely the worst evening of the week for me to attend a class, but the philosophy class was the one I wanted to attend. Professor Suppan's regular occupation was teaching at the Wisconsin State College. His wife taught in the Great Books class at the Opportunity School. Before their marriage she had also been a teacher at the Wisconsin State College.

Having served two terms, eight years, as mayor of Milwaukee, Frank P. Zeidler came up for re-election again in the spring of 1956. There were three other candidates in the primary, March 6. Frank polled nearly twelve thousand more votes than his chief opponent but not as many as all three of his opponents. Through the national office of the Socialist Party, which raised a Zeidler fund of about eight hundred dollars, I had contributed five dollars. On the day after the primary I went to the campaign headquarters at 740 North Second Street and handed my check for a hundred dollars to

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Stanley Budny who was the one to take campaign contributions. He declined to take it, on the ground that I had given most of my life to the cause and should not make such a large contribution. Although disagreeing, I gave him a couple of ten-dollar bills and took the check back, later destroying it. Of course it was my opinion that I was the one who knew best how much I should give, but he was sincere in his considerateness so I let him have his way about it. If he had known about the large sums of money I had spent for the promotion of my books and for other purposes, probably such an idea would not have occurred to him.

Frank's Opponent in the election campaign stressed the fact that Frank was a socialist. At first there seemed some doubt if Frank would be elected, but the people of Milwaukee had had such good service from socialist officials that they were not fooled, even though that issue was thrown into the nonpartisan election campaign. As the time for election approached I became so sure of Frank's election that, in preparing my X-RAYS column for the Reading Labor Advocate, I wrote that he was elected, although ~~he~~ I did not mail the copy until after election. Frank was triumphantly elected ^{mayor} ~~may~~ for his third term. The election took place in April, 1956.

In May, 1956, I received a bit of literature from the World Affairs Council of Milwaukee, including an invitation to join the organization and an application for membership. Although his name was not attached to the invitation, I noticed in the list of officers and committees that Dr. A. A. Suppan, whose class I had attended in the Shorewood Opportunity School, was the executive director of the organization, and I had no doubt that the invitation had been sent to me, and probably to all the other former members of the class, at his suggestion. I filled out, signed and mailed the application for membership, together with the three dollars of annual dues.

Also in May, 1956, because there was to be a national convention in

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June, the national office of the Socialist Party, in the Socialist Party Bulletin invited members to submit resolutions, and gave the names of members of resolutions and other preliminary committees which the national executive committee had appointed for the purpose of doing things in advance. Accordingly I wrote ten resolutions and mailed them to the national office so that they could be submitted to the preliminary resolutions committee. The titles of the ten resolutions were as follows: Unions, Prices and Strikes; Locations of headquarters and Call; Work Among Women; Boost the Call; Race Prejudice; Surplus Farm Products; Senior Citizens; Stop Segregation; The Traffic Slaughter; Genuine Socialism.

Among other things, the resolutions, if adopted, would have caused the national office and the Socialist Call to be moved from New York to Chicago. Of course I knew that the New York comrades would be opposed to this, but it was for the good of the cause, for the removal of the national office and the Call to New York had been harmful to the cause.

I was a Milwaukee delegate to the national convention of the Socialist Party which was held in Chicago on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, June 8, 9 and 10, 1956, at the Midwest Hotel, 6 North Hamlin Street, two or three miles west of the loop. I got a room in the hotel and attended the convention but went home Sunday afternoon and missed the final session. At the convention I was elected a member of the committee on literature, education and Call. Herman Singer, national secretary and editor of the Call, was chairman of the committee. It met on Friday evening, but Singer had to go somewhere else, and, after only a small amount of action, the committee adjourned. I don't know whether the purpose was to keep the committee from doing anything worth while or not. At any rate, it did not do anything worth while.

In the convention good reports were made by the platform committee, the constitution committee and the socialist activities committee. Much time was wasted in needless discussion of many things. Many motions and some minority reports were made. About noon on Sunday the platform

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finally reached a vote and was finished. The next report was that of the socialist activities committee. Three members of the committee made a majority report and two members made a minority report. I wanted to keep these reports from wasting such a lot of time as had been wasted on the platform, so I moved that the majority report be adopted without debate. The motion was seconded and carried. The chairman assumed that I would have no objection to letting a five-minute talk be made on the majority report and a five-minute talk on the minority report. As ten minutes were a trifle of time compared with the hours that had been wasted, I made no objection. The two brief talks were made and the vote was then taken. The majority report was adopted. Thus my motion probably saved the convention several hours of needless discussion.

None of my above-mentioned ten resolutions ever reached the floor.

A banquet was the feature on Saturday evening. Norman Thomas spoke, and a little later Nate Sadowsky took charge of raising funds. Pledges and cash contributions to the extent of approximately two thousand dollars were made. I gave a ten-dollar bill.

When the convention elected a new national executive committee someone nominated me to be a member of it. I declined. I had once been on the executive committee for many years, declining reelection because my job on the Milwaukee Leader was about two men's work and it was difficult to go even to Chicago to attend meetings of the executive committee. I would not have minded again becoming a member of the executive committee if the national office had been located in Chicago, but I did not want to travel all the way to New York to attend meetings.

On Saturday afternoon, June 16, 1956, I attended a brief state convention of the Socialist Party in Brisbane Hall. I was elected a member of the state executive committee. I reflected that it would be easier to attend a meeting now and then in Milwaukee or nearby than to go to New York to attend meetings of the national executive committee.

In June, 1956, the Milwaukee Public Library invited me to appear on

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its television program called Milwaukee: On Camera. Mr. Kanitz and Miss Goren had charge of it. I went to the Vocational School building Wednesday, June 27, where the studio of WISN was located. There Mr. Kanitz asked me questions about my past and about the socialist movement. We practiced it for fifteen minutes before the cameras, under the big lights, and then did the real thing for fifteen minutes. There was not enough time for all of the questions and answers that might well have been on the program. It was my first experience on television and I guess I felt something like a child feels on the first day when it goes to school; but those in charge said I did it well. It was a film or record we made, to be put on television later.

At two o'clock on Saturday, August 11, 1956, the film or record was on television. As it was on channel 12 it probably was not seen by as many people as would have seen it if it had been on channel 4.

In its effort to get back on the ballot in Wisconsin and vote for the Socialist Party candidates for president and vice-president - Hoopes and Friedman - the party put up its elector candidates as Independents in 1956. I accepted the nomination as one of the presidential electors.

In the fall of 1956, at the Shorewood Opportunity School, I joined the class in Writing For Fun or Profit. It was taught by Larry Lawrence, editor of the Green Sheet of The Milwaukee Journal.

As we had trustee and corporator meetings of the Commonwealth Mutual Savings Bank on the first three Monday evenings in January, 1957, I was unable to attend a class in the Opportunity School until the fourth Monday evening. I then began attending the class in Philosophy and Religion taught by Thomas W. Crook and guest lecturers whom he invited. The guest lecturers usually took over when Crook was absent, but sometimes when he was absent Mrs. Crook took over, and she did it excellently.

In January, 1957, the Socialist Party and the Social Democratic Federation - the two elements of the 1936 split - held a joint convention in New York, and united, with the joint name "Socialist Party-Social Demo-

cratic Federation." I did not go, but I sent to National Secretary ~~Singer~~ Herman Singer a letter addressed to the national convention and asked him to hand it to the appropriate committee, which I suppose he did. I do not know whether it was read to the convention or not. In it I advocated moving the national headquarters to the middle west, also the issuance of a statement to inform the American people that the Russian regime was not socialism, so as to remove some of the confusion on that subject. I had a letter from the national secretary saying that the convention committee would like for me to attend the convention. I replied that it was not feasible. I felt that my attendance would be as lacking in results as it had been on previous occasions and that it would be a waste of time and money for me to go such a long distance in order to attend. The convention did not do anything about moving the national headquarters to the middle west. Perhaps in order to forgive itself for that failure, it elected Mayor Frank Zeidler of Milwaukee as national chairman of the new party. Of course I was glad it did so, but I wished it had also moved the headquarters to the middle west, for I think that would have helped the cause greatly.

On Sunday afternoon, March 10, 1957, I attended and took part in a state convention of the Socialist Party at Brisbane Hall in Milwaukee. It was a hastily called convention for the purpose of hearing Frank Zeidler's report concerning the unity convention in New York, which he had attended. We approved the unity action taken at that convention, and we changed the name of the Socialist Party of Wisconsin to Socialist Party-Social Democratic Federation - but most of us did not feel sure that this awkward name would be retained permanently.

BOOKS AND ARTICLES

From my early days I was interested in such few books and papers as I got a chance to see, and I was interested in reading about writers and writing. Occasionally, while keeping my mind busy in order to make the long hours of farm labor tolerable, I tried to think out a poem, and once or twice I even tried to write the poem when I got an opportunity. But these efforts were few and not worth preserving. When I was thirteen or fourteen years of age, Harry and I, with father's encouragement, competed in a short story contest in the Youth's Companion. Neither of us showed our story to any other member of the family. That, I take it, was due to something in the nature of bashfulness. We wrote the stories in longhand, on rather small, ruled sheets of paper. Of course they duly came back to us. All narratives in the contest were stories of adventure. When the winning story was published on the adventure page of the Youth's Companion I did not have any difficulty in realizing that it was written far better than mine.

I can't say that I had any special ambition to become a writer. If that had been my early ambition, no doubt my daydreams would have been along that line, but they ran more along the line of rescuing beautiful maidens from the Indians or receiving the plaudits of the multitude as president of the United States.

There was no composition work required in the country school. However, one teacher asked the members of the grammar class to write a list of sentences illustrating this or that rule of grammar. I wrote a long list which pleased her. It also pleased myself.

and "papers" for the literary society.
In Washington Academy I wrote a few essays, I helped to edit the Acamedian during my senior year. I wrote at least one short story and mailed it out and got it back. I wrote an oration for another student and received five dollars for it. I wrote my commencement oration. I studied Latin and rhetoric with deep interest. In the rhetoric class Miss Getty

at one time asked us to write essays. I couldn't think of anything in particular to write about, but I wrote one which I knew was no good and handed it in. She handed it back to me, in a pleasant way, and said she knew I could write a better one. It happened that we had been discussing Scott's Ivanhoe in the class, and I had secured it from the library and read it with much interest. I wrote the gist of Ivanhoe, in my own words, as an essay, and handed it to Miss Getty in place of the other one. She liked it very much, and I liked it myself, for I had written it with enthusiasm and not as a task. The Academy gave a public entertainment in the old opera house - as distinguished from the new one - and Miss Getty put me on the program to read the Ivanhoe essay, which I did.

At Monmouth College I again wrote a few essays. Toward the close of the year, and for a few weeks in the summer following, I did some reporting for a Monmouth weekly.

While in Columbian University at Washington, D. C., I wrote a more or less droll piece about things in and about that city, and sent it to the Monmouth College student paper, which published it.

After going to Des Moines, I tried my luck with another short story or two, without any success except that the editor of an eastern magazine wrote me a somewhat complimentary letter. I had, in the story, used the Iowa farm dialect exactly as I knew it.

I wrote an article which was published in a co-operative paper in Des Moines - also an article which was published in a trade union weekly there. I wrote a lecture about the growth of nations, which I gave once. I wrote a lecture called Lions in the Path, which I gave a couple of times. I wrote another lecture on The Principles of Socialism, which I gave lots of times, from coast to coast. I wrote another lecture on socialism which I gave many times.

Before my lecturing started in earnest, however, I became a writer for the socialist press. On October 4, 1902, the first number of the Iowa Socialist, published at Dubuque, came out. I had been invited to write

an article for that number, and I did so. It was a two-column article entitled The Tide at the Flood. I quickly began writing a bunch of paragraphs, entitled X Rays, each week, and mailing them to a few socialist papers then printed in this country. They were printed regularly in the Iowa Socialist and the Chicago Socialist, and occasionally in The Coming Nation. They gave me an immediate national reputation in the socialist movement. I had been a delegate to the Unity convention at Indianapolis, in 1901, at which the Socialist Party was born, and was a member of the national committee, but this did not make me well known. It was my writing that gave me a national reputation in the movement.

In the chapter on Des Moines I related how, in January, 1905, in our one heated room at home, with my old typewriter perched on a store box, I wrote the first draft of What's So and What Isn't, and how the title came to me as an inspiration while I was out for a walk. The Appeal to Reason, Girard, Kansas, brought it out in the spring of 1905, and, somewhat later, Charles H. Kerr & Company, of Chicago, brought it out in cloth binding. It was an immediate and striking success.

A Chautauqua lecturer had given a lecture against socialism in Des Moines, and I had answered his points, very briefly, in the local daily. Some of those brief ^{pointed answers,} ~~answers~~ expanded, found their way into What's So and What Isn't. In writing it I also made free use of matter that I had used in my lectures and in answering questions at the close of lectures. And then I added new matter. And I tried to make everything very plain, so that anybody could understand it.

After the publication of What's So and What Isn't I kept on writing X Rays and occasional articles for the socialist press.

In June, 1907, I made some corrections and additions for another clothbound edition of What's So and What Isn't brought out by Charles H. Kerr & Company. Up to that time 66,000 copies of the book had been printed. The Appeal Publishing Company had printed 65,000 paper-bound copies, and Kerr & Company had printed 1,000 clothbound copies. About 40,000 copies

had been sold. I am pleased to say that, all in all; I never have made any money out of my socialist books and booklets but have put a considerable amount of money into them instead. However, from the Appeal Publishing Company I received a royalty of one-half of a cent per copy on all copies sold. I did not receive any royalty from Kerr & Company, but I received the privilege of buying all copies of the book that I wanted at twelve cents each, also of buying any other books published by it at the stockholders' discount.

What's So and What Isn't was widely quoted, and it met with scarcely any adverse criticisms. Many comrades told me it was the greatest propaganda book in the English language. A. M. Simons, editor of the International Socialist Review and the Chicago Daily Socialist, reviewing the book in the International Socialist Review, characterized it as the socialist editor's best friend, because, he wrote, "You can tear a page out of it almost anywhere and have an excellent treatment of some one phase of socialist thought."

On my lecture tours I had shipments of What's So and What Isn't sent to me at various places and I sold lots of copies at my meetings. For example, on the eastern tour that lasted from September 11 to December 13, 1907, I disposed of about 840 copies. Of course I did not sell all of them - I always gave away literature when I thought it would be advantageous to the cause for me to do so. On the trip westward from January 10 to April 30, 1908, I disposed of an even 1,000 copies, most of them sold.

Up to May, 1908, the total number of copies published was 92,000, of which 2,000 were in cloth binding and the rest in paper binding.

In the latter part of 1908 the Appeal to Reason decided to go out of the book business, so I temporarily assumed the publication of the paper bound edition of What's So and What Isn't. Not that I printed any, but I took 15,000 copies off its hands and gradually sold them, on tour and otherwise. Up to that time it had had a Wayland Monthly cover. I had a

regular cover put on the 15,000 copies before they were shipped to me. The change of cover necessitated higher rates of transportation, which, together with other expenses, caused me to raise the retail price of the book from ten cents to fifteen cents. The 15,000 brought the total number of copies up to 117,000, of which 2,000 copies were in ~~paper~~^{cloth} binding.

In August, 1909, the publication of the paper bound edition was assumed by Charles H. Kerr & Company, which was already publishing the cloth edition. The retail price of the paper edition was thereupon reduced to ten cents once more.

While on my longest tour, from October 4, 1909, to May 4, 1910, I wrote X Rays a number of times for the Chicago Daily Socialist and the Sunday edition of the New York Call. They dealt largely with my experiences in the field.

I had known A. B. Cummins, of Des Moines, attorney, governor, and later United States senator, for quite a while, and I had admired his ability but deplored his short-sightedness. In the summer of 1910 I had an article entitled Is Cummins Really Progressive? in the Des Moines Register and Leader and in the socialist papers.

In the December 1, 1910, edition of the Chicago Daily Socialist I had an article entitled The Taming of the Shrew, growing out of an experience while touring for governor of Iowa in the fall of 1910.

In January, 1911, I wrote an article entitled Universal Peace for the Woman's National Committee of the Socialist Party to send to fifty or more papers. The committee also published a former article of mine, entitled The Crimes of Capitalism, as one of its leaflets.

~~Like~~^{Likewise} in January, 1911, the National Executive Committee of the Socialist Party requested me to write a leaflet on Private Property. I did so. It was printed and had a large sale and circulation throughout the country. The next time What's So and What Isn't was reprinted, I made it a chapter in the book.

When John C. Chase left the National Office, the first of January, 1911, I wrote an article entitled An Appreciation of John C. Chase. It was published in the Chicago Daily Socialist.

In connection with the cases of J. Mahlon Barnes and E. E. Carr, I wrote an article entitled Christ and the Woman, which attracted considerable attention.

Beginning in the spring of 1911 I wrote a short article each week which was syndicated by the National Office, in its press service, and sent to something over two hundred socialist and union papers.

In May, 1911, the third clothbound thousand copies of What's So and What Isn't were printed, which, with additional paper-bound copies, brought the total to 127,000 copies at that time.

The July, 1911, number of the Progressive Woman was an anniversary edition, commemorating the Unity convention of July-August, 1901, at which the Socialist Party was formed. For that edition I wrote an article to go with the picture of the Unity convention, also an article on The Party Machinery, also an article on The Disease of Drunkenness.

In August, 1911, there were 3,000 more paper-bound copies of What's So and What Isn't printed, and 5,000 more in November, 1911, bringing the grand total up to 135,000 copies. In March, 1912, another 5,000 copies were added, and the same number in July, 1912, bringing the total up to 145,000 copies.

The Party Builder, organ of the lyceum department of the National Office, was started in August, 1912. It published jocular accounts of the various lyceum lecturers which were being toured. In the October, 1912, number I had a jocular writeup entitled Caroline A. Lowe. Like the other ~~jocular accounts~~ jocular accounts, it was unsigned.

In October, 1912, an additional 5,000 paper-bound copies of What's So and What Isn't were printed, bring^{ing} the grand total number of copies up to 150,000.

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When the first number of the anti-socialist magazine, The Common Cause, appeared, in January, 1912, I wrote and syndicated an article entitled Welcome, Dear Enemy! The editor of the magazine, John K. Meader, took offense at the article and challenged me to a debate, the same to be published in his magazine. I accepted the challenge. We agreed on the question Is Socialism Right or Wrong? I of course had the affirmative and he the negative. I wrote an opening article of 2,500 words and sent it to him. He wrote a reply of similar length and sent it to me. I wrote a second article of 1,500 words and sent it to him. He wrote a second reply of 1,500 words and sent it to me. I wrote a third article of 500 words and sent it to him. He wrote a third article of 750 words and sent it to me. I wrote the closing article of 250 words and sent it to him. I made my first article aggressive. Among other things I attacked capitalism as an enemy of religion and the family, because I felt pretty sure that he was waiting to attack socialism on those grounds. I kept him on the defensive all the way through. The controversy was published in the September, 1912, number of The Common Cause. A couple of years later, when The Common Cause expired, I wrote and the National Office syndicated an article entitled Farewell, Dear Enemy!

In the January, 1913, number of the Progressive Woman I had an article entitled Some Definitions. Tentatively I looked upon it as the first chapter of a new book which was to have the same title as the controversy in The Common Cause, namely, Is Socialism Right or Wrong? But that plan was not carried out.

Upon leaving the office of National Secretary of the Socialist Party I wrote a short article entitled An Appreciation. It expressed my deep appreciation of the office force which had served with me in the National Office. It was published in the Party Builder of May 31, 1913.

In February, 1913, the total of What's So and What Isn't was raised to 150,800 copies by the printing of 800 additional clothbound copies.

After I ceased to be the national secretary of the Socialist Party at the end of May, 1913, I got out of doors in Jackson Park a great deal during the summer, and I did much studying, reading and writing, as well as rowing a boat about an hour nearly every morning. In the evenings and on rainy days I ~~stayed~~ copied my writings on the typewriter, but I stayed out of doors rather late in the evenings, so the copying was done mainly on rainy days.

As to the nature of the writings, I wrote a few articles for the socialist press, but my writing consisted mainly in preparing two more books, or booklets, as you choose. Eight years had elapsed since I had written What's So and What Isn't. In the meantime I had written many articles, given many lectures and had much experience and development. There was therefore much material in my head wanting out, as well as much material already written but disconnected. I began the work of writing new matter and connecting the old.

About the first of August, 1913, I submitted the manuscript of one of the resulting books to the National Office for publication. It was entitled Where You Get Off, and it contained some eighteen or twenty thousand words. The manuscript was approved by the editing committee and also by the national executive committee at its meeting in October, 1913. It came from the press in the latter part of December, with 48 pages and cover, tastily printed and selling for ten cents a copy, a dollar per dozen, five dollars per hundred, prepaid.

The other manuscript, which I first called Facing the Future, I sent to the Appeal to Reason, Girard, Kansas, which was back in the book publishing business. Fred D. Warren, of the Appeal, suggested changing the title to Winning a World, and I agreed. A little later he had another hunch, namely, to give the book the same title which one of its subdivisions had - The Key to the Mystery. When using much the same matter as a lecture I had originally called it The American Spirit, but I did not

consider that title for the book because there was an anti-socialist book by that title in existence. I accepted Warren's suggestion that the title should be The Key to the Mystery. With that title it was published in January, 1914 - ten cents a copy, twenty copies for a dollar. It had 32 pages and cover. Ten thousand copies were printed at first, and afterward 5,000 more were printed.

In the October, 1913, number of the Western Comrade, published at Los Angeles, California, I had a short article entitled My Confession. It was about my having given an anti-socialist commencement oration when I graduated from Washington Academy in 1889.

In January, 1914, an additional 5,000 paper-bound copies of What's So and What Isn't were printed, bringing the total to 155,800 copies.

I wrote another book which had not yet been published when I read the manuscript before the Irving Park Young People's Socialist League, on the evening of November 7, 1914. The title I preferred for it was Why Things Happen to Happen, but I sometimes called it The Economic Urge, because Why Things Happen to Happen was one of the titles I originated for the Lyceum lectures when I was national secretary, and one of the lecturers who used that title had had his lecture printed. My manuscript was a popularization of the economic interpretation of history. I thought likely the other pamphlet would go out of existence so that I could use the title I preferred, and this later came about. Two other titles which I had originated for the lyceum were How We Are Gouged, and The Trust Busters.

In December, 1914, there were 702 additional clothbound copies of What's So and What Isn't printed. I called it 700 for round numbers. This made a total of 4,500 cloth and 152,000 paper, or a grand total of 156,500 copies.

Up to the first of January, 1916, the National Office had sold 11,988 copies of my book, Where You Get Off. The Appeal to Reason was selling The Key to the Mystery at about the same rate.

Charles H. Kerr & Company became sympathetic with the syndicalism of the Industrial Workers of the World, and consequently lukewarm toward political action. Consequently, in 1915, I withdrew What's So and What Isn't from it. The National Office undertook the publication of it and brought out 10,000 copies of a ten-cent, paper-bound edition in September, 1916, after I had considerably revised the book. This made the total 166,500 copies.

For the campaign of 1916, and also for later distribution, I wrote two leaflets that were printed by the National Office. One of them was entitled The Gold Brick Twins. The title was adapted from a widely-known advertisement at that time, namely, the Gold Dust Twins. Of course the gold brick twins I had in mind were the Republican and Democratic parties. The other leaflet was entitled A Horse Power System. It was written especially for circulation among farmers. During the campaign the National Office sold 70,780 copies of The Gold Brick Twins and 23,157 copies of A Horse Power System. A good many thousands of additional copies were given away with the free literature which was sent to various places. There were also 10,145 copies of my leaflet Private Property sold, in addition to its already enormous circulation.

In August, 1917, on account of the fact that I had to write a number of times to the Appeal to Reason in order to get a reply, I terminated its ~~publishing~~ publishing of my booklet, The Key to the Mystery. We did not have any dispute about it. I terminated the arrangement simply because it was impossible to do business when it was so hard to get an answer to an occasional inquiry about the book. I asked it not to print any more, and it complied with the request. It had printed 15,000 copies and had sold over 13,000. It paid me a royalty of one cent per copy on 13,100 copies, and I waived the royalty on those they had not yet sold. They undoubtedly sold the rest of them in a short time. The book thereupon went out of print.

After I ~~arrived~~ went to Milwaukee in May, 1917, I continued to write some for the American Socialist, and later for the Eye Opener. In May, 1914, the national committee, in accordance with a previous recommendation of mine, had developed the Party Builder into the American Socialist, making it a propaganda paper. It was bled to death by the Wilson administration during the first world war, and the National Office took over the Eye Opener in order to have an organ.

The National Office printed 12,000 additional copies of What's So and What Isn't in November, 1917, making a total of 178,500 copies. It sold 6,851 copies in 1917, but in 1918 the administration's interference with shipments of socialist literature was such that only 575 copies were sold. For a while, at my suggestion, two chapters, namely, the one on Patriotism and the one on The Constitution, were clipped out of those sold, on account of the infamous espionage act.

The total number of copies of Where You Get Off published by the National Office was apparently ~~25,000~~ 30,000.

In August, 1919, my book, Why Things Happen to Happen, was published by the National Office.

On the Leader naturally I wrote mainly editorials, a small minority of which are reprinted in the chapter on Oodles of Editorials. But I also wrote some signed articles. One of them was printed August 2, 1922, and was entitled A Good Man Gone. The good man referred to was Glenn E. Plumb.

In the early twenties I put together some socialist writings, largely from editorials and articles already written, and submitted them to an eastern publishing house for publication in book form. The manuscript came back. I used the ideas in other ways, largely by repeating them in editor-

ials, and disintegrated the manuscript. By invitation I took part in a symposium on What Labor Thinks of the Church, in the September, 1923, Homiletic Review.

When Bertha Hale White became national secretary of the Socialist Party in February, 1924, I wrote an editorial about it, and the New Leader, in New York, turned it into an article, with my name attached, and reprinted it.

For some reason the figures as to sales of Where You Get Off were missing for some of the years. However, the sale of 24,143 copies was reported, so, considering the missing years, I concluded that 30,000 copies in all were printed and distributed. The last 1,400 copies were sold in 1924, whereupon it went out of print.

While living at Garden Homes - 1923 to 1925 - I again tried my luck with a few short stories. They came back, except that two of them were accepted and printed in minor publications. One entitled Billy's Bald Spot appeared in Grit, Williamsport, Penna., September 13, 1925. Another entitled The Doctor's Money appeared in Everyday Life, Chicago, for December, 1925. They had been written quite a while before that. When I was nominated for United States senator in the summer of 1925, my fiction plans were thrown overboard and I did not do anything more about it for several years. As I had made a tiny start, with those two stories that were accepted, possibly if I could have gone on from there I might have got somewhere with the writing of fiction.

In 1926 the Dearborn Independent - Henry Ford's periodical published at Dearborn, Michigan - published a grossly unfair article entitled Socialism with the Bark Stripped Off, ^{by George McCready Price.} I wrote to the editor and asked if he would print a reply. He hedged. I insisted. He then said he would consider a reply if I sent one. I wrote a reply and sent it. The title of my article was The Gist of Socialism. He said he had printed similar articles already. I told him I had not seen any such articles in his publication and asked him to send me the copies containing the ones he referred to. I received a reply from someone else saying that the editor was away on vacation and that my letter would be brought to his attention when he returned. I never heard from him again. In my own editorial work, it was my policy never to print grossly unfair articles in the first place, and it was also my policy to print objections to articles or editorials if there were any readers who disagreed with them. This is the only fair

way. The Dearborn Independent's attitude in the matter struck me as being grossly unfair and immoral, inasmuch as the principles of a vast group of sincere people were attacked and no reply permitted.

I thoroughly revised What's So and What Isn't, brought it up to date, and enlarged it from about 40,000 words to about 55,000 words. The new edition for which this was done did not come out until January, 1927, but it had its inception in ~~thexxxxxxxaf~~ 1925 when Upton Sinclair proposed the publication of a series of books to be called The People's Classics. He made a long list of books, under different heads, and, under each head he listed those he considered the best as AA and the others as A. Under the head of Economics and Politics, ^{on his final list,} he had What's So and What Isn't listed among the AA at the top. While The People's Classics never came into existence as he had planned, some of the books were published by the Vanguard Press, of New York, under arrangements with various organizations. That publishing house published What's So and What Isn't under a joint arrangement with the National Office of the Socialist Party. It printed 3,000 clothbound copies under an arrangement whereby the National Office was to pay \$250 for 1,000 copies. I donated the \$250 to the National Office, November 6, 1926, and the new edition was printed in January, 1927. It brought the total number of copies up to 181,500.

I wrote another book entitled X Rays. It consisted of brief essays on various subjects. In November, 1926, I submitted the manuscript to the George H. Doran Company, of New York, which rejected it. In April, 1927, I submitted it to the Macmillan Company, which also rejected it, ^{with the comment that there was much to recommend in it.} In August, 1927, I submitted it to E. P. Dutton & Company, which ~~rejected it~~ ^{by} ~~mistake~~ sent it to someone other than myself and was unable to trace it, so that the manuscript was lost. Martin S. Yewdale, editor in the Dutton office, wrote me that it had been set aside for further consideration and could not be found when wanted, having, apparently been put in the same package with some rejected manuscript. He had a

brother in business in Milwaukee, on Seventh Street not far from Brisbane Hall, and he got his brother to have the latter's stenographer retype the manuscript from the carbon copy. She did it in her spare time. The bother and delay and correspondence connected with this matter discouraged me.. I put the new manuscript aside and did not submit it anywhere else. Some years later I incorporated most of it in a book entitled Letters to a Lady.

In March, 1927, I had 2,000 circulars about What's So and What Isn't printed, and, within a few weeks I addressed 2,000 envelopes to names selected from Who's Who in America and sent the circulars to them. Their orders for the book, if any, were to be sent to the Vanguard Press.

Beginning in October, 1927, and extending over a period of a few months, the National Office, at my suggestion, sent 700 copies of What's So and What Isn't to public and school libraries throughout the United States. I had already paid for the books which the National Office had on hand. From data in the Milwaukee Public Library I made out lists of libraries, 100 at a time, and sent them to the National Office. With each list of 100 addresses, I sent a check for \$10 to pay the postage. The work of sending the books, together with a form letter which I also wrote, was done by Mabel Barnes - the former Mabel Hudson - who was working in the National Office. As she was an admirer of What's So and What Isn't, she did the work with enthusiasm. We gave the libraries an opportunity to reject the book and send it back at our expense. There were very few rejections. Many accepted with formal thanks. Some expressed high appreciation.

The Vanguard Press edition of What's So and What Isn't called forth a few reviews, most of them favorable. In a mildly sarcastic review, ^{entitled Highways to Heaven,} the Saturday Review of Literature, March 10, 1928, bunched my book along with other Vanguard Press books, namely books by George Bernard Shaw, P. Kropotkin, John Ruskin, R. W. Dunn, W. E. Brokaw, Jack London, H. G. Wells,

James P. Warbasse, C. L. Swartz, H. N. Brailsford, R. Page-Arnot, Julius F. Hecker, Karl Borders, Scott Nearing and Jack Hardy. The reviewer, Malcolm J. Davis, evidently thought all of us were seeking highways to heaven.

I gave copies of What's So and What Isn't away when I thought they would do good. Occasionally I gave one to a student from a university, teachers' college or high school who came in seeking material for a debate, a theme, or an interview, and occasionally I mailed a copy to some student who wrote to the Leader seeking material for similar purposes. I usually requested the recipient of the book to lend it to others who might want to read up on the subject.

I wrote a book to which I gave the title of Midland Memories. It was an autobiography of my childhood and boyhood on the farm in Iowa, ending in September, 1886, with the morning when - about four months before I was eighteen years of age - I went to Washington Academy. In March, 1929, I submitted the manuscript to the Atlantic Monthly Press, in its prize contest relating to non-fiction works concerning the American scene. It was rejected by the editors without letting the judges see it. In June, 1929, I submitted the manuscript to the Macmillan Company. It was rejected. I then laid the manuscript aside, in its neat box.

I wrote an article entitled How One Man Keeps Young, and sent it to the monthly magazine, Good Health, published in connection with the Battle Creek Sanitarium. It was accepted and ^{was} published in the July, 1929, issue. I was paid ten dollars for it. As it was highly personal I used the pseudonym Wan M. Jerk instead of John M. Work. I had used the pseudonym a few times in the Leader, especially in letters to the editor.

The April, 1930, number of Harpers Magazine contained an article by James Truslow Adams entitled Diminishing Returns in Modern Life, a Word to the Apostles of Progress. It was an attack upon democracy. I wrote a reply entitled The Law of Increasing Returns, a Word to the Apostles of Reaction, and sent it to Harpers. The editors returned it to me with a letter in which they said it was a very ingenious reply and that it was

quite the best of those they had received. Their flimsy excuse for not publishing it was that too much time would elapse before it could be published. From my point of view as an editor, and also as a human being, such an attitude seemed very unethical. A reply by someone, whether by me or someone else, should have been published, and they acknowledged that mine was the best one they had received, hence it would have ^{seemed} ~~seemed~~ to be the natural one to publish.

On August 7, 1930, the Milwaukee Leader got out a special tabloid Berger memorial edition - a year after Victor L. Berger's death. In the special edition I had an article entitled A Bit of Reminiscence. It was about the incident, early in February, 1917, when Victor Berger, Adolph Germer and I - in our capacity as the national emergency committee of the Socialist Party, tried to dissuade Woodrow Wilson from dragging this country into the first world war.

In 1930 the national executive committee of the Socialist Party decided to issue a Little Library of Socialism consisting of twenty small booklets to be published by the Haldeman-Julius Publications, Girard, Kansas. I was invited to write one of the booklets, and did so. The title of mine was Certain Misconceptions. The list of authors included Algernon Lee, Upton Sinclair, Heywood Broun, Daniel W. Hoan, Devere Allen, Norman Angell, McAllister Coleman, G. D. H. Cole, James, Oneal, Fred Henderson, Paul Blanshard, Clarence Senior, Norman Thomas, Marion Phillips, Morris Hillquit (in collaboration with Nathan Fine in one instance), and Harry W. Laidler. Coleman, Oneal and Hillquit wrote two booklets each, the rest of us one each. Some of the authors were so slow in furnishing their copy that the Little Library did not get into print until November, 1931. I did my part of it as a labor of love, without any thought of financial compensation, and without knowing there was an arrangement that the publishing house was to pay fifty dollars for each manuscript. So I was much surprised when I received the fifty dollars.

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Early in the thirties I tried my hand at short fiction again, without any success.

During the campaign of 1932 the National Office of the Socialist Party issued a campaign weekly called America for All. I wrote an article for it each week from early August until the November election. I used my old title - X Rays - as a general heading for the articles.

The Vanguard Press was hit by the depression along with others. Due to small sales, it was not in the mood to bring out another edition of What's So and What Isn't. So, in 1934, I paid it \$300 to print an additional 1,000 clothbound copies for me. In bringing out the former edition in 1927 it had failed to send me an author's proof, and I had filed with it some corrections to be made whenever another edition was printed. These and a few others, not involving the making of new plates, I asked it to make in 1934, and I paid it an additional \$35 to make them. As the National Office was not in on this new edition I asked the Vanguard Press, in three different letters, to strike out the joint publication statement appearing in the back of the book. It specifically promised to comply with the request but failed to do so. It told me that, while printing the 1,000 copies for me, it would print 200 copies for itself, and I therefore had the front of the book state that 182,700 copies in all had been printed. After it was too late to change the figures, it told me that it had printed 300 copies for itself. Hence the total became 182,800 copies.

Our arrangement was that it was to keep my 1,000 copies in stock subject to my order, and it was to charge me five cents a copy for filling single orders and I was to pay transportation charges on larger numbers. I paid for an advertisement in the Milwaukee Leader and also for a full-page advertisement in the Nation. These brought in some orders. I gave away bunches to the National Office and others. The Vanguard Press accounted to me for orders received by it, and sent me a few remittances in payment thereof, and I paid the transportation on the bundles.

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As the Vanguard Press had 100 copies of the old edition still on hand, I bought them and gave them to the weekly Wisconsin Leader to be used as subscription premiums.

I knew that if I had another edition of What's So and What Isn't published, I would want to make so many changes and additions that the old plates could not be used, so I asked the Vanguard Press to have the old ones melted down.

In 1934 I noticed in the Milwaukee Leader a news story to the effect that my book, What's So and What Isn't, had been printed in the Spanish language by La Vanguardia, Buenos Aires, Argentina, along with others. As the others mentioned in the story were by Daniel W. Hoan, Fred Henderson and Upton Sinclair, I concluded that it probably was my Certain Misconceptions, rather than What's So and What Isn't, that had been reprinted, as Hoan, Henderson and Sinclair were also among the writers of the Little Library of Socialism. However, I did not know for sure. At any rate, a few years later, Clarence Senior, while in Mexico, sent me a copy of Certain Misconceptions which had been printed in the Spanish language by La Vanguardia.

I do not know just when my book, Why Things Happen to Happen, went out of print. About the middle of the twenties the National Office ceased to make reports about the books sold, although it was undoubtedly on sale for several years after that. I do not know just how many were printed. It may have been 10,000 - certainly not less than that - or it may have been 20,000 or more.

In my spare time, evenings and Sundays, from the fall of 1935 to the end of the spring of 1936, I wrote a book entitled Letters to a Lady. Into it I put most of the matter that had been in the book called X Rays, and destroyed the manuscript of the latter. I also put in much new matter.

In 1936 and 1937 I tried my luck with short stories again, but did not find any takers.

In many different years I wrote articles for the socialist state picnic program, the Socialist Campaigner, and other party publications.

In October, 1935, I had an article about Eugene V. Debs in the Wisconsin Leader.

For a year or so previous to the party split of 1936 I had a number of articles in the New Leader, weekly socialist paper in New York.

Throughout the thirties I wrote many signed articles for the Milwaukee Leader and its successor, the Post, except during the year when the Holmes associates were in charge. I also wrote occasional reviews of books for the Milwaukee Leader and its successor.

In the early part of 1936 I wrote a leaflet for the National Office of the Socialist Party. The title was What Is Socialism?

In November, 1937, I submitted my book manuscript, Letters to a Lady, to the Macmillan Company. It was rejected.

I wrote an article entitled Ex-Mothers - a plea for understanding readjustment of women whose children no longer need them - and submitted it to several eastern magazines, beginning in November, 1937. It was not accepted.

I wrote an article entitled The Unfortunate Sex Taboo and submitted it to the Nation and the New Republic in April, 1938. It came back.

I wrote an article about the early pioneers in the movement for woman's emancipation and submitted it to appropriate magazines. It was returned.

Occasionally I submitted a poem to some magazine, without any takers.

In the Socialist Call, for June 18, 1938, I had an article entitled Some Ancient History. It was about the Red Special train of 1908.

I began writing a special feature each week for the Socialist Call, in September, 1938. It was called Little Essays in Socialism. A little later the editor left off the last two words and just called it Little Essays. The paper was then located in Chicago and the editor was Gerry Allard.

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The Socialist Call changed its name to the Call. In 1940 it had a symposium on the subject of What Socialism Means to Me. I wrote one of the articles on that subject. It was printed June 1, 1940, and was apart from the Little Essays.

The Call was moved from Chicago to New York. As my friend Gerry Al-
lard did not want to leave Illinois, he resigned the editorship and a new editor was appointed by the national executive committee. Toward the close of 1940 he stopped printing my Little Essays. The Little Essays had largely consisted of short pieces designed to interest new readers in socialism and convert them to it; in other words, educational articles. The new editor and the then national management of the party did not believe in that kind of thing, which, I take it, was the reason the Little Essays were dropped.

Occasionally the party locally printed a little tabloid called the Record. I wrote an article for each issue of it.

I wrote a leaflet entitled The Road to Abundance which was printed and circulated by the local party.

In 1941, the Vanguard Press wanted to make other use of the space occupied by the remaining copies of What's So and What Isn't which it had on hand. There were 413 copies left. I had it ship them to Milwaukee. I also had two inserts printed which I pasted in them in order to bring them up to date.

The Commonweal, a Catholic magazine in New York, printed a very unfair article about socialism by Goetz A. Briefs. In April, 1941, I wrote to the editor asking that I be permitted to reply to it. He refused me that right, even in the letter column. I considered this unfair and immoral - quite the opposite of my own editorial ethics.

The Reader's Digest printed an illogical, negative and non-constructive attack on socialism by Max Eastman. In the latter part of May, 1941, I wrote to the editor and asked for the opportunity to reply. He denied me that right. Again I considered it unfair and immoral.

During the last two years of the life of the Post I wrote many letters to the editor, which I printed, using various signatures instead of my own so as to comment upon various things that I could not well handle in editorials or signed articles. In one instance, where it was fitting, I used my own signature. I worked socialism into some of the letters.

I started to write a novel entitled Robert Fairchild. After the United States got into the second world war I realized that the nature of the things I was putting my hero through was such that the novel could not be finished until after the war. So, after writing about 60,000 words, I laid it aside.

Subsequent to the suspension of the daily in May, 1942, I tried my hand at short fiction again, writing and sending out a number of short stories in 1942, a smaller number in 1943, and a very slight number in the two years that followed. To a very slight extent I also tried radio fiction. None of these clicked.

With more time to write longer things, I wrote a complete novel which I at first called Return to What? In May, 1943, I submitted it to Harper & Brothers. It was returned. I realized that the title ought to be changed, as it was a question referring to what the soldiers were going to return to, after the war was over, whereas the novel, if printed, would be okay after the war. So I changed ~~back to~~ the title to Looking Forward. This title was suggested by Edward Bellamy's Looking Backward. My book did not bear any resemblance to the Bellamy book except that it was distinctly and avowedly a socialist novel. In June, 1943, I submitted it to Simon & Schuster. It was returned. In July, 1943, I submitted it to Harcourt, Brace & Co. It was returned. I revised it extensively. In November, 1943, I submitted it to Charles Scribner's Sons. It was returned. In December, 1943, I submitted it to the Macmillan Company. It was returned. In January, 1944, I submitted it to Duell, Sloan & Pearce. It was returned. I laid it aside for further revision. My revisions did not remove any of the socialism from it - they merely tried to improve it in various ways.

I wrote an article favoring the abolition of the auto slaughter and submitted it to several magazines, without acceptance.

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In the November, 1943, number of the Milwaukee Turner, I had an article entitled Build Upon a Rock. It was a revision and largely a reprint of an article of the same title which I had in the correspondence section of Unity in its issue of January 21, 1929. The Unity in question was the one edited by John Haynes Holmes and published in Chicago. It had originally been based upon some articles in Unity written by William G. Simpson, and I had submitted it as an article but it was printed as correspondence. For the Turner I struck out the references to the Simpson articles and brought it up to date.

In the Evening Journal in my old home town of Washington, Iowa, December 30, 1943, I had a letter explaining socialism. It was in reply to an editorial in one of its issues which my brother Harry had sent to me. I do not know whether the editorial was original or canned. Anyhow the editor was good enough to print my letter in the editorial column where the editorial had appeared, which I thought was a very fair thing to do.

I extensively revised What's So and What Isn't and laid the revision away for possible use whenever a new edition might be brought out. The copies I had on hand kept melting away. I gave some to the National Office, some to the local office and some to individuals who could use them in their work for the cause, anywhere in America.

In July, 1944, I had a very brief article entitled The Cartel Farce, in the Call. Occasionally I had a letter in it.

Occasionally I had an article in the Reading Labor Advocate, a weekly socialist paper published in Reading, Pennsylvania.

About the first of September, 1944, I wrote a campaign booklet, entitled The Hope of the World, for the National Office of the Socialist Party. It reached the National Office, however, right when the office was suddenly faced with the necessity of raising \$15,000 for overseas broadcasts, hence the booklet never was printed. I had the national secretary return the manuscript to me after election. As most of it was then out

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of date, I destroyed the larger part of it, but I soon used some of the not strictly campaign parts of it in writing another and somewhat larger booklet which acquired the title of Let's Be Practical.

During the campaign of 1944 I offered to buy and give to the National Office all of the remaining copies of my booklet, ~~Let's Be Practical~~ Certain Misconceptions. The national secretary, Harry Fleischman, was glad to get them. There were 3,000 copies. I paid Haldeman-Julius \$90 for them and they were shipped to the National Office which made use of all of them during the campaign. Thus Certain Misconceptions went out of print.

Irving Stone, the novelist, wrote to me asking for information which would enable him to put me ~~into~~ as a character into his proposed biographical novel about Eugene V. Debs. He said Theodore Debs wanted me to be in it as a character. I could not tell what he would want, and, although I did not expect him to use more than a tiny fraction of it, I wrote about 30,000 words, in late November and early December, 1944, and sent the manuscript to him. I also sent him a copy of my book What's So and What Isn't, a copy of my book Why Things Happen to Happen, and a copy of my book Certain

During 1944 I wrote another novel, ~~entitled~~ entitled Read All About It. ^{con-}
ceptions.
I thought perhaps if I could get a novel printed which did not have any socialism in it, that might pave the way for the publication for the socialist novel, Looking Forward. Read All About It was about the goings on in the editorial room of a newspaper office, mainly. I did not use any of my newspaper acquaintances as characters, however, either openly or otherwise. In December, 1944, I submitted the manuscript of Read All About It to Doubleday Doran. It came back.

In December, 1944, Frank Zeidler asked me about writing a socialist booklet. I already had such a project in mind, and, as the National Office had announced that it contemplated publishing some booklets, I suggested to Frank that he take the matter up with the National Office for a joint publication. He did so, and it was agreed upon. I used what was left of the campaign booklet in writing the new one. Being enamored with

the title, The Hope of the World, I gave it that title at first. My friend Frank thought it ought to have a title which would be - well, I guess the word "immediate" expresses his thought - so I changed it to Let's Be Practical. I had tried to fasten the title, The Hope of the World, on the booklet which became The Key to the Mystery in 1913, and I had given the title, ^{The Hope of the World} ~~the Hope of the World~~ to the 1944 campaign booklet that did not get into print. Thus my attempt to place that title on the new booklet that became Let's Be Practical, was my third attempt. I still liked the title, The Hope of the World, just the same, and I kept it in mind for possible future use.

I wrote Let's Be Practical in December, 1944, and January, 1945. The month of January, 1945, was exactly forty years after the January - 1905 - when I wrote the first edition of What's So and What Isn't.

The manuscript of Let's Be Practical was sent to the National Office. I was to have a proof, and it sent me one. I read it immediately and sent it back by air mail. Nevertheless, it went to press without waiting for my proof. To be in accord with the changes I made on the proof, it would have had to be entirely reset, because, for some reason, it was set ~~with~~ flush with the left margin so that all of my careful paragraphing was obliterated. The right-hand margin was ragged. The type was too small. As it had already gone to press, nothing was done about these things. To cap the climax, when the booklet came out, it had a black cover with a picture of a clenched fist and another hand, almost clenched, rolling up the sleeve of the first-mentioned hand. This was exactly the opposite of the spirit of the booklet. Two hands ~~clasp~~ clasped across the globe would have been fitting. Frank Zeidler was as disappointed as I was, but we decided to forget our disappointment. I got the National Office to print about three times as many copies as it was in the habit of printing. It printed 15,000 copies. It also got out an excellent circular which it sent to locals and members. The booklet took well and sold well.

Unlike my other books - which were so written that they would not soon become out of date - Let's Be Practical contained, here and there, some ephemeral matter which, I knew, would cause some parts of it to become out of date soon after the war was over. Therefore, although the whole 15,000 copies could have been sold, I paid for sending it free to 5,000 officials of labor, co-operative, Negro, church and farmer organizations. It cost me something over \$200, which I considered money well spent. I likewise paid for some advertising in periodicals.

I also mailed out quite a lot of the booklets myself, to individual addresses all over America. When September, 1945, arrived, and the war was over, and the National Office had sold enough of the booklets to more than get its money back, I asked it to give the remainder to locals and individuals ~~wherever~~ which and who could be trusted to make good use of them. I thought and that ~~It did so~~ ^{thus} Let's Be Practical went out of print.

In the Social Democrat for March-April, 1945, I had a short article entitled Let Your Light Shine. The little tabloid was published by the Social Democratic Federation, and my little article was a gesture of friendliness.

During 1945 I wrote a full-sized book entitled Facing the Future. It was basically a socialist book, but it gave my opinion on many subjects. It was a non-fiction work.

During 1945 I also began, and wrote part of, a book entitled Glances at My Life. It was my autobiography, commencing where Midland Memories left off, namely, the day in September, 1886, when I left home to go to Washington Academy.

In May, 1945, I submitted the manuscript of Read All About it to Harper & Brothers. It came back. In August, 1945, I submitted the manuscript of Letters to a Lady - after having revised and enlarged it - to the John Day Company. It came back. In September, 1945, I submitted the manuscript of Read All About it to Frederick Fell, Inc. It came back. In November, 1945, I submitted the manuscript of Read All About It to the D. Appleton-Century Company. It came back.

In 1946, by way of our National Office, I received a letter from R. Bhavan, editor of the Indian Sociologist, Bombay, India, asking if the Indian Institute of Sociology might reprint What's So and What Isn't in India. I got Harry Fleischman, National Secretary, to call up Indian organizations in New York and make sure that the Indian Sociologist and the Indian Institute of Sociology were not communist affairs. After being assured that they were not, I wrote to the Indian ^{in March, 1946,} comrade, and gave my consent that the book be reprinted in India, but suggested some parts that might be omitted because they needed revision to bring them up to date. If it was reprinted, that would increase the total. The total number of copies I have mentioned - 182,800 - ~~xxx~~ ^{were} those printed in the United States.

Once in a while, in the forties, I contributed an article to Hammer & Tongs, an inner house organ printed occasionally by the National Office and devoted to the discussion of party affairs.

In June, 1946, I submitted the manuscript of Looking Forward - after a good deal of revision - to Doubleday, Doran. It came back. In July, 1946, I submitted the manuscript of Read All About It in a prize contest fathered by Redbook and Dodd, Mead. It came back.

I continued the writing of Glances at My Life in 1946.

Toward the close of 1946 I wrote another booklet of about 13,000 words and called it The Hope of the World. In January, 1947, I offered it to the League for Industrial Democracy. It spoke well of the booklet but ^{arranged} said it had already ~~arranged~~ for as many booklets as it could handle.

In January, 1947, I submitted the manuscript of Read All About It in the Atlantic novel contest. It came back.

In a southwest suburb of Milwaukee a tabloid called the Greenfield Roundtable, a monthly, was launched. It invited the Republican, Democratic and Socialist parties to express themselves in each issue. Our county central committee designated Frank Zeidler and myself to write for it. I began doing so in February, 1947.

In the earlier part of 1947 I finished writing Glances at My Life, except that additions had to be made from time to time.

In May, 1947, I submitted Looking Forward in the Harper Prize Novel Contest. It came back.

About the middle of 1947 the Greenfield Roundtable expired, so naturally I no longer wrote for it.

I wrote a number of articles for the Reading Labor Advocate during the year.

The Call wanted Milwaukee to contribute to a special edition. The county central committee designated me to write the article and I did so. It appeared in the issue of July 7, 1947, and it was about the cause and cure of depressions.

In the minutes of the national executive committee there was a list of the literature the national office had on hand. I was surprised to see that it had about five hundred copies of Let's Be Practical. There was a call for funds from the national office. I sent twenty-five dollars, early in October, 1947, and requested that the remaining copies of Let's Be Practical, except the few needed for the files, be given to locals which would properly distribute them. I was assured that this was done.

I wrote an article for the Socialist Party of Wisconsin's annual picnic program, which appeared early in September, 1947.

I had an article entitled As Others See Us in the December 13, 1947, issue of the New Leader, published in New York. The article told how some of the elements of organized labor had, by their actions, asked congress to pass the anti-labor Taft-Hartley act, and it pleaded with the unions to develop a social conscience and to live up to the golden rule instead of making millions of enemies by anti-social conduct.

My experience with Irving Stone's novel turned out to be rather amusing. He had made a glowing and unsolicited promise to make me a character in the book. As I had often known folks to fail to keep their word,

I did not know whether he would keep his or not. Anyhow I gave him three of my books and a couple of weeks of my time in writing the manuscript of data which he asked for. It was forty-three pages of single-space type-written matter. When I noticed that the book was to be published in September, 1947, I said to myself that if he had not forgotten to make me a character I would receive an autographed copy. It did not come. A Milwaukee paper contained a review of the book, without mentioning my being a character in it. From this I concluded that my name was not in it and that I would not receive any autographed copy; so I put in a reservation for the book at the public library and read it and found that my surmise had been correct. It seemed to me that he had gone out of his way to avoid mentioning my name. As fame and fortune are of no importance, the omission of my name was nothing, but the apparent purposefulness of the omission aroused a bit of curiosity in my mind. But not enough to cause me to try to find out why. When I had first seen the title of the book, Adversary in the House, I supposed it meant that Gene Debs was an adversary in the house of capitalism, and I was shocked when I found that it meant that Mrs. Debs was an adversary in the house. I was also shocked to find that the book contained many distortions of matters pertaining to the socialist movement. I was then glad that my name was left out. I wanted to get my forty-three-page manuscript back. December 27, 1947, I wrote Irving Stone a brief letter asking him to mail the manuscript to me if he still had it, and thanking him in advance. I confined the tiny letter to that subject and purposely worded it so that he would not need to make any reply but could merely mail the manuscript to me. He sent a letter in reply, however, along with the manuscript. His letter was apologetic. He also sent me a belated autographed copy of the book, which I was sorry to receive at that late date and under the circumstances.

On previous occasions when I had read a biographical novel I was not well acquainted with the life of the person written about and could not

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tell whether or not the novel was just and accurate, but when I read Adversary in the House I realized that a biographical novel cannot be otherwise than a distortion of the life of the deceased and also of the surroundings. It treated of Gene Debs sympathetically and it contained many good qualities, but these were not sufficient to offset the other things. Generally speaking, I noticed, in conversation and in print, that those who had known Debs and were familiar with the socialist movement in his time were shocked, while those who had not known him and the movement were more inclined to be pleased, although not all of them were. The book definitely caused me to hope that no writer would ever again write a biographical novel. If readers could treat such a book as fiction, it would not matter, but I found that readers take it to be factual and historically accurate.

When the Wisconsin Commonwealth was started, as a small monthly, in January, 1948, I helped Walter Uphoff with the proofreading and the makeup. Aldric Revell of Madison was the editor and Walter Uphoff of Oregon, Wisconsin, a village just outside of Madison, was the business manager. As Revell worked on the Capital Times of Madison, he could not come to Milwaukee but he had furnished a good deal of the copy. The paper was printed in the printing plant in Brisbane Hall where the Socialist Party headquarters were located and where the Milwaukee Leader had been published. I noticed that on the masthead of the paper the names of those who had served, in a sort of a way, as a preliminary committee, were listed as the editorial committee. As I did not want to be erroneously listed, and did not want to be held responsible for things for which I was not responsible, and thought the others would feel the same way about it, I secured the consent of Uphoff to strike out the designation "Editorial Committee" and insert the designation "Contributing Editors."

I wrote an article, entitled The World's Great Need, for the first number of the Wisconsin Commonwealth.

In the twenties and the thirties I had, a few times, sought and paid

for supposedly expert advice in the writing of short fiction; also once in the early forties. Late in 1947 I decided to seek expert advice in the matter of book-length fiction. I sent the manuscript of my novel, Read All About It, and the preliminary fee, to A. L. Fierst, a literary agent in New York City whose advertiseing appeared in the Writer's Digest. He reported that the book could be revised so as to be acceptable, and he offered to make the detailed suggestions for the customary fee. I then told him about my other novel, Looking Forward, and about my theory that if I could get a merely entertaining novel, such as Read All About It, published, possibly this might open the way for me to get the serious one, Looking Forward, published. I asked if he would care to examine a book manuscript which was intended to advocate democratic socialism. He replied that he would. I sent him the manuscript, with the preliminary fee. He reported that it could be made acceptable. I then sent him the larger fee, to make the detailed report. He did so, and made some suggestions for the revision of the manuscript. He was no doubt an expert on the subject of fiction but his ignorance of the subject of socialism, which was the theme of the book, caused me to doubt the value of his suggestions.

I helped Walter Uphoff to get out subsequent issues of the Wisconsin Commonwealth, and I frequently wrote an article for it.

I wrote frequent articles for the Reading Labor Advocate. The Montana Socialist, appearing monthly or less often, usually reprinted something of mine from the Reading Labor Advocate. Over a long period it serially reprinted the whole of my booklet, Let's Be Practical.

In the March 5, 1948, issue of the Socialist Call I had an article about the origin of the Socialist Party. The title was The Birth of the Socialist Party. The article was reprinted in the Reading Labor Advocate.

I sent the manuscript of the non-fiction book, The Hope of the World, to Mr. Fierst, and I revised and lengthened it in accordance with his suggestions and sent it to him again. His work was mainly with fiction,

and I do not think he made much if any effort to place The Hope of the World. After a few months I asked that it be returned to me, and this was done.

In May, 1948, having decided not to go to the Reading convention, I spent most of the month writing a campaign pamphlet entitled Make It Unanimous. I intended it to be my main contribution to the campaign. I sent it to the National Office and offered to help to finance it. I had a reply acknowledging receipt of the manuscript and saying that I would hear from them later. I never heard from them. A couple of months after election I wrote to them stating that I should have known better than to send them a manuscript in the hurly-burly of the campaign, and asking that the manuscript be returned to me. After a while I received a postal card saying they were going through their campaign material and if the manuscript turned up it would be sent to me. I never received it. They did not print any pamphlets during the campaign, except the platform, but they spent vast sums of money trying to get on the ballot in various states, successful in some instances, and they even let the printing bills of the Socialist Call go unpaid so that it became deeply in debt and had to be changed to a bi-weekly after election.

During 1948 I continued to write articles for the Reading Labor Advocate and the Wisconsin Commonwealth, and continued to help to get the latter publication out each month.

Having seen, in the Writer's Digest, an advertisement of the Exposition Press, located in New York, which published books/paid for by the authors, I contacted it and got an estimate of what it might cost to publish my novel, Read All About It. Accordingly, in January, 1949, I sent the manuscript to it. Soon after, I received from the New York City post-office a letter from the postal inspector asking if I had sent any money to the publishing house, and various other questions. I replied, telling just what had happened between the publishing house and me, and, as the

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inquiry aroused my apprehension regarding the publishing house, I asked the inspector to let me know whether or not he found it to be reliable, and whether or not it had any totalitarian connections, and whether or not it was likely to be denied the use of the mails. He did not reply. In March the publishing house accepted my manuscript and made an offer which was about five hundred dollars more than the original estimate. I asked that the manuscript be returned to me, and, after some delay, I received it.

In one of my articles in the Wisconsin Commonwealth, early in 1949, and also in a letter in the New Leader, I advocated making the examinations for automobile driving licenses as rigid as those for locomotive engineer, and in that way stop the terrible traffic slaughter by barring the unsafe drivers from driving. During the entire period of my editorship of the editorial page of the daily I had kept reiterating this demand. In March, 1949, I had a letter from Frank Bohn, of Washington, D. C., brother of William E. Bohn, editor of the New Leader, in which he had seen my letter. He congratulated me upon it and said that he had never seen this idea expressed in print by anyone else. I never had either, although I had been expressing it in print myself for about three decades. I seemed to be the pioneer in this respect, and I hoped the idea would catch on.

I had also been a pioneer, in editorials and articles, in asking that special industries and other functions be established for the aged. In that instance, in 1948 and later, I saw similar expressions by others.

With Ray Ginger, early in 1948, I had spent most of an afternoon in Brisbane Hall, as he wanted to consult me about his forthcoming biography of Eugene V. Debs. The book appeared, bearing the rather inadequate title of The Bending Cross, in 1949. Upon reading it I found my name in a couple of places in the body of it and also mentioned in about a dozen places as having helped him with information relating to various chapters in the book. He gave similar credit to lots of other individuals and organizations. I

found the book very interesting. I don't think there is any such thing as accurate history, biography or autobiography, however. Debs' leftwingism was not nearly so pronounced as the book indicates. In many places the facts are exaggerated. Also the language is often exaggerated. For instance, on page 311 of the edition I read, there is a brief account of Gene calling down Morris Hillquit, at a meeting of the national executive committee in 1912 - a meeting which Debs attended for the purpose of making arrangements regarding the campaign in which he was again the candidate for president. The meeting was held in the national office in Chicago, and I, as national secretary, was one of those sitting at the table around which the committee was gathered. The book says Debs was "literally screaming" and that he "shouted." I can testify that, although he spoke seriously, and, for a moment, accusingly, he did not shout nor scream.

~~Exaggerated~~ Exaggeration of this type appears in many ~~pages in the book~~ places in the book. On page 448 he tells of my having seen Stephen M. Reynolds enter the convention of 1925 and go up front, and how, at the close, Gene walked past him without speaking. As I told it to the author, before he wrote it, I made it clear that I did not know whether Gene saw him or not, although he was up in front, a little to the right of Debs who was presiding. Either Gene did not recognize him, on account of not having seen him for years or on account of being absorbed in other matters in the meeting, or else he purposely passed him by - I don't know which - but the book leaves no other impression than that Gene purposely snubbed him. The book has lots of good stuff in it and undoubtedly a vast amount of work was put into it by the author. But, as I said before, there isn't any such thing as accurate history, biography or autobiography. With all its faults, the book is immensely better than fictional biography. I am definitely fed up with fictional biographies, and I think no more of them should be written about anybody, since they cannot be otherwise than distortions.

In the June, 1949, issue of the monthly magazine, Good Health, published in connection with the Battle Creek Sanitarium, there appeared an editorial entitled British Socialized Medicine, in which an American who had been in England was quoted^{as} **A** criticising the new British medical plan severely. When I read it I decided to try a bold experiment by writing an editorial for Good Health just as if I were the editor of the same. So I sat down to my typewriter and entitled the editorial The Other Side. The first sentence I wrote was as follows: "Having published, in our June issue, a quotation against the new British health service, it is only fair that we print something on the other side." I started the editorial in that way so that the editor would not have to take anything back but would merely show how fair he was, and thus make it easy for him to print my editorial without in any way stultifying himself. I then proceeded to quote three prominent British doctors who had been distinguished guests at the Cancer Society meeting in Memphis, Tennessee; also Lancet, an official British medical journal; also a member of parliament - all of them highly praising the new health plan. I kept the editorial at the same length as the one it was answering. I then wrote a brief letter to the editor of Good Health stating that I had had the colossal nerve to write an editorial for his magazine, therewith enclosed, and that I hoped he would print it. Sure enough, in the August number, he printed it in full.

Walter H. and Mary Jo Uphoff had been doing most of the editing of the Wisconsin Commonwealth. As they were too busy with their farm work to do the editing, the May, June and July, 1949, numbers were missed. The August number came out; then it suspended publication for lack of finances. It was like the Eye Opener and the Wisconsin Leader in that I had advised against the launching of all three but had supported them after they were launched, in the hope that they would pull through.

Early in November, 1949, I sent the manuscript of Read All About It to a New York woman literary agent, Shirley Hector, who had been recommended

to me by a New York comrade, and from whom, in answer to my inquiry, I had received a letter encouraging me to send the manuscript to her. On February 13, 1950, the manuscript came back to me without any accompanying letter. It was in good condition and looked as if it had been resting quietly without being examined. This was one of those unexplained mysteries which occasionally occurred in my experience.

A trust busting suit having been brought against the Atlantic and Pacific Tea Company, I wrote a couple of pieces advocating the democratic socialization of this great chain store system so as to take all of the people inside of it and preserve the benefits which the consumers were getting and give them still more benefits. One of the pieces was published in the Reading Labor Advocate in October, 1949; the other was published in the New Leader in March, 1950.

I wrote a number of other pieces for the Reading Labor Advocate.

When the national executive committee met in Milwaukee in November, 1949, the local comrades got out a sort of a welcoming booklet, and I wrote the greeting which appeared on the front page. It was entitled "Greetings!" and it was signed "Milwaukee County Socialist Party."

In the November 4, 1949, number of the Socialist Call I had a piece about Robert Buech and Elizabeth Thomas, who had died.

Previous to the 1950 Detroit national convention of the party I took part in the Socialist Call's discussion concerning the position the convention should take regarding political action, advocating that the states and locals be permitted to do as they liked about it.

In the July 2, 1950, number of the Socialist Call I had an appreciation of William Baumann, who had died in May.

I had a couple of pieces in the state party's 1950 picnic program.

As the party had, for the second time, selected a woman, Robin Myers, to serve as national secretary, I had a piece in the Socialist Call in

appreciation of the work of women socialists. I mentioned the fact that, in the nineteen-twenties, Bertha Hale White had been our first feminine national secretary and a very efficient one. I also mentioned the names of a few other prominent women socialists and especially mentioned the work done, without any publicity, by women who filled envelopes and the like. Unfortunately the piece was printed as a letter and these things, about other prominent women and about those who mailed literature, etc., were left out.

In the fall of 1950 the party in Wisconsin got out 70,000 copies of a campaign paper entitled The Wisconsin Beacon. I wrote four editorials and a signed article ~~about it~~ for it.

Some years previous I had written part of a novel entitled Robert Fairchild. As I did not seem to have any desire to finish it, I destroyed the part I had written.

I had made some revisions in my novel entitled Looking Forward, in accordance with Mr. Fierst's suggestions, but I saw that they only spoiled it. Also, it dealt with the period of the second world war and had become rather out of date. I destroyed the manuscript, except that I kept some parts of it for use in articles or otherwise.

In the latter part of 1950 I revised my book of essays entitled Letters to a Lady.

Early in 1951 I arranged with the Exposition Press, Inc., New York, to publish Letters to a Lady, under an arrangement whereby I paid a total of \$1,950 for the publication of the first edition of 2,000 copies. It was also provided that I should receive a royalty on copies sold, that I should receive 150 free copies, and that the publisher would pay for additional editions if any. It took a long time to get the type set, on account of other books that were put in ahead of it, but this was done in a few months. In addition to the proofreading done by the printers and the publishers, I read and corrected the galley proofs and the page proofs, catching many errors. I also asked for good-sized type and

good-sized margins, the indentation of the first line of each paragraph, and the starting of each chapter - that is, each letter - at the top of a page. This was done. The book came out early in October, 1951, and was an attractive volume. The arbitrary publication date was November 7. The contract provided that 100 review copies should be sent out, but I contributed 75 of my free copies so that 175 review copies could be, and were, sent out. The only typographical error I discovered in the printed book was on page 103, where the word "telegraphic" should have been "telepathic."

The Marshall & Ilsley Bank in Milwaukee was sending to its patrons an anti-socialist leaflet written by a professor in New York state. One of the patrons mailed a copy to Mayor Zeidler and asked him to answer it. He sent it to me to be answered. I wrote a reply in which I pointed out the defects of capitalism as compared with democratic socialism, and I read it to the socialist county central committee. The members present were delighted with it and wanted it publicized. Over the signature of Edwin W. Knappe, the party secretary, it was mailed to the bank; and, also over his signature, it was put in the form of a letter and mailed to the Milwaukee Journal. The Journal printed it. As the Reader's Digest had reprinted the professor's leaflet in its columns, and as it had also made digs at socialism from time to time without printing anything on the affirmative side, I turned my piece into an article under my own signature and sent it to the editors of the Digest with request to print. They made a hollow excuse for not doing so. They said they mainly reprinted articles instead of having writers write for them. I knew that they often had writers write for them, as well as reprinting articles. Nevertheless I had my article printed in the Reading Labor Advocate and then clipped it and sent the clipping to the editors of the Digest with request to print. Again they made a hollow excuse for not printing it. I, of course, felt sure that the real reason why they did not want to print it was because

it would have devastated the contents of the professor's leaflet. Having been an editor myself, I knew that if I had printed slam after slam against a worthy cause, without giving it a chance to reply, I would have felt that I had violated the basic principles of editorial integrity. The Digest often printed good, helpful articles, and I regretted that it should take such an attitude in this matter.

As the latter days of July and the early days of August, 1951, were the fiftieth anniversary of the Unity convention of the same time in 1901, and the Socialist party was born at that convention, and I did not know of any other delegate to that convention who was still a member, I wrote a short anniversary article which was printed in the Call.

As usual, I wrote an editorial piece for the state party picnic program.

About every two weeks I wrote a column entitled X-Rays for the Reading Labor Advocate. The title was the same one which I had used many, many times in the past.

In 1952 I again wrote an editorialized article for the state picnic program, and continued to write the X-Rays column for the Reading Labor Advocate. It did not appear each week. The intervals usually were two weeks, but, for one reason or another they were sometimes longer.

In the spring of 1952 I asked the Exposition Press to send a gift copy of my book, Letters to a Lady, to a hospital library in each of the 48 states. It did so, and it sent with each book a printed communication asking the hospital to send to me an acknowledgment of the receipt of the book. Some of the hospitals did. It was so obvious that the book was enjoyed by and helpful to the patients and nurses and superintendents that I made a list of fifty hospitals in Wisconsin and asked that a gift copy be sent to each of them. This was done. I kept on making out a new list of fifty hospitals every few weeks, and these also were given gift copies. During the year 1952, in this way, 298 gift copies were sent, one each,

to hospitals. The company itself picked out the first list, one for each state, but I selected all the others. I took them from the lists of hospitals in Wisconsin, Iowa and Illinois, aiming to take many from the lists in other states later. Although the retail price of the book was \$3.00 per copy, and my royalty was forty per cent, so that copies usually cost me \$1.80 apiece, the company made me a special price of \$1.00 per copy for the gift copies sent to hospitals, and it did the mailing. The many grateful letters from hospitals convinced me that the money was well spent.

In April, 1952, some of my X Rays, against race discrimination, were reprinted in The Delco Veteran, ~~Madison, Wisconsin~~ Drexel Hill, Penna.

I had a letter in The Tribune, Des Moines, Iowa, correcting an impression it had given to the effect that socialism was like what the communists had in Russia.

In July, 1952, I had a letter in The New Leader about the foresight of the socialists, their knowledge concerning the communists, and the fact that, if their advice had been taken, the communists would never have got control of eastern Europe ^{or east Berlin} or Korea and the human race would have been spared the afflictions thereby caused.

I rewrote my piece about stopping the auto slaughter - the one which had been printed in the Wisconsin Commonwealth and The New Leader - and entitled it Stop the Traffic Slaughter. In October, 1952, I tried to get it published in the Saturday Evening Post, for the good which adequate publication of it would do, but did not succeed. As traffic, in this country alone, was killing over thirty thousand people per year and wounding over a million, the indifference of publications and the people in general to this great evil troubled me. The only explanation of this callousness which I could think of was the fact that so many careless drivers wanted to drive and knew they could not get driving licenses if adequate tests were made. I advocated the remedy, more than once, in my X Rays.

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In November, 1952, I had a piece in The Call advocating simplicity, instead of a huge and expensive demonstration, at the then coming inauguration of the president-elect. It was printed as a letter although intended as an article.

Some of my X Rays were reprinted in The Commonwealth, Regina, Saskatchewan, Canada. The Delso Veteran also reprinted some more of them.

I did some work on my unpublished manuscripts for the purpose of improving them.

As stated in the chapter entitled Milwaukee, I did quite a lot of typing for the purpose of having all of these memoirs, Glances at My Life, in double space, with carbon copy.

In January, 1953, I made out and sent to the Exposition Press another list of fifty hospitals, mostly in Illinois but partly in Minnesota, so that gift copies of Letters to a Lady could be sent to them at my expense. As the book did patients and others a lot of good, I realized that this was a helpful method of giving money away. Late in February I sent another list of fifty hospitals.

March 3, 1953, a dinner to which local graduates and friends of Monmouth College were invited was held at the City Club in Milwaukee. It was addressed by Robert W. Gibson, the new president of the college. I intended to go, but, on account of a hard storm, did not do so. A few days later, in the name of John M. and Lucy J. Work, both 1891 graduates, I sent the college a check for ten dollars for the ^{Centennial} ~~educational~~ fund. This reminded me of something related in the following paragraph.

In 1950 and 1951, also in the name of Lucy and myself, I had given fifty dollars to the college for its dormitory building fund. In the May, 1950, College Bulletin, in which only college matters were usually printed, the college had gone out of its way to print an article entitled The Church and Capitalism, written by W. McLean Work, of Pennsylvania, who, so far as I knew, was no relation of mine. The article contended that capitalism is

all right and quite in harmony with Christianity. In June, 1950, I sent an article entitled Another View to the college as a reply. The then college president, James H. Grier, acknowledged receipt of my article, said other alumni did not like the article they had printed, and agreed with me that "in a sense of fairness" my reply should be printed. In March, 1951, I inquired about it and Dr. Grier replied that they had received so many flarebacks on the printed article that they hesitated to continue further. Of course those flarebacks would have been a good reason to print my article, not a reason to refrain from printing it. Anyhow it was not printed, and I felt that I knew why, namely, that they had to get money from partisans of capitalism and therefore did not want to offend them.

In the college's Centennial Bulletin in 1953, the chairman of the Centennial fund drive had an article in which he approvingly quoted a letter which, although not in so many words, virtually said that colleges such as Monmouth should, among other reasons, be supported because they oppose good changes as well as bad ones.

In view of these happenings, why did we send that ten dollars in March, 1953? ~~If~~ such a college is supposed to oppose progress, why should we send money to it? Well, it was mainly sentiment that caused us to do so - the fact that we had graduated there and had loved the college. We were also aware that much of its educational work was good; and ten dollars was a small sum compared with the amounts I was spending to send my book to hospitals and the still larger amounts I hoped to spend in sending it to public libraries and more hospitals. I greatly prefer public educational institutions. Private educational institutions have to get their financial aid mainly from supporters of the unbrotherly and unChristian capitalist system; and they have to act accordingly.

As the Public Enterprise Committee was about to issue a little folder for the purpose of getting qualified persons to join the organization, the sub-committee in charge asked me, in February, 1953, to write a preamble

for it, and I did so.

In March, 1953, I sent to the Exposition Press a list of addresses of one hundred public libraries in various states, so that it, at my expense of a dollar a copy as in the case of hospitals, could send each of them a ^{gift} copy of Letters to a Lady.

Apparently because it thought I was not going to write any more books, the publishers of Who's Who in America had, a little before my book, Letters to a Lady, was published, dropped my biography out of Who's Who in America. After Letters to a Lady was published, I reported the same to them and asked that my biography be replaced. Instead of replacing it in Who's Who in America, they put it in Who's Who in the Midwest.

I had an article entitled Onward and Upward in the March, 1953, number of Hammer and Tongs.

On the lecture tour from September 11 to December 13, 1907, mentioned in the chapter on Touring for Socialism, one of the places where I spoke was Franklin, New Hampshire. There I met a young and active member of the local by the name of John P. Burke. Usually I sort of lost track of local members, but he later became president-secretary of the International Brotherhood of Pulp, Sulphite and Paper Mill Workers, with headquarters at Fort Edward, New York. In July, 1953, the head of the Milwaukee office of that Union, Walter Trautman, called me up and said Comrade Burke had asked for my address. Early in August I received a letter from Comrade Burke suggesting that I write an article for the Socialist Call about the fact that if the advice of the socialists had been taken preceding the first world war, it and the second world war would not have happened and the later mess would have been avoided. Of course I had covered the subject at various times before, in editorials and otherwise, but it would stand repetition; so I wrote an article entitled It Might Have Been, and it was printed in the August 21, 1953, number of the Call. Comrade Burke then dropped me a line praising it.

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August 5, 1953, I sent my article, Stop the Traffic Slaughter, to the editor of Fortune, stating that I did not write it to make money but for the good it would do if properly publicised, and I enclosed postage for its return if not used but asked that it be published in order to create public sentiment in favor of stopping the auto slaughter. The article came back, together with a letter from the assistant managing editor saying that editorialized articles such as mine were written only by members of the staff and that he was sorry to return it.

September 6 I sent the article, with the same explanation and return postage, to the editor of the New York Times, and asked for a clipping if used. Not hearing from it, on October 8 I wrote to the editor inquiring about it. Not receiving any reply, on November 1 I wrote a personal letter to the secretary of the New York Times Company asking him to have someone give me a reply since I could not very well submit the article elsewhere unless I knew they had not printed it or did not intend to. I got a brief letter from a woman in the Sunday Department saying that they had checked several departments and found no record of the manuscript, and suggesting that it had been lost in the mail. Although I had no way of knowing for sure, it was my opinion that they had received it and that it had been lost in the shuffle or thrown in the waste basket.

I wrote a couple of short editorialized pieces for the 1953 Socialist Picnic Program in Milwaukee, attaching my name to one of them and leaving it off the other so as not to make it conspicuous. The titles of the articles were On the Way, and The Elephant Can Make a Mess Too.

The New Leader, to my surprise, printed a fine article by James Rorty entitled Do Cigarettes Cause Lung Cancer? In the March 1, 1954, number of the New Leader I had a short letter praising the Rorty article and denouncing tobacco as an enemy of the human race.

In March, 1954, I entered into a contract with Vantage Press, Inc., New York, for the publication of my book manuscript, X-Rays on Human

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Affairs. It was a "co-operative" contract, in the sense that I agreed to pay the expense of publication, naturally hoping to get the money back from royalties later. Up to that time I had only received a slight amount of royalty on the similar arrangement I had made with Exposition Press Inc. for the publication of Letters to a Lady. It was my opinion that the book had not been properly publicised.

In the 1954 pre-convention issue of Hammer and Tongs, published now and then by the national office of the Socialist Party, I had an article entitled Keep on Making Socialists.

The Wisconsin state organization of the Socialist Party started a multigraphed publication entitled Midwest Observer, in co-operation with some Chicago comrades. The first number was dated May 24, 1954. In it I had an article which I had entitled Let's Go Upward. The editor changed the title to Work's Word; otherwise it was printed as I wrote it, except for typographical errors.

I continued writing the X-Rays column for every other issue of the Reading Labor Advocate.

~~I~~ started to write the Work's Word column each month for Midwest Observer, but it soon went out of existence.

In August, 1954, I read the galley proofs of X-Rays on Human Affairs and returned the corrected proofs to Vantage Press, Inc., in New York.

I contributed an article entitled Life Worth Living for the 1954 socialist picnic program. The article explained that our educational work was the main thing and that it should continue regardless of the fact that we were not putting up candidates.

In the issue of the Milwaukee Labor Press which appeared just before Labor Day in 1954 there was a good writeup and picture of Emil Brodke. I wrote a comment of about half a dozen lines saying that, although the article referred to him as the "grand old man", a person who did so much good work, even though up in years, couldn't be psychologically old, and suggesting that we all join in extending to him our greetings as the "grand

young man." I took it to the editor, Ray Taylor, so that he could print it or drop it in the waste basket. He liked it and he printed it in boxed form in the September 9 edition. The title he put on was Our Error, and he printed it at the top of a column. I saw Brodde a few days later and found that he was pleased with it. The tiny piece had come to me as a sort of an inspiration.

In September, 1954, I read the page proofs of X-Rays on Human Affairs and returned the corrected proofs to the publishers, ^{Vantage Press, Inc.} In October I read proof on the jacket and returned it.

In November, 1954, I sent fifty dollars to Exposition Press Inc. and a list of addresses of fifty public libraries in Indiana, so that it could send a copy of Letters to a Lady to each of them as a Christmas gift. Many of the libraries sent me letters of thanks for the book.

In the fall of 1954 another issue of Hammer and Tongs was published and I had an article in it entitled What About the Future?

Probably because more persistent authors got their books shoved in ahead of mine, the publication of my book, X-Rays on Human Affairs, was delayed a number of weeks, but, on the 21st day of February, 1955, I received fifty copies of the completed book from Vantage Press, Inc. It struck me as being attractively printed and bound.

I sent gift copies of X-Rays on Human Affairs to various persons and a few publications, and the Vantage Press sent out a hundred review copies. One of the gift copies which I sent was given to the Union Printers Home in Colorado for its library. A gracious notice that it had been received made its appearance in the Home's ~~little publication~~ notes in the Labor News, of Colorado Springs, and another gracious notice appeared in the Typographical Journal published in Indianapolis. Perhaps the most gracious review appeared in the Shorewood Herald, near where I lived. It started out by saying that the book was "sheer magic" and went on in similar vein.

In the Socialist picnic program of 1955 I had an article entitled Change for the Better.

In the daily Milwaukee Journal for August 29, 1955, I had a letter

with the headline "Stop the Auto Slaught~~er~~," in which I advocated stopping the slaughter almost completely by denying driving licenses to those who should not have them. My article on that subject had never been printed anywhere. The remedy I advocated was obviously the right one, but publications were afraid to print ^{such} an article because, if the remedy were applied, it would result in millions fewer drivers and therefore millions fewer cars being manufactured. I explained that those denied licenses would spend the money for other things, and, as those other things would have to be made and sold, there would be just as many jobs, although some auto workers would have to change to jobs in other industries. The Journal had a big circulation, so it was worth while to have the letter printed in it.

As letters and articles in the Milwaukee Journal sometimes referred to the Russian regime as being socialism, I wrote a letter which was printed in the letter column of the Journal on November 5, 1955, stating that the Russian regime was fascism, not socialism, and explaining that socialism is a brotherly social order. The title of the letter was 'Genuine Socialism.'

Early in December, 1955, a columnist in the Shorewood Herald stated that the Socialist Party and the Communist Party had no difference in final aim. I wrote a letter to the editor correcting this statement, and my letter was printed, together with a reply by the columnist alleging that I was mistaken. I then wrote another letter to the editor showing that the columnist was the one who was mistaken, and this letter was printed without any reply, February 9, 1956.

April 26, 1956, the Milwaukee Journal stated editorially that socialism and communism were opposite; then it printed a letter criticising the editorial. In the May 9, 1956, number I had a letter in the paper stating that the editorial was excellent and refuting the charge in the letter that socialism and communism are the same.

In an article in the Milwaukee Sentinel Bishop Sheen stated that

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socialism and communism are the same. In the July 15, 1956, number of the Sentinel I had a letter showing that the communists stand for dictatorship and terror whereas socialism is co-operative and democratic human brotherhood, exactly the opposite of communism. I received letters from two readers, one approving, and other disapproving. The disapproving one rather evidently was from a Catholic, as it praised the bishop. I could not answer the letter because there was no name signed to it. My letter in the Sentinel was reprinted by the Milwaukee Labor Press although I had not asked that it be reprinted.

In the Shorewood Herald of ^{July} 26, 1956, I had a letter ~~in the Shorewood Herald~~ ~~answering~~ answering a statement it had quoted from the Wauwatosa News-Times, about the Milwaukee water department, to the effect that government of a business stifles it instead of promoting it. I stated that several thousand privately-owned businesses go into bankruptcy each year and that this made the News-Times' criticism ridiculous.

In the Milwaukee Sentinel another letter accusing socialism of being the same as communism appeared. I answered it in a letter published July 31, 1956.

In the Reading Labor Advocate column, July 27, 1956, I used the space for a brief autobiography, especially about my activities in the socialist ^{ever} movement, since it began.

The Milwaukee Sentinel printed another letter claiming that socialism and communism are alike. I answered it in a letter printed in the Sentinel August 24, 1956.

For the Socialist Party picnic program in 1956 in Milwaukee I wrote an article entitled Make Your Vote Count.

In June, 1956, I gave a copy of Letters to a Lady to each of thirty-eight libraries in Ohio and paid Exposition Press, Inc., seventy dollars for them and for sending them.

In December, 1956, I gave a copy of Letters to A Lady to each of fifty-two libraries in Illinois and paid Exposition Press Inc. fifty-two

dollars for them and for sending them, together with a letter stating that they were Christmas gifts from the author and giving my address. The previous gifts had been accompanied with a similar letter and had brought a few nice letters to me from libraries.